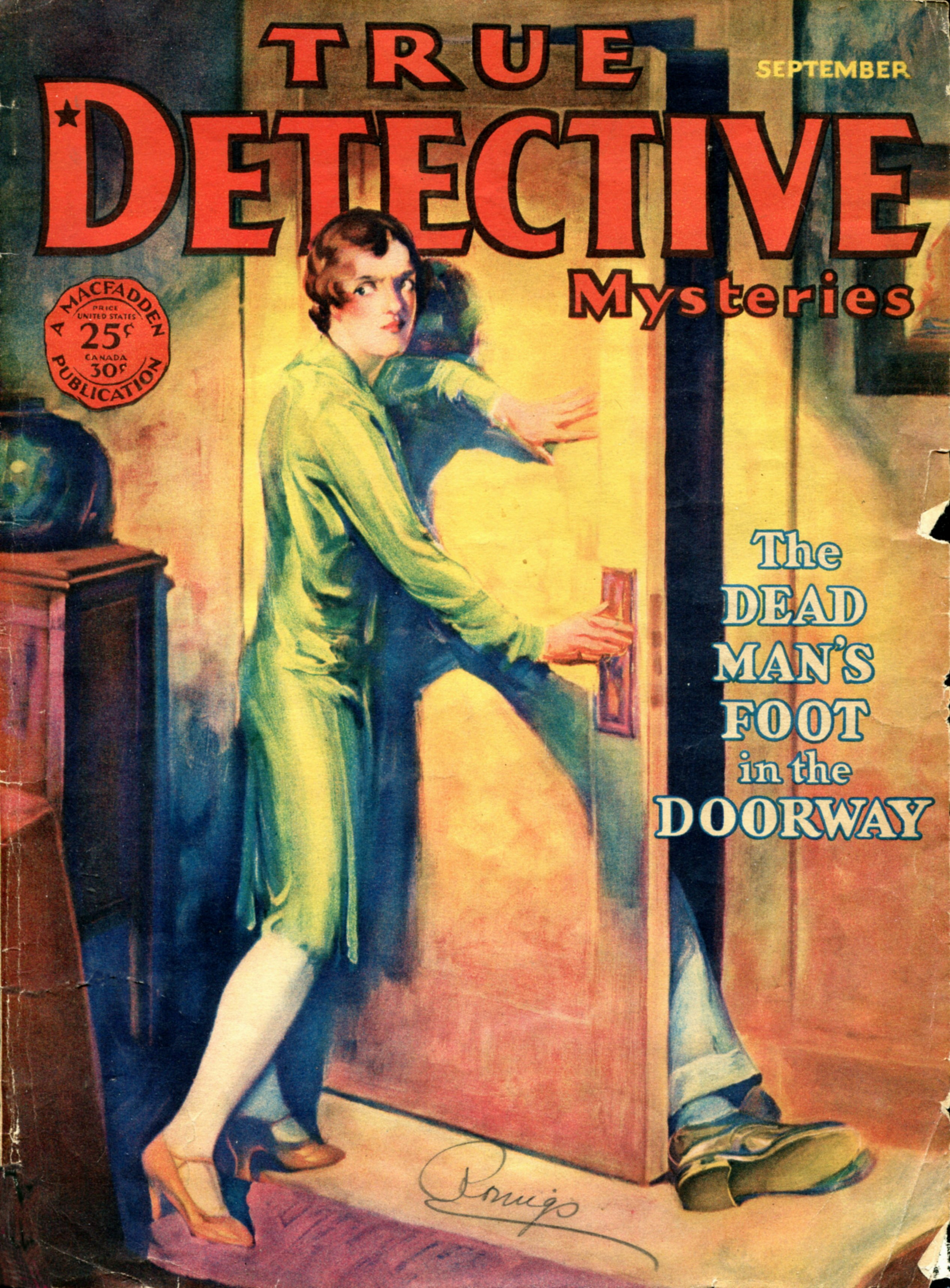
TRUE DETECTIVE Mysteries

SEPTEMBER

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

PRICE UNITED STATES 25¢ CANADA 30¢



The DEAD MAN'S FOOT in the DOORWAY

BRAND NEW

GENUINE *Model 3* CORONA

LOWEST PRICE EASIEST TERMS EVER OFFERED

$1.00 DOWN

HERE'S your chance to own that *brand new* Genuine Model 3 Corona you've wanted—on the easiest terms ever offered—at LOWEST PRICE ever offered. Complete in every detail; back spacer, etc., *Manufacturer's Guarantee.* Recognized the world over as the finest, strongest, sturdiest portable built.

Yours for 10 DAYS FREE

Send No Money

Leatheroid carrying case, oiler, instructions free on this offer. Send no money just the coupon. Without delay or red tape we will send you the Corona. Try it 10 days. If you decide to keep it, send us only $2—then $3 a month until our special price of $39.90 is paid. Now is the time to buy. This offer may never be repeated. Mail coupon now.

Only a limited number of these splendid machines available. To get one, you must act now! Experience the joy this personal writing portable typewriter can give you! Use it ten days free! See how easy it is to run and the splendidly typed letters it turns out. Ideal for the office desk, home, traveling. Small, compact, light, convenient. Don't send out letters, manuscripts, reports, bills in poor handwriting when you can have this Corona at such a low price on such easy terms. Remember these are ***brand new*** machines right out of the Corona factory.

Save Money USE THIS COUPON

Smith Typewriter Sales Corp., (Corona Division)
469 E. Ohio St., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 99

Ship me the Corona, F.O.B. Chicago. On arrival I'll deposit $2 with express agent. If I keep the machine, I'll send you $3 a month until the $37.90 balance of $39.90 price is paid; the title to remain with you until then. I am to have 10 days to try the typewriter. If I decide not to keep it, I will repack and return to express agent, who will return my $2. You are to give your standard guarantee.

Name _____

Address _____

Employed by _____

Be a B.W. Cooke-Trained AUTO EXPERT

B. W. Cooke Directing Engineer

I Train You At HOME

EARN up to $5000 A YEAR

Start to Make Money Quick Like Morriston

M. J. Morriston, Parkersburg, W.Va. (photo at right) never had a day's experience on cars before starting my training. Read what he says when less than half-way through his "JOB-WAY" course. "What I have already learned is worth over $500 to me. I have gone into business and I'm making over $50 a week clear, with wonderful prospects." And what Mr. Morriston and hundreds of others have done I will help you to do!

Clip this Coupon Now-for my Big FREE AUTO BOOK

3 repair & testing OUTFITS INCLUDED

The World's biggest, most fascinating business needs you!

You needn't slave away at small wages another minute—mail coupon and I'll tell you how I train you at home in your spare time for positions paying up to $100 a week. Unlimited opportunities for trained Electrical and Mechanical Auto Experts. Let me show you how my "JOB-WAY" training has prepared hundreds of men just like yourself for a quick, brilliant success in the Auto business.

Earn Up to $100 a Week!

Don't sell your time for low pay! You don't need to when you have my "JOB-WAY" training. As Directing Engineer of this Institution I know what training you need to succeed, AND I GIVE YOU THAT TRAINING right in your own home. MASTER every branch of Auto, Truck and Tractor work. I train you with JOBS—not books. I bring the original "JOB-WAY" training TO YOUR HOME!

Read My Agreement!

Learn about the 14 features of "Job-Way" Training in my big free Auto book. Also about our agreement to refund every cent of your money if after receiving the training you are not absolutely satisfied. Be sure to get my book and read all 14 features as well as the special money-back agreement.

Experience, Education Not Needed!

I don't care how little schooling you have, I will train you to become a successful Auto man or refund your money! Boys and men of all ages have become Garage owners and managers, Superintendents, Foremen, Auto Experts, BIG PAY executives, after completing Cooke "JOB-WAY" training. I prove to you that I will prepare you to take advantage of the many wonderful opportunities of the great auto business!

No Other "JOB-WAY" Training!

My training includes ALL Electrical work—Ignition, Starting, Lighting—ALL Mechanical end, Welding, Brazing, Vulcanizing—also Business Course—also Monthly Magazine, also 3 Testing and Repair Outfits. Nowhere else I know of, can you get ALL this! Seven Billion dollars spent last year to repair 25 Million Autos, Trucks, Tractors—It's the world's biggest business. Amazing money opportunities everywhere for trained men. My Employment Service helps you to big jobs, and I help you to get into business for yourself.

Get My Big Book Quick!

I will send it to you without one penny of cost. Read all the facts, find out about the demand for trained Auto Experts. Let me tell you how easily and quickly you, too, can become an Auto Expert. Splendid offer right now to ambitious men. Coupon brings complete information. Mail it today!

AVIATION
TRAINING FREE of extra cost

Coupon brings full details of complete Aviation Training, I am offering FREE of extra charge. Send it now.

Address Me Personally **B. W. COOKE** **DIRECTING ENGINEER**

MOTOR INSTITUTE of AMERICA

Motor Institute Bldg. Dept. 2696 Evanston, Ill. (Chicago's Largest Suburb)

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

Free Auto Book

B. W. COOKE, Directing Engineer,
Motor Institute of America
Motor Institute Bldg, Dept. 2696, Evanston, Ill.

Send me FREE your Big Book, "Auto Facts" and proof that you will train me in spare time at home. Also details of AVIATION Course Offer. Also reserve 3 Testing and Repair Outfits without obligating me.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

Vol. XI September, 1929 No 6

CONTENTS

YOUR FRIEND.....Colonel H. Norman Schwarzkopf, Superintendent, New Jersey State Police 17

WHO WAS the ARCH-MURDERER of the OSAGE HILLS?.....Dan O'Connell 18
With a billion at stake—would this mystery killer wipe out the entire Osage Indian tribe?

The DEAD MAN'S FOOT in the DOORWAY.....Madeline Kelley 25
One of the most cold-blooded slayings ever known!

DOPE—SCOURGE of the UNDERWORLD.....Frank Donohue 30
The real truth about dope!

The FLEET of FLOATING DEAD.....Hollis B. Fultz 34
Amazing crimes of the "Ghoul of Grays Harbor"

The ASTOUNDING SWOPE POISON CASE.....Jerry E. Cravey 39
The "inside" on America's most fiendish murder plot

IT BEATS the 3RD DEGREE.....M. K. Hannah 42
They were tough gangsters, but Captain Hawtrey had an idea——

PHILADELPHIA'S FAMOUS "TRUNK MURDER".....Roger Butterfield 44
Story of how the great sleuth, Belshaw, solved a famous crime mystery

"ELBOWS ACROSS the STREET!".....Robert Considine 49
"Dan! Dan! Elbows across the street!" came the terrified warning

MURDER FARM!.....Alberta Livingston 51
"Murder," snickered Northcott, "seems to be my one bad habit!"

The AMAZING CRIMES of the ORIGINAL JACK the RIPPER.....Alvin F. Harlow 57
The most notorious criminal of all time. **Who was he?**

The CLUE of the CRUMPLED COAT.....Isabel Stephen 58
A girl and a man—dead—with the most meager clues. Here was a tough case!

How PINKERTON Solved the ROCK ISLAND EXPRESS ROBBERY.....Cleveland Moffett 6

THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS—Who the Writers Are and What They Are Doing..... 4

Cover Design Painted by Edgar McGraw

NEXT MONTH: THE GREENWALDT MYSTERY

The MILLINER, the CHIROPRACTOR—and the MISSING HEAD

Here is a great Philadelphia detective case. When the sleuths discovered the mutilated body of a beautiful girl, lying in a pasture, *with her head missing*—they found they had a real job on their hands! How they traced and caught the fiend who committed this awful deed is a genuine thriller!

FOLSOM'S RED THANKSGIVING

Robert Considine, author of *"Elbows Across the Street!"* in this issue, next month gives one of the greatest stories he has ever written—his own hair-raising experience—the inside facts—in the appalling Folsom Prison attempted jailbreak on Thanksgiving Day, 1927, in which over a dozen men went to their bloody graves amid piles of maimed and wounded! It shocks the nerves—but it does not exaggerate that awful scene of carnage!

"GET OMAHA'S AX-SLAYER!"

Inside story of the madman-killer, Jake Bird, who held Omaha in a grip of terror—a nerve-thriller from start to finish!

WISCONSIN'S MOST BAFFLING CASE

was the infamous Greenwaldt murder mystery—and the man who solved it was Dist. Atty. H. R. Salen, who will tell the complete story in this magazine—the inside facts, never before published! This master detective case will make your hair stand on end—and it will baffle you up to the very end!

The CLUE of the GRAY HAT

One of the best detectives in all the South tells the story of how he traced the murderer of John E. Levy, Memphis' "Hot Tamale King." It took weeks of patient detective work, dogged persistence in the face of every conceivable kind of discouragement—but detective Solomon won out. He got the Levy slayers at last! Don't fail to read this great detective story!

The UNTOLD TRUTH ABOUT GERALD CHAPMAN'S ESCAPE

There are few magazines that would dare to publish this sensational expose—but, since it is the truth, (from the police officer who was on the spot)—*why not tell it?*

And don't miss TRAPPING the "TORTURE BANDITS"—the smashing climax of ARCH-MURDERER of the OSAGE—The MYSTERY KILLER of JUNEAU, and other great mystery cases, told by the detectives and police officials who solved them, and that will hold you spellbound! All in the October TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, on sale at all news stands on September 13th.

(MEMBER OF TRUE ROMANCES GROUP)

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY NEW METROPOLITAN FICTION, INC., WASHINGTON AND SOUTH AVES., DUNELLEN, NEW JERSEY
Editorial and General Offices: 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Advertising Offices: Graybar Building, New York City.
Edwin E. Zoty, *President* M. A. Wood, *Secretary* Gilbert L. Parks, *Advertising Director*

Copyright, 1929, by New Metropolitan Fiction, Inc. Copyright also in Canada and Great Britain.

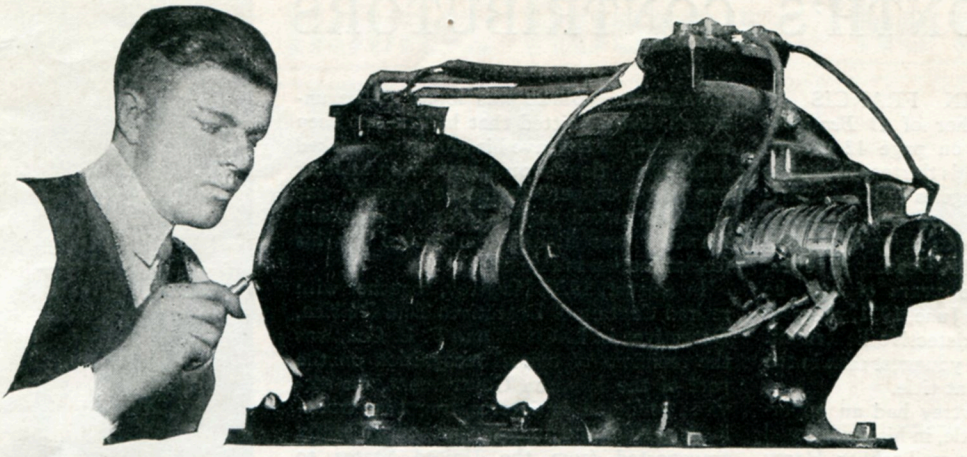
Entered as second class matter, Sept. 27, 1928, at the Post Office at Dunellen, New Jersey, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.
Price 25c per Copy in U. S.—30c in Canada. Subscription price $2.50 per year in the United States and possessions; also, Cuba, Mexico and Panama. All other countries (including Canada) $4.00 per year.

All rights reserved.

Chicago Office: 333 N. Michigan Ave., C. H. Shattuck, Mgr. London Agents: Atlas Publishing & Distributing Co., Ltd., 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C.

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made by us to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs and drawings, but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed. The pictures used in this magazine to illustrate the stories are of actual people, but are not intended to be a likeness of, nor to depict the individuals named in such stories, unless such pictures are specifically labeled.

Printed in U. S. A., by Art Color Printing Co., Dunellen, N. J.



Amazingly Easy Way to get into ELECTRICITY

Don't spend your life waiting for $5.00 raises in a dull, hopeless job. Now . . . and forever . . . say good-bye to 25 and 35 dollars a week. Let me show you how to qualify for jobs leading to salaries of $50, $60 and up, a week, in Electricity—NOT by correspondence, but by an amazing way to teach, that makes you a practical expert in 90 days! Getting into Electricity is far easier than you imagine! Act now, today!

Learn Without Books in 90 DAYS

LACK of experience—age or advanced education bar no one. I don't care if you don't know an armature from an air brake—I don't expect you to! I don't care if you're 16 years old or 40—it makes no difference! Don't let lack of money stop you. Most of the men at Coyne have no more money than you have.

Railroad Fare Allowed

I will allow your railroad fare to Chicago, and if you should need part-time work I'll assist you to it. Then, in 12 brief weeks, in the great roaring shops of Coyne, I train you as you never dreamed you could be trained . . . on the greatest outlay of electrical apparatus ever assembled . . . costing hundreds of thousands of dollars . . . real dynamos, engines, power plants, autos, switchboards, transmitting stations . . . everything from doorbells to farm power and lighting . . . full-sized . . . in full operation every day!

No Books—All Actual Work

No books, no baffling charts . . . all real actual work . . . building real batteries . . . winding real armatures, operating real motors, dynamos and generators, wiring houses, etc., etc. That's a glimpse of how we make you a master practical electrician in 90 days, teaching you far more than the average ordinary electrician ever knows and fitting you to step into jobs leading to big pay immediately after graduation. Here, in this world-famous *Parent school*—and nowhere else in the world—can you get such training!

Jobs, Pay, Future

Don't worry about a job, Coyne training settles the job question for life. Demand for Coyne men often exceeds the supply. **Our employment bureau gives you lifetime service.** Two weeks after graduation, Clyde F. Hart got a position as electrician with the Great Western Railroad at over $100 a week. That's not unusual. We can point to Coyne men making up to $600 a month. $60 a week is only the beginning of your opportunity. You go into radio, battery or automotive electrical business for yourself and make up to $15,000 a year.

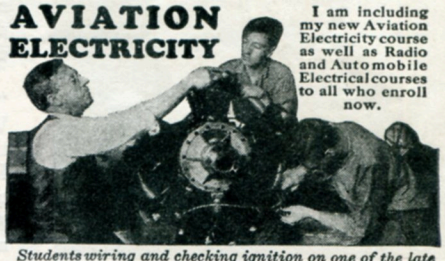
Prepare for Jobs Like These

Here are a few of hundreds of positions open to COYNE-trained men. Our free employment bureau gives you lifetime employment service.

Armature Expert	up to $100 a Week
Substation Operator	up to $65 a Week
Auto Electrician	$60 a Week and up
Inventor - - -	Unlimited
Maintenance Engineer	up to $100 a Week
Service Station Owner	$60 a Week and up
Radio Expert	$60 a Week and up

AVIATION ELECTRICITY

I am including my new Aviation Electricity course as well as Radio and Automobile Electrical courses to all who enroll now.



Students wiring and checking ignition on one of the late type Radial Aircraft Engines in our aviation department.

Get the Facts

Coyne is your one great chance to get into electricity. Every obstacle is removed. This school is 30 years old—Coyne training is tested—proven beyond all doubt—endorsed by many large electrical concerns. You can find out everything absolutely free. Simply mail the coupon and let me send you the big, free Coyne book of 150 photographs . . . facts . . . jobs . . . salaries . . . opportunities. Tells you how many earn expenses while training and how we assist our graduates in the field. This does not obligate you. So act at once. Just mail coupon.

Get this FREE Book

COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL
500 South Paulina Street **H. C. LEWIS, Pres.** ***Established 1899*** **Dept. 69-93** **Chicago, Illinois**

Mr. H. C. LEWIS, Pres.
COYNE ELECTRICAL SCHOOL Dept. 69-93
500 S. Paulina St., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Lewis: Without obligation send me your big free catalog and all details of Railroad Fare to Chicago, Free Employment Service, Aviation Electricity and Automotive Electrical Courses and how I can "earn while learning."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS

ACTING CAPTAIN FRANCIS T. HAWTREY, author of *It Beats the 3rd Degree*, appearing on page 42 of this issue, has entered upon his thirteenth year as an officer of the Los Angeles Police Department.

He proudly owns up to being a "native son" of California. In December, 1915, when only twenty-two years of age, he joined the Force, and in June, 1921, was promoted to the rank of detective lieutenant. At that time he was the youngest man in the Department to hold that title.

Two years ago, Hawtrey had an opportunity to prove his mettle, in his sensational capture of the desperate mail robber, Harry Burke.

Burke had been chased by officers to Eighteenth and Kingsley Streets. There he disappeared from view, and it was assumed had taken refuge under a house near-by. Repeated orders for him to come out met with no response, and a call was put in for

FRANCIS T. HAWTREY

police reserves and tear-bombs, to force the quarry out into the open.

Hawtrey, then a detective lieutenant, was one of the officers who answered the call. Without a moment's hesitation he volunteered to crawl under the house in question, and, with the aid of a flashlight, ascertain whether or not the fugitive was in hiding there. The building proved to have an *L*-shaped foundation, and it was not until Hawtrey had traversed some twenty feet on hands and knees that he reached a turn in the structure and discerned what appeared to be a bundle of rags in a shadowy corner.

Closer inspection revealed the figure of a man, huddled on the ground. Hawtrey rested on his elbows and drew his police revolver. He then ordered the suspect to come out, holding both hands extended in front of him, using his elbows and feet as a means of locomotion.

After a moment's hesitation, the command was obeyed and the hunted man emerged from cover. Burke was found to be unarmed, but admitted that had he not been so careless as to leave his gun in his parked automobile, there would have been at least one "dead copper" before he, himself, was killed or forced to surrender. Lieutenant Hawtrey was highly commended for his fearless action in this case.

In August, 1926, Hawtrey, together with retired Captain of Detectives Tom O'Brien, Detectives L. L. Curtis and F. B. Cox, was the recipient of official recognition on the part of the Mexican Government, for services rendered in intercepting two truckloads of rifles and ammunition being illegally transported from the United States to Mexico, for use in a proposed Mexican revolution in Baja, Lower California.

As indicated in *It Beats the 3rd Degree*, Captain Hawtrey is an ardent believer in the doctrine of the Golden Rule. In his own words:

"In dealing with men accused of crime, I believe in rigid and continuous questioning, and *a reasoning process whereby the suspect can be made to see the futility of lies and evasions.* Nine times out of ten, I find this the most effective, in the long run."

—o—

IT CAN SAFELY BE SAID OF DETECTIVE LIEUTENANT WILLIAM J. BELSHAW, for twelve years head of the Philadelphia murder squad, and for many more an active hunter of the most desperate criminals produced by a great city, that few men have had a career as full of thrills as his. His story of the Frankford trunk mystery, in this issue, is just one of the many fascinating reminiscences of a life packed with exciting adventures in running down murderers.

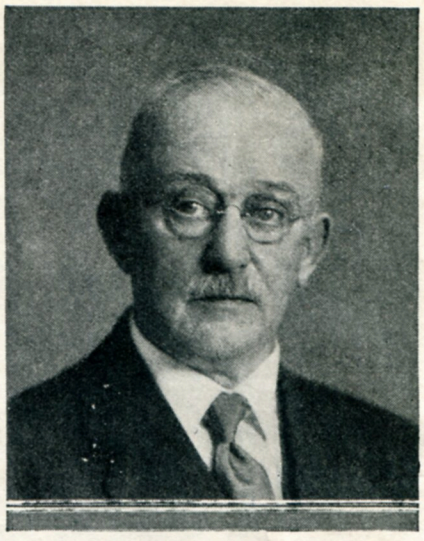
Back in 1892, "Bill" Belshaw started "pounding a beat" out of the old Front and Westmoreland Streets police station, in the heart of the Kensington district of Philadelphia. His ability and courage won quick recognition, and he became a district "special," a position which meant much more in those days than it does now.

Thirty years ago, before the automobile and other quick means of transportation, the police system of Philadelphia was not so thoroughly centralized at City Hall as at present. The "special" had to take immediate charge of all big crime investigations in his district, and it was a matter of pride to solve each case that came up, before the arrival of City Hall men on the scene.

So it came about that "Bill" Belshaw was called upon to solve murders, subdue crazed maniacs, trace kidnapped children, and lead raids on resorts of vice and crime—all in the course of a day's work.

Neighbors in the vicinity of the little red brick house at 2847 North 6th Street, where Lieutenant Belshaw and his wife have lived for more than thirty years, still recall one deed of heroism which made him famous throughout the city.

A crazed man, victim of one of those domestic tragedies which breed in the shadows of Kensington's great mills, had barricaded himself in the cellar of his home on North Darien Street. From this vantage point he was firing at passers-by and a force of police besiegers who were held at bay by the insane man's cunning tactics.



WILLIAM J. BELSHAW

There was only one thing to do—for tear-bombs did not exist in those days—and "Bill" Belshaw did it. Watching his opportunity, he crawled through a rear window of the cellar, leaped upon the maniac, who had whirled and was aiming his gun directly at Belshaw's head, and after a fierce struggle, dragged him by the collar into the open air. It was a tremendous feat of courage.

With the coming of the motor car and rapid means of communication, the Philadelphia Police Department, like those in other great cities, began to centralize. In 1912, Belshaw was made a City Hall detective, and put to work solving murder mysteries.

Since that time, he estimated, when he retired last fall, he had *personally investigated 1,500 slayings.*

NEVER the fiction type of sleuth, deducing motives and murderers from cigar ashes and footprints, nor yet the blustering, gun-waving "strong arm man," Lieutenant Belshaw won his reputation by hard work—what he describes as "plugging." Tenaciously following up every clue, no matter how slight or unpromising, he never gave up when he once found himself on the right track.

With those whose deeds of violence were committed in the hysteria of despair or jealousy, he was always sympathetic and fatherly, winning their confidence by his gentlemanly treatment and attitude. But when he knew a man to have committed a deliberate, cruel, crime, however, he felt no misguided sympathy. Deeply religious himself, he saw in most of the desperate criminals with whom he came in contact a lack of religious feeling or training as the most obvious defect in their character.

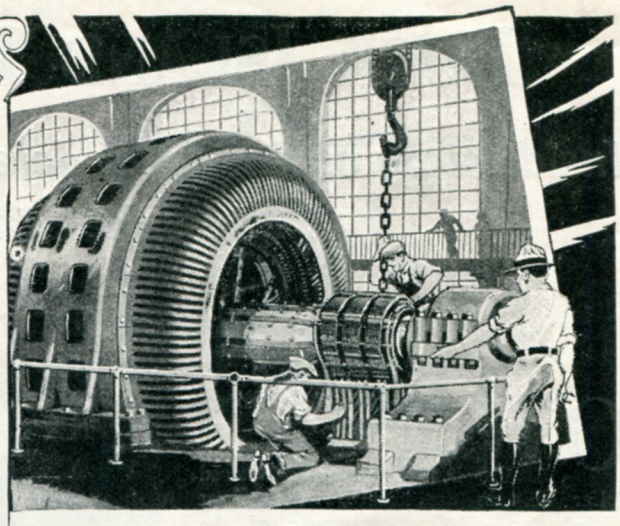
Ask him what were his most interesting cases, and he will shrug his shoulders and answer:

"There were so many."

The Frankford trunk mystery was one of the earliest he was called upon to investigate, after his transfer to City Hall. Another famous case was that of Freda Trost, who slowly murdered her second husband by repeated doses of poison, within six days after they were married! There was a strong suspicion, also, that she had treated her first husband the same way,

(*Continued on page* 82)

You Fellows Who Want BIG PAY Get Into ELECTRICITY



PROOF

GETS $12,000 JOB

Dear Mr. Cooke: Since finishing your Course I have been doing very well in my own electrical business. But recently I was offered the job of Chief Electrician for a Big Coal Mine. I took the job, at $12,000 a year.
E. M. HUGHES
1656-2nd Avenue
Terre Haute, Ind

MORE PROOF

$65 A DAY

Dear Chief: If it wasn't for your wonderful course I wouldn't now be making as high as $65 a day. It makes me proud to have your Diploma, and believe me I am a booster for your Course. JACOB LENTZ
1223-1st Avenue
Hillsboro, Oregon

MORE PROOF

$150 A WEEK

Dear Mr. Cooke: My new shop is going strong, paying me now over $600 a month above expenses. I must thank you again for my success, because it was your wonderful course and method of instruction that put me where I am.
W. E. PENCE
Box 921, Palo Alto, Calif.

Hundreds of Men I have trained are now earning $60 to $100 A WEEK

WHY earn $15 or $20 or $30 a week, when in the same six days as an Electrical Expert, you can make $60 to $100 — and do it easier—not work half so hard. Why, then, remain in a small-pay, no-future job that offers no chance for big promotion — no chance for big income? Fit yourself for a real job. **Get into Electricity.** That's where the big money is being made, and always will be made.

Electricity — The Big Pay Field

Today even the ordinary Electrician — the "screw driver" kind—is making money—big money. But it's the trained man—the Electrical Expert—who makes the really big money —$10 to $20 a day —$60 to $100 a week. Be a Big-Pay man, yourself. Get in line. **now,** for one of these "Big-Pay" Jobs.

I'll Train You At Home

I'll train you at home—in your spare time. You work just as you are working now — at your same job. My new famous "Work-Sheet and Job-Ticket" method guarantees you simplified, practical training along work-shop lines. In a few short months you can step out of your old job into a new job—into electrical work where you can be a Big-Pay man in this Big-Pay field

You Earn As You Learn

To learn Electricity my way you don't have to be a College man, or even a High School graduate. You can read. You can write. That's enough. With me, you get experience as you go along and make good money while learning. I'll show you how—and I'll give you, without extra cost tools and apparatus to work with — 6 Big Outfits in all.

Money Back If Not Satisfied

That's what I agree to do. And back of me in this agreement stands the Chicago Engineering Works, a $2,000,000 Illinois Corporation. There's nothing like "Cooke" Training, anywhere. It's the Training that big Electrical men are praising; it's the Training that employers recommend; it's the Training that one of our greatest Engineering societies, has endorsed 100 percent. **It's the Training for you.**

If You're Earning Less Than $60 A Week — Investigate

Don't wait a minute! Find out today why "The Cooke Trained Man is the Big-Pay Man", everywhere! Find out how "Cooke" Training will help you boost your pay! Mail coupon right now for my Big FREE Book of Facts. See the Six Big Working Outfits I give you without extra charge. See the hundreds of pictures, the proofs, the Big-Pay letters of other "Cooke" Trained Men. Get this great free Book. Send for it today. Clip, sign, and mail coupon RIGHT NOW!

L. L. COOKE, Chief Instruction Engineer

L. L. COOKE SCHOOL OF ELECTRICITY
Dept. 116
2150 Lawrence Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Why don't you ?

If you earn less than $60 a week—INVESTIGATE ACT NOW

6 BIG OUTFITS TOOLS APPARATUS GIVEN

Use this FREE BOOK COUPON

L. L. COOKE, Chief Instruction Engineer,
Dept. 116, 2150 Lawrence Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Send me at once without obligation your big illustrated book "The Secrets of Success in Electricity" and complete details of your Home Training Course in Practical Electricity, including your outfit and employment service offers.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Residents of Canada may send coupon to R. A. Farrow, Special Representative, 7 Medbury Lane, East, Windsor, Ontario, Canada.

The "Cooke" Trained Man is the "Big Pay" Man

How PINKERTON *Solved* the ROCK ISLAND EXPRESS ROBBERY

Inside story of this great detective's man-hunt for the killers of Express Messenger Kellogg Nichols

By CLEVELAND MOFFETT

ON March 12th, 1886, the through express on the Rock Island road left Chicago at 10:45 P. M., with $22,000 in fifty and one hundred dollar bills in the keeping of Kellogg Nichols, an old-time messenger of the United States Express Company. This sum had been sent by a Chicago bank to be delivered at the principal bank of Davenport, Iowa. In addition to the usual passenger coaches, the train drew two express cars: the first, for express only, just behind the engine; and following this, one for express and baggage. These cars had end doors, which offer the best opportunity to train robbers.

Messenger Nichols was in the first car, and was duly at his work when the train stopped at Joliet, a town about forty miles west of Chicago. But at the next stop, which was made at Morris, Harry Schwartz, a brakeman, came running from Nichols' car, crying: *"The messenger is dead."*

The messenger's lifeless body was found lying on the floor of the car. The head had been crushed by some heavy weapon, and there was a pistol wound in the right shoulder. Apparently he had been overcome only after a hard fight. His face was set with fierce determination. His fists were clenched, and the hands and fingers cut and scratched in a curious way, while under the nails were found what proved to be bits of human flesh. The pistol wound was from a weapon of .32 caliber. It evidently was not the cause of the man's death, which had been brought about by the blows of some blunt weapon, dealt probably after the shot was fired. All who knew Messenger Nichols were surprised at the desperate resistance he seemed to have made, for he was a small, slight man, not more than five feet five in height, nor weighing over 130 pounds, and of no great credit among his fellows for pluck and courage.

The express car was immediately detached from the train and left at Morris, guarded by all the train crew except Schwartz, who was sent on with the train to Davenport. After the first cursory inspection no one was allowed to enter the car where Nichols lay; and nothing was known precisely as to the extent of the robbery. The safe door had been found open, and the floor of the car littered with the contents of the safe.

An urgent telegram was at once sent to the Pinkertons at Chicago, and Mr. William Pinkerton, with a force of detectives, arrived at Morris on a special train a few hours later. Search parties were at once sent out in all directions along the country roads, and up and down

WILLIAM PINKERTON

the tracks. Hundreds of people joined in the search, for the news of the murder spread rapidly through the whole region, and not a square yard of territory for miles between Morris and Minooka Station was left unexplored. It happened that the ground was covered with snow, but the keenest scrutiny failed to reveal any significant footprints, and the search parties returned after many hours, having made only a single discovery. This was a mask found in a cattle-guard near Minooka—a mask made of black cloth, with white strings fastened at either side, one of which had been torn out of the cloth as if in a struggle.

Meantime, Mr. Pinkerton himself entered the car and made a careful investigation. His first discovery was a heavy poker, bearing stains of blood and bits of matted hair. It was hanging in its usual place, behind the stove. The significance of this last fact was great in Mr. Pinkerton's opinion; from it he concluded that the crime had been committed by a railroad man, his reasoning being that the poker could have been restored to its usual place after such a use only mechanically, and from force of habit, and that an assailant who was not a railroad man would have left it on the floor or thrown it away.

Coming to the safe, Mr. Pinkerton found that the $22,000 was missing, and that other papers had been hastily searched over, but left behind as valueless. Among these was a bundle of canceled drafts that had been roughly torn open and then thrown aside. Mr. Pinkerton scarcely noticed at the moment, but had occasion to remember subsequently, that a small piece of one of these drafts was missing, as if a corner had been torn off.

All the train hands were immediately questioned, but none of their stories were in any way significant, except that of Newton Watt, the man in charge of the second car. He said that while busy counting over his way-bills and receipts, he had been startled by the crash of broken glass in the ventilator overhead, and that at the same moment, a heavily built man, wearing a black mask, had entered the car and said: *"If you move, the man up there will bore you!"* Looking up, Watt said further, he saw a hand thrust through the broken glass and holding a revolver. Thus intimidated, he made no attempt to give an alarm, and the masked man presently left him under guard of the pistol overhead, which covered him until shortly before the train reached Morris, when it was withdrawn. He was able to locate the place where the crime must have been committed, as he remembered that the engine was whistling for Minooka Station when the stranger entered the car. This left about thirty minutes for the murder, robbery, and escape.

Returning to Chicago, Mr. Pinkerton investigated the character of the man Watt, and found that he had a clean record, was regarded as a trusty and efficient man, and had three brothers who had been railroad men for years and had always given perfect satisfaction. Watt's good reputation and straightforward manner were strong points in his favor, and yet there was something questionable in his story of the mysterious hand. For one thing, no footprints were found in the snow on the top of the car.

BRAKEMAN SCHWARTZ, the only man on the train who had not yet been questioned, "deadheaded" his way, in railway parlance, back from Davenport the following night on Conductor Danforth's train, and reported to Mr. Pinkerton the next morning. He was a tall, fine-looking young fellow, about twenty-seven, with thin lips and a face that showed determination. He was rather dapper in dress, and kept on his gloves during the conversation. Mr. Pinkerton received him pleasantly, and after they had been smoking and chatting for an hour or so, he suggested to Schwartz that he would be more comfortable with his gloves off. Schwartz accordingly removed his gloves, and revealed red marks on the backs of his hands, such as might have been made by finger-nails.

"How did you hurt your hands, Schwartz?" asked Mr. Pinkerton.

"Oh, I did that handling baggage night

(*Continued on page* 8)

Double Value - Double Service

Davenport Quickly Converted into a Comfortable, Full-size Double Bed

You Would Pay Double Our Price Elsewhere

30 Days FREE Trial
A Year to Pay

DOUBLE VALUE—because this attractive 3-piece Bed-Davenport Suite would cost nearly $100 elsewhere. DOUBLE SERVICE—because it's a beautiful living room suite with full-sized bed section in Davenport. A marvel for the money—a dream of thrift come true. You'll say $49.95 never before bought half so much. You're right! But don't send $49.95—send only $1 with order. Take 30 days FREE trial. Take a Year to Pay. Order now—it will sell by the thousands. We contracted for only a limited number. Late orders may not be filled. Don't wait!

Imagine this attractive bed-davenport, cozy club rocker and fireside wing chair in your home. What comfort, what rest, what pleasure they will give! And how beautiful! The serviceable Blue and Taupe Figured Velour covering is snugly and smoothly tailored in rich overstuffed style.

Whoever dreamed of an overstuffed suite at this low price? The sturdy hardwood frames are warm Brown Mahogany finish.

Inner construction guarantees comfort and serviceability. There are 18 coil springs in the davenport seat and 5 in the seat of each chair, all overlaid with sanitary interior upholstering materials, giving resilience and restful comfort. Backs, arms and seats are well padded. They look very handsome.

Comfortable Bed-Davenport is 53 in. wide overall and 49 in. between the arms. Seat is 21 in. deep, back 17 in. above seat. You do not sleep on the upholstery. No, indeed! The bed section has its own comfortable link fabric spring. With one easy motion you transform the davenport into a double bed, 72 x 48 in. Gives you service 24 hours a day—an investment in real economy and comfort!

The Fireside Chair (seldom included in low priced suites) has padded side wings, making a cozy head rest. Back is 22½ in. high above seat, which measures 21 x 19 in. Club rocker has seat 20 x 19 in., with club style back, 18½ in. high. Both chairs are 33½ in. wide overall.

30 Days FREE Home Trial. If you are not completely satisfied, return the 3-piece suite and we will cheerfully refund your first payment and transportation charges both ways.

$1 DOWN

© 1929 Spear & Co.

Mail the coupon today. You have 30 days FREE home trial and a year to pay if you decide to keep the suite. Spear treats everybody fairly and squarely. No quibbling. No arguments.

Order No. G A 4280, 3-piece Bed-Davenport Suite. Sale Price, only $49.95. Sale Terms: $1 with order, $4 monthly.

Nathaniel Spear
President

Spear & Co.
Dept. M 60 **Pittsburgh, Pa.**

Home Furnishers to the People of America for 36 Years

MAIL COUPON TO-DAY

SPEAR & CO., Dept. M60, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send me at once the 3-piece Bed-Davenport Suite described above. Enclosed is $1 first payment. It is understood that, at the end of 30 days trial, if I am satisfied, I will send you $4 monthly. Order No. G A 4280. Price $49.95. Title remains with you until paid in full.

Name _____

R. F. D., Box No. or St. and No. _____

Post Office _____ State _____

CATALOG FREE If you want our FREE Catalog only, send no money, put an X in square and write your name and address plainly on the above lines ☐

FREE Fall BARGAIN BOOK

1364 Bargains in this New Spear Book

Goodbye, Summer! Fall is here again—and so is Spear's New Fall Book. New things for the home! New low prices! New and easier terms! FREE Credit on everything. Savings of 25% to 40%. Just look what's among the 1364 Big Bargains—furniture of every kind, rugs, carpets, linoleum, stoves, heaters, curtains, blankets, dishes, silverware, lamps, phonographs—everything for the home. 30 days FREE Trial. Year to Pay. Mail coupon now. No obligation to buy!

Get Your Copy Now

Who Else Wants FREE HATS and $19 a Day Pay?

Amazing new plan gives FREE HATS to men and pays up to $19 a day! Taylor Wool Felt and Belgian Fur Felt Hats are taking country by storm! You wear samples I furnish, show friends how to save $2 to $5 on every hat. Clean up big money. Mail coupon for complete equipment I send FREE to ambitious men.

Amazing New Kind of Work

Easy, pleasant, profitable. Start in spare time. No experience or cash needed. Allen made $40.80 in 1 day. Sizemore earned $17 for 4 hours. Join this money-making throng!

Samples Now FREE!

For limited time I am sending valuable sample equipment FREE. Send no money. Just mail coupon. Act now.

I'll also send you FREE complete line showing RAIN-PROOF, MADE-TO-MEASURE CAPS, in newest styles and colors. *J. W. Taylor, Pres.*

Taylor Hat & Cap Mfrs., Desk M-30, Cincinnati, O.

Mr. J. W. Taylor, Taylor Hat & Cap Mfrs.
Desk M-30, Cincinnati, O.

Please rush Taylor Sample Outfit to me ABSOLUTELY FREE by return mail. I want FREE HATS and $19 a day pay.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

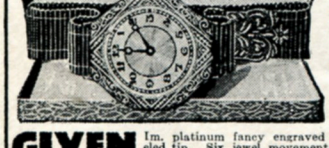
DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they Use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 240 70 5th Ave., New York

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At Drug Stores.



LATEST MODEL LADIES' and GIRLS' WRIST WATCH

Send No Money, We Trust You.

GIVEN 1m. platinum fancy engraved case with jewelled tip. Six jewel movement. Black silk ribbon, sterling clasp complete with box. Sell 12 boxes famous **White CLOVERINE Salve** for cuts, burns, sores, etc., at 25c each (beautiful art picture **FREE** with each box), and remit as per plan in catalog. Our 32nd year. Be first. Write quick.

THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO., Dept. A. F. 65, TYRONE, PA.

Play the Hawaiian Guitar like the Hawaiians!

Only 4 Motions used in playing this fascinating instrument. Our native Hawaiian Instructors teach you to master them quickly. Pictures show how. Everything explained clearly.

Play in Half Hour After you get the four easy motions you play harmonious chords with very little practice. No previous musical knowledge needed.

Easy Lessons Even if you don't know one note from another, the 52 printed lessons and clear pictures make it easy to learn quickly. Pay as you play.

GIVEN *when you enroll* **—a sweet toned HAWAIIAN GUITAR, Carrying Case and Playing Outfit Value $18 to $20**

No extras-everything included

WRITE AT ONCE for attractive offer and easy terms. A postcard will do. **ACT!**

OTHER COURSES Tenor Banjo, Violin, Tiple, Tenor Guitar, Ukulele, Banjo Ukulele. Under well-known instructors.

FIRST HAWAIIAN CONSERVATORY of MUSIC, Inc.
9th Floor, Woolworth Bldg., Dept. 646, New York, N. Y.

Approved as a Correspondence School Under the Laws of the State of New York—Member National Home Study Council.

(*Continued from page* 6)

before last," explained Schwartz, and then he related incidentally that as he was on his way back to Chicago, the conductor of the train, Conductor Danforth, had discovered a valise left by somebody in one of the toilet rooms.

Later in the day, Mr. Pinkerton summoned the conductor, who said that the valise was an old one, of no value; and, having no contents, he had thrown it out on an ash pile. The only thing he had found in the valise was a piece of paper that attracted his attention because it was marked with red lines.

Examining this piece of paper carefully, Mr. Pinkerton saw that it had been torn from a money draft, and at once thought of the package in the express messenger's safe. Now, it is a remarkable fact that no human power can tear two pieces of paper in exactly the same way; the ragged fibers will only fit perfectly when the two original parts are brought together. There remained no doubt, when this test was made in the present case, that the piece of paper found on Conductor Danforth's eastbound train had been torn from the draft in the express car robbed the night before on a west-bound train. The edges fitted, the red lines corresponded, and unquestionably someone had brought that piece of paper from the one train to the other. In other words, someone connected with the crime of the previous night had ridden back to Chicago twenty-four hours later with Conductor Danforth.

MR. PINKERTON at once ordered a search made for the missing valise, and also an inquiry regarding the passengers who had ridden on Conductor Danforth's train between Davenport and Chicago, on the night following the murder. The valise was found on the ash heap where the conductor had thrown it, and, in the course of the next few days, the detectives had located or accounted for all passengers on Conductor Danforth's train, with the exception of one man who had ridden on a free pass. The conductor could only recall this man's features vaguely; and while some of the passengers remembered him well enough, there was no clue to his name or identity. As it appeared that no other of the passengers could have been connected with the crime, efforts were redoubled to discover the holder of this pass.

So great was the public interest in the crime and the mystery surrounding it, that three separate, well-organized investigations of it were undertaken. The Rock Island Railroad officials, with their detectives, conducted one; a Chicago newspaper, the *Daily News,* with its detectives, another; and the Pinkertons, in the interest of the United States Express Company, a third.

Some time after this, the man who had ridden on the free pass, and given the detectives so much trouble, was accidentally found by Jack Mullins, a brakeman on Conductor Danforth's train. He proved to be an advertising solicitor employed by no other than Mr. Melville E. Stone, who would have given a thousand dollars to know what his agent knew; for the advertising man had seen the conductor bring out the valise containing the all-important fragment of the draft. But he had not realized the value of the news in his possession, and Mr. Pinkerton took good care to keep him from that knowledge. One hint of the truth to the *Daily News* people, and the whole story would have been blazoned forth in its columns, and the murderer would have taken warning. Not until he had seen the man safely on a train out from Chicago did Mr. Pinkerton breathe easily; and it was not until months later that Mr. Stone learned how near he came to getting a splendid "scoop" on the whole city and country!

The identification of the pass-holder removed the last possibility that the valise had been taken into the train by any of Conductor Danforth's passengers. And yet the valise was there! How came it there? In the course of their examinations, two of the passengers had testified to having seen Schwartz enter the toilet room during the run. Brakeman Jack Mullins stated that he had been in the same room twice that night, that the second time he had noticed the valise, but that it was not there when he went in first. Other witnesses in the car were positive that the person who entered the room last before the time when Mullins saw the valise was Schwartz. Thus the chain of proof was tightening, and Mr. Pinkerton sent for Schwartz.

AFTER talking with the brakeman in a semiconfidential way for some time, the detective began to question him about Watt, his fellow trainman. Schwartz said he was a good fellow, and, in general, spoke highly of him. Mr. Pinkerton seemed to hesitate a little, and then said:

"Can I trust you, Schwartz?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, the fact is, I am a little suspicious

(*Continued on page* 10)

Plagiarism

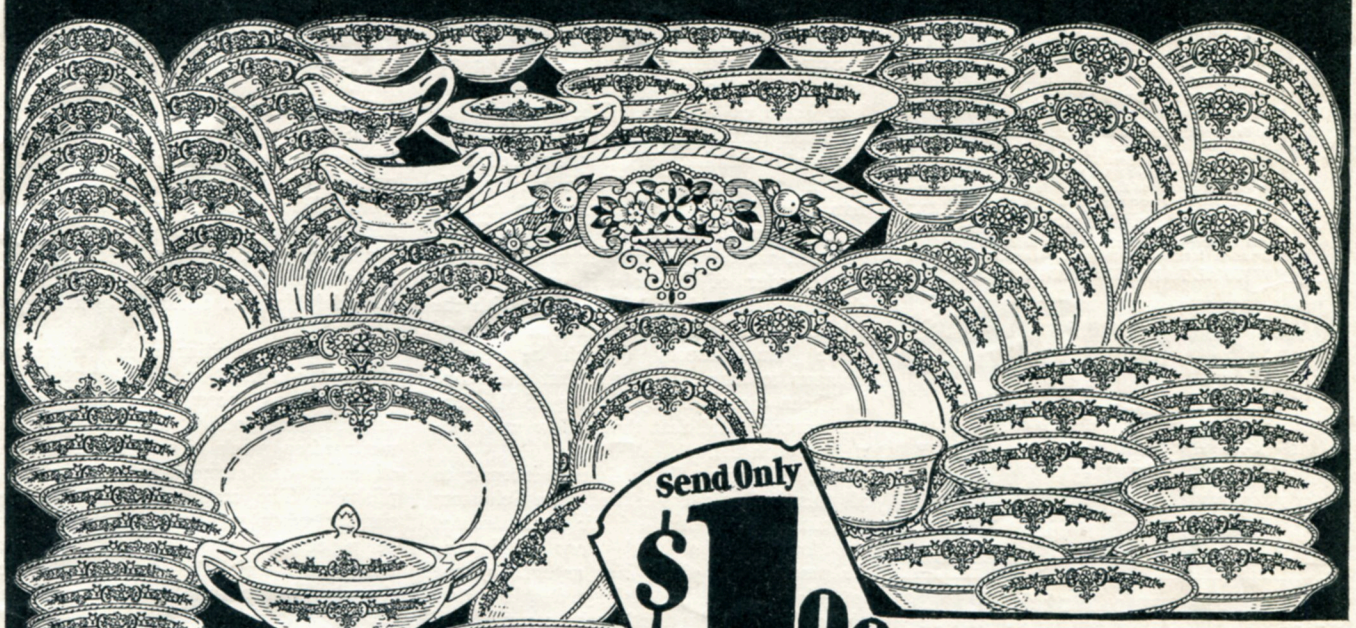
Stories have been submitted to Macfadden Publications which are copies of stories that have appeared in other magazines.

Anyone submitting a plagiarized story through the mail and receiving and accepting remuneration therefor, is guilty of a Federal offense in using the mails to defraud.

The publishers of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES are anxious—as are all reputable publishers—to stamp out this form of theft and piracy and are advising all magazines from which such stories have been copied of such plagiarism, and are offering to cooperate with the publishers thereof to punish the guilty persons.

Notice is hereby given to all who have submitted stories that the same must be ORIGINAL and TRUE.

173 Pieces Total Price Only $29.90



Send Only $1.00 DOWN

Astounding! An unheard of price smashing bargain! Think of it—110 pc. decorated Ivory Dinner Set, 50 pc. silver service, a beautiful tablecloth and 12 napkins, a complete outfit for 12 people—173 pieces in all for only $29.90. Don't take our word for this simply amazing value—convince yourself. Send only $1.00 with coupon below and the complete outfit will be sent to your home on

30 Days Trial

Use it freely as your own on trial. Examine the fine quality and beauty of design; the durability. See how this complete outfit gives you everything you need to fully equip your dining service. Then *compare the value!* See if you can duplicate this amazing value locally at even twice the price. Then decide. If after 30 days trial and use you are not completely satisfied send the outfit back at our expense and we will promptly refund your $1.00 plus any express charges you paid. The trial does not cost you a cent.

$2.95 a Month

But if you decide to keep the outfit, pay $2.95 a month until you have paid the sensational rock bottom price—only $29.90. We give you the lowest cash price on easy monthly payments you will never feel. Get the outfit on free trial. Send coupon and only $1.00 deposit now.

Send Coupon NOW!

FREE Bargain Catalog
Sent with or without order. See coupon.

173 Pieces in All—

Complete Service for 12 People
110-piece Decorated Ivoryware Dinnerware Set

Rich creamy ivory color, each piece of a distinctive shape and design, gorgeously decorated with two artistic bands and cluster of flowers, all in their natural colors, forming a magnificent contrast on the field of creamy semi-porcelain ware. Each piece is triple baked by the tunnel kiln baking process, producing a perfect glaze semi-porcelain finish. Consists of 12 dinner plates, 9-inch; 12 breakfast plates, 7-inch; 12 coupe soups, 7⅛ inch; 12 fruit saucers, 5¼-inch; 12 oatmeal dishes, 6¾-inch; 12 cups; 12 saucers; 12 bread and butter plates, 6-inch; one oval vegetable dish, 9-inch; one round vegetable dish, 9-inch; one sugar bowl and cover (two pieces); one platter, 10¼-inch; one platter, 13-inch; one covered vegetable dish (two pieces); one gravy boat; one gravy boat stand; one bowl, one pint; one cream pitcher; one pickle dish; one butter dish, 8¾-inch.

50-Piece Silver Set

Each piece is heavily silver plated on nickel silver base. The set is made up of 12 knives, 12 forks, 12 dessert spoons, 12 teaspoons, 1 sugar shell and 1 butter knife.

Tablecloth and 12 napkins

Strong, durable linen finished cotton of snowflake white. Edges scalloped with overlock stitch in color. Both table cloth and napkins have gorgeous design of flowers in natural color to match dishes. Will launder beautifully—colors guaranteed fast. Table cloth 90 x 54 ins. Napkins 15x15 ins. Shipping weight of complete outfit about 100 lbs.

Order by No. Q6247A. $1.00 with coupon, $2.95 a month. Total bargain price only $29.90.

Send Coupon!

Straus & Schram, Dept. 2606 Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1. Ship the special advertised 173-piece outfit. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the Outfit, I will pay you $2.95 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the Outfit and you are to **refund my money** and any freight or express charges I paid.

173-piece Outfit No. Q6247A, $29.90

*Name*_____

*Street, R.F.D. or Box No.*_____

*Shipping Point*_____

*Post Office*_____ *State*_____

*Married or Single?*_____ *Nationality or Color*_____

If you want ONLY our Free Catalog of Home Furnishings, mark X here ☐

BE a RADIO EXPERT

Many Make $50 to $200 a Week

Amazing Growth of Radio is making thousands of big pay jobs every year. You can learn at home in spare time.

J. G. Dahlstead, 1484 S. 15th St., E., Salt Lake City, Utah, is making $400 a month in Radio, much more than he could make in other fields. Geo. W. Page, 1807 21st Ave., S., Nashville, Tenn., made $935 while learning. Radio needs more spare time and full time men. Hook up with this live-wire field. Make bigger money. Assure your future. N. R. I. will show you how to make $5 to $25 a week on the side while you're learning and help you find a good job after you graduate. Free Book "Rich Rewards in Radio" gives full information. It tells where the good jobs are, how to get one.

NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE 16th & U Sts., N. W. WASHINGTON, D. C.

CLIP AND MAIL FOR FREE INFORMATION

J. E. Smith, Pres.,
National Radio Institute, Dept. 9 W 85
16th & U Sts., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me, send your big free book, "Rich Rewards in Radio."

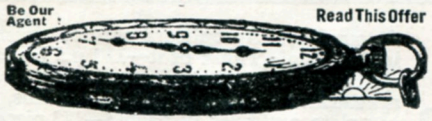
Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

EXTRA Sample Watch GIVEN

Be Our Agent : Read This Offer



Genuine American made watch, solid white gold effect case, guaranteed 25 years, with famous Regulator, genuine lever movement, stem wind and set, 16 size, reliable time-keeper. **Written Guarantee by Million Dollar Factory** and only **$1.95.** If you order two for $3.90 we give you one sample watch FREE—3 watches for $5.90. Take your choice of either bargain. Write at once. Send no money. Pay postman on delivery plus few cents postage. (C.O.D. orders 17c extra for watch).

D'ORO CO. Box 90 Varick Sta., New York, Dept. T.D.-9

30 Day TRIAL OFFER

CORRECT your NOSE

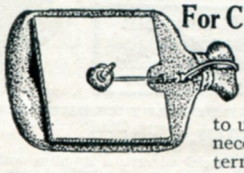
68,000 men and women have used the ANITA Nose Adjuster to improve their appearance. Shapes flesh and cartilage of the nose — safely and painlessly, while you sleep or work. Your age doesn't matter. Results are lasting. Doctors praise it. Small cost. Money-back guarantee.

Send for FREE BOOKLET *"The Nose and Its Shape"*

Gold Medal Won 1923

ANITA INSTITUTE, K-55 Anita Bldg., Newark, N. J.

Dr. Booth's Internal Bath For CONSTIPATION



Cleanses the colon, gently, thoroughly. This perfected super-enema is clean, easy to use. As harmless and necessary as your external bath. You simply fill the bag with water, sit **comfortably.** Eliminate injurious, offensive, disease-breeding bacilli, slimy, poisonous secretions and incrusted fecal matter. **Dr. BOOTH'S INTERNAL BATH** saves you from irritating, weakening cathartics, salts, etc. **Constipation** often accompanies **High Blood Pressure, Auto-intoxication, Dropsy, Piles, Prostate** and **Bladder Irritation, Obesity, Rheumatism, Nerve Troubles,** Skin Disorders, **Apoplectic** Trend, Cramps, Fevers, and 101 other ailments. Endorsed by many medical men. Used in good homes everywhere. Write for **FREE BOOKLET** to **BOOTH & RIKER, B-11, Box 73, Sta. O, New York**

(*Continued from page* 8)

of Watt. You see, his story about that hand overhead does not exactly hang together. I don't want to do him any wrong, but he must be looked after. Now, my idea is to have you go about with him as much as you can, see if he meets any strangers or spends much money, and let me know whatever happens. Will you do it?"

Schwartz readily consented on the assurance that the railroad people would give him leave of absence. The next day he reported that Watt had met a man who wore a slouch hat, had unkempt red hair, and in general looked like a border ruffian. He had overheard the two talking together in a saloon on Cottage Grove Avenue, where the stranger had discussed the murder of Nichols in great detail, showing a remarkable familiarity with the whole affair. Schwartz had a sort of Jesse James theory (which he seemed anxious to have accepted), that the crime had been committed by a gang of Western desperadoes, and that this fellow was connected with them.

Mr. Pinkerton listened with interest to all this, but was less edified than Schwartz imagined, since *two of his most trusted "shadows," who had been following Schwartz, had given him reports of the latter's movements, making it plain that the red-haired desperado was a myth, and that no such meeting as Schwartz described had taken place.* Nevertheless, professing to be well pleased with Schwartz's efforts, Mr. Pinkerton sent him out to track the fabulous desperado. Schwartz continued to render false reports. Finally, without a word to arouse his suspicion, he was allowed to resume his work on the railroad.

The "shadows" put upon Schwartz after this, reported a suspicious intimacy between him and Watt, and a detective of great tact, Frank Jones, was detailed to get into their confidence, if possible. He was given a "run" as brakeman between Des Moines and Davenport, and it was arranged that he should come in from the west and lay over at Davenport on the same days that Schwartz and Watt laid over there, coming in from the east. Jones played his part cleverly and was soon on intimate terms with Schwartz and Watt, taking his meals at their boarding-house and sleeping in a room adjoining theirs. They finally came to like him so well that they suggested his trying to get a transfer to their "run," between Davenport and Chicago. This was successfully arranged, and then the three men were together constantly, Jones even going to board at Schwartz's house in Chicago. About this time Schwartz began to talk of giving up railroad work, and going to live in Kansas or the Far West. It was arranged that Jones should join him and Mrs. Schwartz on a Western trip. Meantime, Schwartz applied to the company for leave of absence, on the plea that he wished to arrange some family matters in Philadelphia.

Mr. Pinkerton, being informed by Jones of Schwartz's application, used his influence to have it granted. When the young man started east, he did not travel alone. His every movement was watched and reported, nor was he left unguarded for a moment, day or night, during an absence of several weeks in New York, Philadelphia, and other Eastern cities.

TO one unfamiliar with the resources and organization of a great detective system, it is incomprehensible how continuous "shadowing," day after day and week after week, through the thousands of miles of journeyings, can be accomplished. The matter is made none the simpler when you know that there must be a change of "shadows" every day. However adroit the detective, his continued presence in a locality would soon arouse suspicion. The daily change of "shadows" is easy when the man under watch remains in one place; for then it is only necessary to send a new "shadow" from the central office early each morning to replace the one who "put the man to bed" the night before. But it is very different when the subject is constantly traveling about on boats or railways, and perhaps sleeping in a different town each night.

Without the network of agencies, including large and small bureaus, that the Pinkertons have gradually established all over the United States, the "shadowing" of a man in rapid flight would be impossible. As it is, nothing is easier. Schwartz, for instance, spent several days in Buffalo, where his actions were reported hour by hour, until he bought his ticket for Philadelphia. As he took the train a fresh "shadow" took it too, securing a section in the same sleeping-car with him, and taking his meals at the same time Schwartz took his either in the dining-car or at stations. No sooner had the train left the station than the Pinkerton representative in Buffalo reported by cipher dispatch to the bureau in Philadelphia, whither

(*Continued on page* 12)

The Amazing Denton Murder Mystery

THE wealthy Denton, after moving to Los Angeles from Arizona in 1920, mysteriously vanished. Months later, his body was found buried in the basement of his mansion. *Who did it?* For the key to this riddle, read the astounding true account of the Denton case—*The Great Wilshire Mystery*—in the September issue of THE MASTER DETECTIVE, on sale August 23rd. And don't miss the other great *fact* mysteries—illustrated with *actual* photographs—including *The Vanishing Priest of San Francisco, Chicago's Murder Castle, The Riddle of the Secret Graveyard,* and others by America's master criminologists.

THE MASTER DETECTIVE

is a Macfadden publication, twenty-five cents in the United States: thirty cents in Canada.

Did She Hold The Key To The Murder Of Jacob Denton?

Was Mrs. Peet, whose picture appears above, the beautiful slayer of her employer, Jacob Denton. Read the Great Wilshire Mystery in the Sept. Issue of THE MASTER DETECTIVE.

Jacob Denton, a wealthy widower and retired oil promoter, was found buried in the cellar of his Los Angeles mansion. For three months he had been hidden there while gay revels went on over his head. Who killed him and why? The whole nation wondered and gasped with chills and thrills. The complete story is at last told under the title of *The Great Wiltshire Mystery* in the great September issue of THE MASTER DETECTIVE.

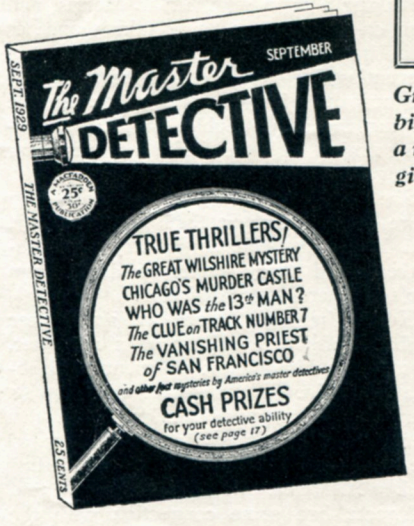
Read These Great Stories in September Master Detective

The Great Wilshire Mystery
The Baby Who Trapped Two Killers
The Clue on Track Number 7
Shoplifting a Million
Who Was the 13th Man?
The Riddle of the Secret Graveyard
On the Trail of the Human Monkey
Chicago's Murder Castle
The Mysterious Death of Mrs. Barr
How I Trapped Lindford, Demon of the Arctic
—and many others

The Baby Who Trapped Two Killers

A beautiful governess was found fiendishly murdered. There were no fingerprints or apparent clues, but noted detectives say that a criminal *always* leaves at least *one* clue. In this case an infant who saw one of the slayers inadvertently supplied the missing clues. What those clues were and how the murder fiends were run to earth is magnificently told in this fact story.

These are but two of the great tales in THE MASTER DETECTIVE, companion of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES. Each story is an example of perfect detective analysis of criminal psychology and clever sleuthing. You'll get thrills and a rare kick out of the true mysteries in THE MASTER DETECTIVE. By all means fill out the coupon below.



Great Cash Prizes For Your Detective Ability. Each month THE MASTER DETECTIVE offers big, worth while cash prizes to the persons who can best give the criminal weaknesses of a notorious person whose portrait will be published. Read full details and participate beginning with the September issue.

Hundreds of thousands of detective story lovers have discovered that the best sleuth tales of all are the *true* ones. *Fact* by far outstrips the efforts of *fiction*. These half million readers turned eagerly to TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, for there they found absorbing true fact stories of notorious crimes and famous manhunts, weird uncanny leads and clues that lead to the unravelling of otherwise "Perfect Crimes." In answer to the cry for still more of these superb tales a companion to TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES has been published—THE MASTER DETECTIVE Magazine. Police and newspaper records the country over have been combed for worthy material, many of the great cases unearthed have been written by the detectives who made the final capture, all are inside, fact accounts that you'll want to read. Fill out the introductory coupon below or buy THE MASTER DETECTIVE wherever magazines are sold. It Goes on Sale August 23rd. Remember the date!

If No News Stand Is Convenient Fill Out Coupon Below

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
1926 Broadway, New York, Dept. T D-9.

Gentlemen:

I am enclosing $1.00 for which please enter my name to receive THE MASTER DETECTIVE Magazine for the next five months beginning with the current issue.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Read—

The Master DETECTIVE 25c

On Sale Everywhere—August 23rd

GRAY HAIR
IS NOT NECESSARY

You are only as old as you look!

Wm. J. Brandt's LIQUID

EAU DENNA

Formerly Eau de Henna

Hair Color Dye

will cover hair in 10 to 30 minutes so that you would not know it ever was gray. It is liquid. One application with a toothbrush does it all. No pack. No mess.

You get a natural color. No one will suspect your hair has been dyed. Leaves it soft and lustrous—no dead color—no streaks—no spots—just a uniform color.

ANYONE CAN PUT IT ON

It will not rub off. It stays on several months. Shampooing, sea bathing, sun, permanent waving, curling—nothing takes it off.

You can cover any gray no matter how stubborn or how caused. It also takes at the roots. You don't have to fuss around for a week. You get the color right away.

Wonderful For Touching Up

You can put it on just where needed. Can be used over other dyes or where powdered hennas have been used. Does not break the hair. **DOES NOT INTERFERE WITH PERMANENT WAVING.**

Full directions enclosed. State color desired: Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Drab, Blond, Auburn. Order through your dealer or from us. Cash with order, $2.50. C.O.D. $2.77.

HAIR SPECIALTY CO.

Dept. 672-L 112 East 23rd St., New York

BIGGEST BARGAIN SALE !!
Newest Shape Ladies Wrist Watch
Direct From Switzerland Cut to 3.77

Two years' written guarantee given with this platinoid, white gold effect ladies' wrist watch. Our choice in rectangular, tonneau, or cushion shape, from available stock—all same price. Highest quality jeweled movement, tested and adjusted accurate. Exquisitely engraved. Money refunded if not satisfied. Send no money. Pay postman $3.77 plus postage. **JENKINS, 683 Broadway, New York, Dept. 9-E-31**

BE A DETECTIVE

Make Secret Investigations

Work home or travel
Excellent opportunity
Fascinating work
Experience unnecessary
Detective Particulars FREE.

Write, **GEORGE D. WAGNER**
2190 Broadway, New York

Radium Is Restoring Health to Thousands

No medicine, drugs or dieting. Just a light, small, comfortable inexpensive Radio-Active Pad, worn on the back by day and over the stomach at night. Sold on trial. You can be sure it is helping you before you buy it. Over 150,000 sold on this plan. Thousands have written us that it healed them of Neuritis, Rheumatism, High Blood Pressure, Constipation, Nervous Prostration, Heart, Lungs, Liver, Kidney and Bladder trouble, etc. No matter what you have tried, or what your trouble may be, try Degnen's Radio-Active Solar Pad at our risk. Write today for Trial offer and descriptive literature. Radium Appliance Co., 2705 Bradbury Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

TRAVEL FOR "UNCLE SAM"

$1900 to $2700 A YEAR

Railway Postal Clerks

Many Government Jobs obtainable. Men—Boys, 18 up. Mail Coupon Today.

COUPON

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. W 285, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me without charge, [1] 32-page book describing Government jobs. [2] Send list of U. S. Government jobs now obtainable. [3] Tell me how to get a Government position.

Name.....

Address.....

(*Continued from page* 10)

Schwartz was going. The exact form of the dispatch, which well illustrates a system in constant use in the Pinkerton bureaus, was as follows:

R. J. Linden, 441 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Anxious shoes sucker Brown marbles man other dropping eight arrives put grand fifty marbles articles along or derby coat ship very tan seer wearing these have and is ribbon ink dust central Tuesday for dust to rice hat and and paper vest yellow ink get must jewelry morning depot on.

D. Robertson.

In dispatches of this sort important information regarding criminals is constantly flashing over the wires, with no danger of any "leak."

Thus, from one city to another, and through every part of the country, any criminal may be "shadowed" to-day as Schwartz was "shadowed" years ago, one set of detectives relieving another every twenty-four hours, and the man's every word and action be carefully noted down and reported without his having the faintest suspicion that he is under observation. The task of "shadowing" a person who is traversing city streets is intrusted to men especially skilled in the art (for art it is) of seeing without being seen. This is, indeed, one of the most difficult tasks a detective is called upon to perform, and the few who excel in it are given little else to do. Where a criminal like Schwartz, upon whose final capture much depends, is being followed, two, three, or even four "shadows" are employed simultaneously, one keeping in advance, one in the rear, and two on either side.

THE result of the "shadowing" in Schwartz's case was conclusive. No sooner was the brakeman out of Chicago than he began spending money far in excess of his income. He bought fine furniture, expensive clothing, articles of jewelry, presents for his wife, and laid in an elaborate supply of rifles, shotguns, revolvers, and all sorts of ammunition, including a quantity of cartridges. The "shadows" found that in almost every case he paid for his purchases with fifty or one hundred dollar bills. As far as possible these bills were secured by the detectives from the persons to whom they had been paid, immediately after Schwartz's departure. It will be remembered that the money taken in the robbery consisted of fifty and one hundred dollar bills.

In addition to this, it was found by the investigations of detectives at Philadelphia that Schwartz was the son of a wealthy, retired butcher there, a most respectable man, and that he had a wife and child in Philadelphia, whom he had entirely deserted. This gave an opportunity to take him into custody, and still conceal from him that he was suspected of committing a worse crime.

The Philadelphia wife and child were taken on to Chicago, and Schwartz was placed under arrest, charged with bigamy.

Mr. Pinkerton went to the jail at once, and wishing to keep Schwartz's confidence as far as possible, assured him that this arrest was not his work at all, but that of Detectives Smith and Murray, who were, as Schwartz knew, working in the interests of the railroad people, and of the Chicago *Daily News*. Mr. Pinkerton told Schwartz that he still believed, as he had done all along, that Watt was the guilty man, and promised to do whatever he could to befriend Schwartz. The latter did not appear to be very much alarmed, and said that a Philadelphia lawyer was coming on to defend him. The lawyer did come a few days later, when a bond for $2,000 was furnished for Schwartz's reappearance, and he was set at liberty. Matters had gone so far, however, that it was not considered safe to leave Schwartz out of jail, and he was immediately rearrested, on the charge of murder.

Whether because of long preparation for this ordeal, or because he was a man of strong character, Schwartz received this blow without the slightest show of emotion, and went back into the jail as coolly as he had come out. He merely requested that he might have an interview with his wife as soon as possible.

Mr. Pinkerton had evidence enough against Schwartz to furnish a strong presumption of guilt, but it was all circumstantial, and, besides, it did not involve Newton Watt, whose complicity was more than suspected. From the first Mr. Pinkerton had been carefully conciliatory toward the later Mrs. Schwartz. At just the right moment, and by adroit management, he got her under his direction, and by taking a train with her to Morris, and then on the next morning taking another train back to Chicago, he succeeded in preventing her from getting the advice of her husband's lawyer, who was meantime making the same double journey on pursuing trains with the design of cautioning her against speaking to Mr. Pinkerton.

She had come to regard Mr. Pinkerton more as a protector than as an enemy, and he, during the hours they were together, used every device to draw from her some damaging admission.

He told her that the evidence against her husband, although serious in its character, was not, in his opinion, sufficient to establish his guilt. He told her of the bills found in Schwartz's possession, of the torn piece of the draft taken from the valise, of the marks on his hands and the lies he had told. All this, he said, proved that Schwartz had some connection with the robbery, but not that he had committed the murder, or done more than assist Watt, whom Mr. Pinkerton professed to regard as the chief criminal.

The only hope of saving her husband now, he impressed upon her, was for her to make a plain statement of the truth, and trust that he would use this in her husband's interest.

After listening to all that he said, and trying in many ways to evade the main question, Mrs. Schwartz at last admitted to Mr. Pinkerton that her husband had found a package containing $5,000 of the stolen money under one of the seats on Conductor Danforth's train, on the night of his return to Chicago. He had kept

(*Continued on page* 14)

LOW PAY.. LONG HOURS.. ROUTINE.. NO FUTURE

Always worrying over money. Always skimping and economizing—going without the comforts and luxuries that every man DESERVES for his family and himself.

The Time Clock—a badge of hawk-like supervision and The Rut. A constant reminder that one is "just another name on the pay-roll."

Human cogs in a great machine. No chance to meet people, travel or have interesting experiences. A long, slow, tiresome road that leads nowhere.

Always wondering what would happen in case of a "lay-off" or loss of job. No chance to express ideas and ability—no chance to get ahead. COULD there be a way out?

I Said "Good-bye" to It All After Reading This Amazing Book— Raised My Pay 700%!

Where Shall We Send Your Copy—FREE?

WHEN a man who has been struggling along at a low-pay job suddenly steps out and commences to earn real money—$5,000, $7,500 or $10,000 a year—he usually gives his friends quite a shock. It's hard for them to believe he is the same man they used to know . . . but such things happen much more frequently than most people realize. Not only one, but HUNDREDS have altered the whole course of their lives after reading the amazing book illustrated at the right.

True, it is only a book—just seven ounces of paper and printers' ink—but it contains the most vivid and inspiring message that any ambitious man can read! It reveals facts and secrets that will open almost any man's eyes to things he has never even dreamed of!

Remarkable Salary Increases

For example, R. B. Hansen of Akron, Ohio, is just one case. Not long ago he was a foreman in the rubber-curing room of a big factory at a salary of $160 a month. One day this remarkable volume, "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship," fell into his hands. And from that day on, Mr. Hansen clearly saw the way to say "good-bye" forever to low pay, long hours, and tiresome routine! Today he has reaped the rewards that this little volume placed within his reach. His salary runs well into the 5-figure class—actually exceeding $10,000 a year!

Another man, Wm. Shore of Neenach, California, was a cowboy when he sent for "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship." Now he is a star salesman making as high as $525 in a single week. L. H. Lundstedt of Chicago, read it, and increased his earnings 600%! C. V. Champion of Danville, Illinois, raised his salary to over $10,000 a year and became President of his company in the bargain!

A Few Weeks—Then Bigger Pay

There was nothing "different" about any of these men when they started. None of them had any special advantages—although all of them realized that SALESMANSHIP offers bigger rewards than any other profession under the sun. But, like many other men, they subscribed to the foolish belief that successful salesmen are born with some sort of "magic gift." "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship" showed them that nothing could be farther from the truth! Salesmanship is just like any other profession. It has certain fundamental rules and laws—laws that you can master as easily as you learned the alphabet.

City and traveling sales positions are open in every line all over the country. For years, thousands of leading firms have called on the N. S. T. A. to supply them with salesmen. Employment service is free to both employers and members and thousands have secured positions this way.

Free to Every Man

See for yourself WHY "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship" has been the deciding factor in the careers of so many men who are now making $10,000 a year. Learn for yourself the REAL TRUTH about the art of selling! You do not risk one penny nor incur the slightest obligation. And since it may mean the turning point of your whole career, it certainly is worth your time to fill out and clip the blank below. Send it now!

NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

Dept. M-742, N.S.T.A. Bldg. Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Assn.,
Dept. M-742, N. S. T. A. Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

Without cost or obligation you may send me your free book, "The Secrets of Modern Dynamic Salesmanship," and tell me about your Free Employment Service and other features of the N. S. T. A.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Age.....Occupation.....

"GET ON Uncle Sam's PAYROLL"

$1260 to $3300 Year

Men—Women 18 to 50

Steady Work
Paid Vacations
Common Education Sufficient
Mail coupon today—SURE

COUPON

Franklin Institute, Dept. W222, Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me, entirely free of charge 32 page book with: (1) A full description of the position checked below; (2) A list of U. S. Government Jobs obtainable.

Railway Postal Clerk ($1900 to $2700)
Postoffice Clerk ($1700 to $2300)
City Mail Carrier ($1700 to $2100)
Rural Mail Carrier ($2100 to $3300)
General Clerk—File Clerk ($1260 to $2500)

Name_____

GREATEST OF ALL BARGAINS

JEWELED MVMT. $15.00 Watch NOW $3.33

PLATINUM EFFECT SEND NO MONEY

This dainty watch at less than wholesale. Why pay more and not get as good? The lifetime case in platinum effect is richly engraved. Has genuine jeweled movement—an accurate timekeeper. Just send name and address. When watch comes pay postman $3.33 plus postage.
King-Hill Co., Desk 701, 105 No. Talman Ave. Chicago

Sell Dress Goods

1000 ACTUAL FABRIC SAMPLES

Women "go wild" over this smart line of Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics — Handkerchiefs, Fancy Goods. Easy sales, big repeat trade. Liberal commissions and bonuses. Men and women, full or spare time. 1001 samples furnished. Write quickly.
The National Importing Co.
Dept. V-37, 573 Broadway, N. Y. C.

$5.00 In An Hour! New!

Introduce sensational Lingerie Combinations to friends. THREE garments in ONE—at price of ONE. Finest heavy silks—fast colors. Guaranteed. Large variety—America's most beautiful lingerie. Easy way to turn your time, full or spare, into dollars. Many make $35 to $75 WEEKLY.

Your Silk Lingerie—FREE

Simply follow our instructions and earn big money. We supply active agents with lovely lingerie FREE. Write at once for beautiful FREE outfit. Address French Fashion Mfg. Co., Dept. L-60, 9 N. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

SALES OUTFIT FREE

ALL 3 IN ONE

BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOL

Protection against Burglars, Tramps, & Dogs

Special Offer
1 Blank Cartridge Pistol
100 Blank Cartridges
1 550-page Novelty Catalog
ONLY $1.50
The Lot Shipped by Express Only
Cash With Order Only

Well made and effective, modelled on latest type of Revolver. Appearance alone is enough to scare a burglar. When loaded it may be as effective as a real revolver without danger to life. It uses standard .22 Cal. Blank Cartridge—obtainable everywhere. Special cash with order offer: 1 Superior quality Blank Cartridge Pistol, 100 Blank Cartridges, and our new 550 page De Luxe Catalog of latest novelties; all for ONLY $1.50. Shipped by Express only. Cannot go by parcel post. Extra Blank Cartridges 50c per 100. Special Holster (Cowboy Type) for pistol 50c. No C.O.D. shipments.
JOHNSON SMITH & COMPANY, Dept. 262 RACINE, WIS

IS YOUR TAILORING LINE as good as YOU ARE?

The STRAND LINE does you JUSTICE!

You can only do half the selling. Your line must do the other half—clinch the sale for you! Show the Strand line—the attractive patterns and finest quality fabrics appeal to every man. Sales come easier! Your customers are satisfied—Strand workmanship and perfect fit are famous! Repeat orders are certain. Strand *tailored-to-measure* suits and overcoats at $24.50—$29.50—$34.50—are amazing values! No other tailoring house offers so much for the money.

WRITE NOW! You can earn $27 to $95 every week. Full time or spare hours. You don't need experience or money! *Big commissions—Honest Bonus. $5,000 Bond Guarantee!* Write Now.
STRAND TAILORING CO., Inc.
Dept. 93 Baltimore, Maryland

(*Continued from page* 12)

this money and used it for his own purposes, but he had been guilty of no other offense in the matter. Mrs. Schwartz stuck resolutely to this statement, and would admit nothing further.

Believing that he had drawn from her as much as he could, Mr. Pinkerton now accompanied Mrs. Schwartz to the jail, where she was to see her husband. The first words she said on entering the room where he was, were:

"Harry, I have told Mr. Pinkerton the whole truth. I thought that was the best way, for he is your friend. I told him about your finding the five thousand dollars under the seat of the car, and that that was all you had to do with the business."

SCHWARTZ gave his wife a terrible glance as she said this, and for the first time his emotions nearly betrayed him. However, he braced himself and only admitted in a general way that there was some truth in what his wife had said. He refused positively to go into details, seemed very nervous, and almost immediately asked to be left alone with his wife.

Mr. Pinkerton had been expecting this, and was prepared for it. He realized the shock that would be caused in Schwartz's mind by his wife's unexpected confession, and counted on this to lead to further admissions. It was, therefore, of the highest importance that credible witnesses should overhear all that transpired in the interview between Schwartz and his wife. With this end in view, the room where the interview was to take place had been arranged so that a number of witnesses could see and hear without their presence being suspected, and the sheriff of the county, a leading merchant, and a leading banker of the town were waiting there in readiness.

As soon as the door had closed and the husband and wife were left alone, Schwartz exclaimed:

"You fool, you have put a rope around Watt's and my neck!"

"Why, Harry, I had to tell him *something*, he knew so much! You can trust him."

"You ought to know better than to trust anybody."

The man walked back and forth, a prey to the most violent emotions, his wife trying vainly to quiet him. At each affectionate touch he would brush her off roughly with a curse, and go on pacing back and forth fiercely. Suddenly, he burst out:

"What did you do with that coat, the one you cut the mask out of?"

"Oh, that's all right; it's in the woodshed, under the whole wood pile."

They continued to talk for over an hour, referring to the murder and robbery repeatedly, and furnishing evidence enough to establish beyond any question the guilt of both Schwartz and Watt.

Meantime, Watt had been arrested in Chicago, also charged with murder, and in several examinations had showed signs of breaking down and confessing, but in each instance had recovered himself and said nothing.

The evidence of Schwartz himself, however, in the interview at the jail, taken with the mass of other evidence that had accumulated, was sufficient to secure the conviction of both men, who were condemned, at the trial, to life imprisonment in the Joliet penitentiary. They would undoubtedly have been hanged, but for the conscientious scruples of one juryman, who did not believe in capital punishment.

ABOUT a year after the trial, Schwartz's Chicago wife died of consumption. On her death-bed she made a full confession to Superintendent Robertson, of the Pinkerton force.

She said that her husband's mind had been inflamed by the constant reading of sensational literature of the dime novel order; and that under this evil influence he had planned the robbery, believing that it would be easy to intimidate a weak little man like Nichols, and escape with the money without harming him. Nichols, however, had fought like a tiger up and down the car, and had finally forced them to kill him.

In the fight he had torn off the mask that Mrs. Schwartz had made out of one of her husband's old coats.

It was Watt who fired the pistol, while Schwartz used the poker. Schwartz had given Watt $5,000 of the stolen money, and had kept the rest himself. He had carried the money away in an old satchel bought for the purpose.

A most unusual place of concealment had been chosen, and one where the money had escaped discovery, although on several occasions, in searching the house, the detectives had literally held it in their hands. Schwartz had taken a quantity of the cartridges he bought for his shotgun, and, emptying them, had put in each shell one of the fifty or one hun-

(*Continued on page* 111)

Model Airplanes for Boys

constitute the cornerstone on which the future of this great Nation must be built.

See that your boy reads MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS, a new Macfadden magazine that is aimed directly at the boys of the Nation, and in which you will find that sort of reading material which will both interest and educate them. It will keep the boy *clean* and *wholesome* because it will give him *clean* and *wholesome* things to think about. In the September issue of MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS he will find *How To Build a Bernard Monoplane Model,* with complete full-sized working plans. *You Must Be Fit To Fly,* written by a licensed pilot, will also interest him. There is an inspirational article on the Macfadden Sky Cadets, which you will want him to join, and there is an interesting serial story of the air and a shorter fiction story entitled *Champions of Chivalry,* which he will want to read.

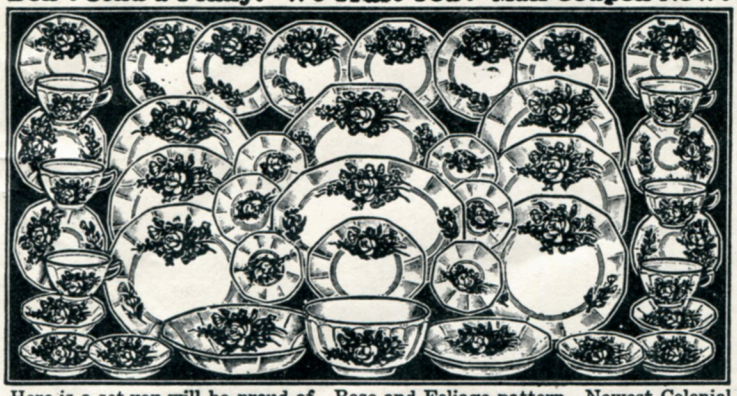
MODEL AIRPLANE NEWS costs only 15 cents per copy, and the September issue is on sale at all news stands on August 23rd.

GIVEN—VALUABLE GIFTS—GIVEN

Don't Send A Penny—We Trust You—Mail Coupon Below

Full Size 42-Piece Dinner Set Free

Don't Send a Penny. We Trust You! Mail Coupon Now!



Here is a set you will be proud of. Rose and Foliage pattern. Newest Colonial shape. Guaranteed first class. Just sell 12 large size bottles "SALUT D'AMOUR Perfume as illustrated below (*Giving away a Perfume Novelty Free with each bottle*) and remit per plan in Premium Catalog. Don't send a penny. We trust you.

Mail Coupon Now! TREVAUX PERFUME CO., *Dept. E96* CHICAGO

BIG MOVIE Machine GIVEN!

SEND NO MONEY WE TRUST YOU

Shows Large Size on Screen

Operates on same principle as expensive professional models. It's equipped with imported double Convex lens, uses regular size films as in big theatres. Very simple construction—all steel and heavily made. Complete outfit enough for full hours show including practice reel of Tom Mix film, etc. Send coupon for initial 12 Bottles Salut-D'Amour Perfume at 25c. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away FREE with each bottle and easy plans for obtaining Movie Machine.

Mail Coupon

TREVAUX PERFUME CO., *Dept. E-96* CHICAGO

MA-MA DOLL

She can do almost anything a real live baby does. Is fully dressed as pictured. Given for selling only 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c each (Giving Perfume Novelty free with each bottle). Easiest plan ever offered. Trevaux's Salut D'Amour fastest seller today. See illustration near coupon — Biggest value ever. Send no money. Just fill out and mail coupon today.

TREVAUX PERFUME CO., *Dept. E-96* CHICAGO

GIVEN LATEST STYLE WRIST WATCH

This Ladies' or Girls' Watch is very dainty. Has fancy engravings front and back. Set with blue sapphire crown —Jeweled Movement guaranteed 10 years. Send for 12 Large Bottles SALUT D'AMOUR Perfume which sell at 25c each. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you GIVE AWAY Free and easy plans for obtaining this Wrist Watch. Don't send a penny. Mail Coupon now!

TREVAUX PERFUME CO.
DEPT. E-96 CHICAGO

10-Pc. Toilet Set - full size

This Ivory Finish Toilet Set consists of 10 FULL SIZE pieces. Biggest Value offered. Given for selling only 12 Large Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c each. With each bottle you give away free a Perfume Novelty. Greatest value offered. We are big reliable company. Don't send a penny. We trust you. Mail coupon now.

Trevaux Perfume Co.
Dept. E-96, Chicago

High Grade Violin & Bow

FULL SIZE

Send No Money *We Trust You!*

The quality of this outfit will amaze you. Violin is made of selected woods, smooth round corners and full size. Send for 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c a Bottle. Give away Free Perfume Novelties. Select Violin per catalog plan. See coupon. **TREVAUX Perfume Co., Dept. E-96**

FREE COASTER WAGON GIVEN

This big wagon is 16x36 inches. Heaviest construction known. Best materials, hardest woods used. Roller bearing. Heavy tires on double 10 inch steel wheels. Mail coupon today for initial 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume which you sell at 25c each. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away Free, and easy plan for obtaining coaster wagon. Send no money.

TREVAUX PERFUME CO.
Dept. E-96, CHICAGO

Here is what you Sell!—

We send 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume to be sold at 25c each (first time offered in America). We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away FREE with Salut D'Amour Perfume. It makes sales easier. 50c value for 25c. Help us advertise and introduce Salut D'Amour. It is put up in large size bottles as illustration at right—This large size you sell at 25c.

Actual Size

BIG 500 Shot Repeater RIFLE Free!

This is a big rifle with REAL POWER. Genuine KING Rifle that has the LEVER action. FREE for selling only 12 bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume at 25c a bottle. With each bottle give away a Perfume Novelty FREE. *A 50c Value for only 25c*

Don't send a penny. We trust you.

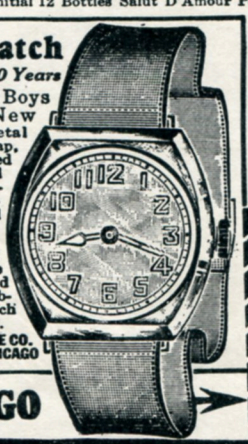
Trevaux Perfume Co., Dept. E-96 Chicago

Strap Watch

Guaranteed 10 Years

Suitable for Boys and Men. New shape, white metal case, leather strap, 10 year guaranteed movement. Send for 12 Bottles Salut D'Amour Perfume that you sell at 25c each. We also send 12 Perfume Novelties which you give away FREE, and easy plans for obtaining wrist watch —Send no money.

TREVAUX PERFUME CO. Dept. E-96, CHICAGO



TREVAUX PERFUME CO. DEPT. E-96 CHICAGO

MAIL COUPON

Send No Money

DEPT. E-96

TREVAUX PERFUME CO., CHICAGO

I want to help you introduce "Salut D'Amour" among my friends. Send me 12 Bottles to sell at 25c each. Also send 12 Perfume Novelties to give away free with "SALUT D'AMOUR. Will remit you within 30 days and select gift from Catalog sent with perfume according to offers.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....

Print or write name plainly and mail today!

SEND NO MONEY, WE TRUST YOU

Norman Schwarzkopf

Your Friend —the POLICEMAN

By

Colonel H. NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF

Superintendent of the New Jersey State Police

TOO often does the average citizen feel that the police officer is a man to be feared and avoided, when, as a matter of fact, he should be considered as a good friend, one who stands ready at all times to help his neighbor—a real friend, ready to bring timely relief when it is most needed.

I have sometimes wondered about this—why this attitude toward the police officer should exist at all. In some measure it may well be the development of fear instilled in childhood. *"I'll tell the policeman!"* threatened by a mother or father to their child, is a serious fault of parenthood. It does more harm than is realized, for this fear in youth may last throughout life, placing distrust and enmity against the one agent in whom every child, man, and woman should have perfect confidence and for whom they should feel genuine friendship.

Friendship is a wonderful thing. It carries with it a mutuality of interest, an exchange of confidence, and the privilege of service. Police officers devote all their time, thought and effort in a professional way to the interests and security of our law-abiding citizens. They study their problems, learn their frailties, know their needs—and it is therefore not only desirable, but necessary, that mutual confidence and respect bind them together in upholding our laws, and in defense against our criminal element.

The American people are a great race. They expect, and deserve, the best possible police protection and service. Then let me say that the best assurance of the fullest service possible from our police power for all law-abiding citizens lies in the public's own frankness, co-operation and friendliness toward the police themselves. And this should be regarded as an individual matter, incumbent upon each one of us. Remember this—it is not only an act of good citizenship to co-operate with your police officers, but it is also a generous response to their friendship and service, and at the same time facilitates the success of their work.

Police service is hazardous, involving as it does the constant liability of serious injury, or death. In the seven and one-half years that the New Jersey State Police has been in existence, with an average personnel of one hundred and forty men, we have lost fifteen men, either murdered, killed, or permanently disabled in their service to the public. These fatalities result not alone in the line of duty—they come also through generous, personal acts which are beyond the call of duty and which every good police officer welcomes, without thought of the cost to himself when he can extend aid to those in need.

It is easy to perform any task by following the rules laid down. But if real success or outstanding accomplishment is to be attained, it is imperative that an inspiration prompt the individual undertaking the problem. The greatest inspiration that can come to any police officer finds itself in the friendship and the confidence of law-abiding citizens, whom it is his privilege to serve.

So, by your attitude and by your friendship, and by your confidence you can do your part in inspiring the custodians of the law, the heroes of peace and the soldiers of security to that greater effort beyond the call of duty which they are anxious to make in the service of their Friends.

WHO *Was the*

Creeping unseen, with deadly stealth — who — what was back of the mysterious, ruthless slaughter of these rich Osage Indians? What master-mind was planning it, murder by murder — to wipe out an entire nation — with a billion dollars at stake?

Chief White Eagle, Head Chief of the Osage Indian Nation, peers out across the broad acres from out of whose depths poured the precious stream of black gold—OIL—that lifted his tribe from a poverty-stricken race to, individually, the *richest nation on earth!* Thousands of barrels of this liquid gold are shown (*below*) going up in smoke on the Osage oil lands in a great conflagration that got out of control

BRISTLING oil derricks now reach their lordly crowns heavenward, to vie with the rolling Osage Hills for the favor of the blue-smiling Oklahoma skies that dip low over that enchanted land out of whose bowels pours magic wealth. Millions of dollars in sparkling "black gold" are sucked annually out of the earth over which the Osage Indians once trudged desolately, and in poverty, as the terrible Sioux drove them farther and farther back into the unproductive wastes of the Oklahoma bad lands.

For a new king has come to reign over the Osage Indian country—the black Fairy King—OIL. The King has been both kind and cruel to the subjects who starvingly fought off nomadic tribes of hostile invaders, that the waste-lands below the Hills might be preserved for the steel oil drill of the white man.

The white man came, and set up the oil derrick. Clouds of white smoke began to rise above the hills of the Osage country. Great steam-driven machines now hissed and wheezed, and the very earth, which for centuries had stubbornly refused to yield to the implements of agriculture, began to quake and shrink, as steel drills bit cruelly through the virgin formations beneath the surface of the ground.

From smoking, stinking refineries in the thickly populated settlements and cities, mile after mile of iron pipes reached into the hitherto little traversed and altogether strange land of the Osages, and lay in tangled masses over vast stretches of sandy wastes. The webwork of pipes began to throb with the breath of life, as the black fluid poured through them to the refining plants.

Great brick and steel structures sprang up like magic. Fine automobiles now sped along routes that

ARCH-MURDERER of the OSAGE HILLS?

By DAN O'CONNELL

Eliza Bigheart, who, while sick, was smothered to death by members of her own tribe—a strange custom of the Osage when a member of the tribe became hopelessly ill, and a custom that has since been abandoned. It was Eliza Bigheart's valuable "headrights" in oil that started one of the most astounding and horrible wholesale murder plots ever conceived in the human brain

once were dim bridle-paths or wild-game trails. Steam-heated apartments came to supplant the painted teepees that had dotted the countryside a few years before, and the Osages discarded the cayuse for the limousine.

The Osage Indians suddenly had become individually the richest race in the world.

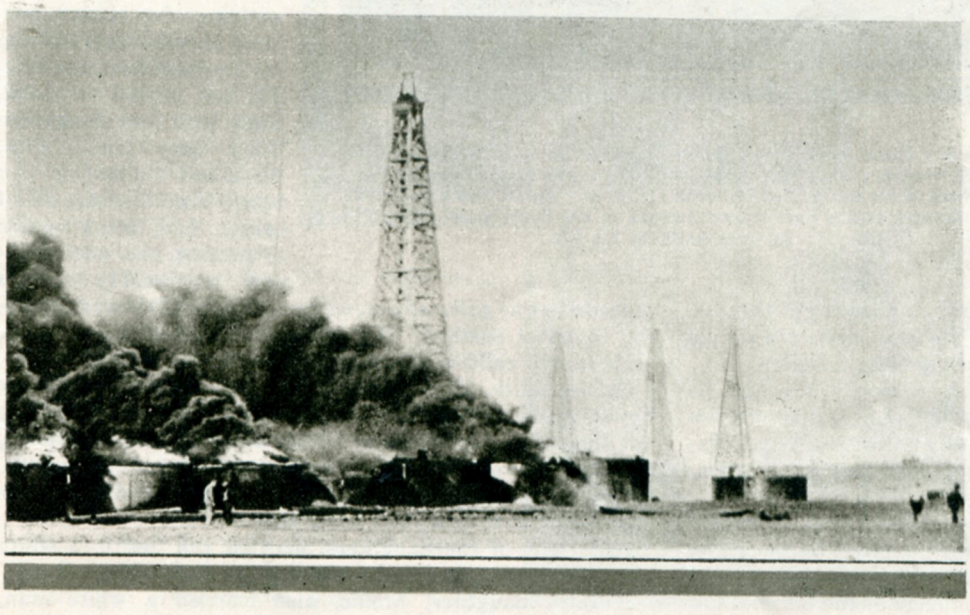
WOULD its sudden wealth create discord, greed and jealousy among this half-barbaric people? There were not more than 2,000 members of the entire Osage tribe. Would a few of these 2,000 befeathered, hard-visaged, mysterious millionaires from the bad lands learn the money-grabbing tactics of their white brothers, and, growing ambitious, try to raise themselves to the heights of money barons, by stealing the headrights, either by trickery or by murder, of their tribesmen?

Or would the more cunning white man invade the domain of the Osages, and by clever swindles, murder and robbery try to possess himself of their tremendous new wealth?

Such sudden riches as had befallen the Osages quite naturally would be expected to bring some form of evil. Crime follows in the wake of quickly-won wealth almost as inevitably as darkness follows light. Every fortune in money is accompanied by its share of danger for the owner, or is threatened with evil, especially when that fortune comes in the form of a gold avalanche, as was true in the case of the oil wealth of the Osage tribe. And the course of events proved that this case was to afford no exception to the rule.

Fortune had smiled broadly upon these Indians. But no less broad was the terrible leer of evil. Fortune had been showered upon them like an unlooked-for cloudburst, but misfortune descended equally suddenly, and as unexpectedly.

Murder came stalking through the Osage Hills. A reign of terror convulsed the richest people on earth; death struck swiftly, surely. Men died by lonely roadsides. Others disappeared and were never heard of again. Women were blown to bits in mysterious explosions. The shadow of death overspread the life of every man, woman and child in the little Indian nation.



SEVENTEEN persons were killed in the period between May, 1921, and the early part of 1924. But only twelve of these interest us in this story, twelve of the most mystifying murders in the records of crime in America. The other five deaths occurring during the course of the Osage reign of terror, while resulting more or less directly or indirectly from the Indian murder plot, which I am about to bare, never were classified as murders.

It will be necessary, before

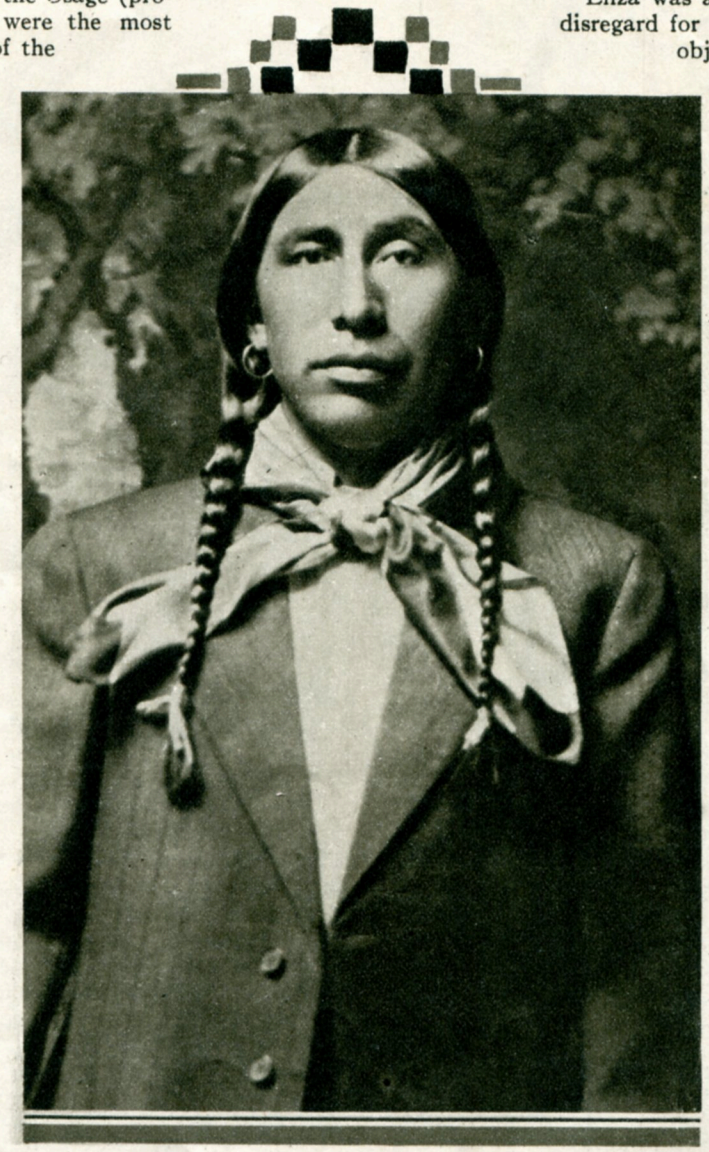
proceeding with this account of the twelve Indian murders, to sketch briefly the history of the Osage race. In presenting this bit of historical background, the writer wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to Paul I. Wellman, city editor of the Wichita *Beacon*. Mr. Wellman himself played no insignificant part in the drama I am about to relate—a part which will be told in due course, in this narrative. Incidentally, he owns the largest private collection of Indian stories and reference works in the United States, and he is authority for the following short history of the Osage Indians' origin and rise.

LESS than 100 years ago, the Osage (pronounced O-saje') tribes were the most dreaded people in that part of the country. They ravaged and slew unmolested for years, and left the vast plains that now constitute the State of Kansas, soaked in the blood of their human prey.

Wild, untamed red barbarians with an insatiable thirst for blood, the Osages held the entire Middle West in a frenzy of fear, until the powerful Sioux, from whom the Osages originally had sprung, invaded the plains in great numbers, driving the smaller tribes of Osages into the sand hills of what now is Oklahoma.

The Osages took refuge in the waste-lands, where the larger tribes dared not follow, for fear of starving; and there they remained. In 1883, then on amicable terms with the white man, they were granted permanent haven in the most unproductive region of the Indian Territory, that stretch of desertlike wilderness which these Indians still own. There they struggled bravely against the terrible odds of an unyielding soil, barely eking out an existence on the scanty agriculture which the country afforded.

Then, as if by magic, the desolate Oklahoma bad lands were transformed into a veritable El Dorado. *Oil was struck in the Osage Hills!* The first strike came in 1906. The Osage nation owned the land under which the "black gold" flowed, and the millions of dollars which poured out through iron pipes, changed the tribe from the most destitute people in the world, to the richest race, individually, on earth.



Henry Roan, pure-blood Osage Indian, the third to die in the big murder plot. In the fall of 1922 he was found dead at the wheel of his auto, shot between the eyes. Roan was a colorful character and is here shown dressed in the first "store clothes" he ever wore in his life

Each Indian shared equally in the oil money, through his headrights. Many of them reinvested their gains and became multimillionaires. Under the Federal law, each Indian's headright, or share in the wealth of the tribe's lands, goes on his death to his next of kin.

This would mean that if some white man had an Indian wife, whose headright entitled her to a large share of the Indian wealth, and all of her closest Indian relatives should die, the fortunes of the deceased members of the tribe would fall to her, and hence to her white husband. Or, putting it the other way, if an Indian man, or brave, had married a white woman, and the brave's nearest kin should pass away, his entire wealth would pass to his white wife.

Likewise, if a few of the 2,000 Indians composing the Osage race should grow ambitious to possess the combined fortunes of their tribesmen, they might realize such an ambition by wiping out their kinsmen.

It was in the family of Eliza Bigheart that this germ of evil, which was to curse the entire Osage nation, first took root.

Eliza was an Indian woman whose utter disregard for tribal precedent has been the object of much speculation among students of Indian lore. She was, perhaps, the first of the Osages to be awakened to the vast potentialities which her newly acquired oil wealth offered to a young woman who had the will to throw off the yoke of primitive customs, which served as a barrier between her people and civilization.

She was the only member of her quasi-ancient race to make any noticeable step, before 1920, toward obtaining a larger share of civilization's benefits. Eliza Bigheart freed herself from the shackles of race and tribal conventionalities, and turned naturally to modernity and the modern mode of living. She was among the first of her people to invest her share of the Osage oil money in fine automobiles, jewels, fashionable gowns and other white man's pleasures.

AS further proof that she was a modern, Eliza married twice, divorcing her first spouse after bearing him two daughters, and wedding the second husband shortly after gaining her freedom from the first. To her second husband, Eliza bore four daughters. They were Nina, Rita, Anna and Mollie Que. In 1919, Eliza became ill of cancer, and, being unable to protest, she was *smothered to death by members of the tribe who gathered around her sick-bed.* This was according to tribal custom. Her husband had died shortly after their fourth child was born.

At her death, Eliza Bigheart (we continue to speak of her by her maiden name, as she never went by the name of Que) left the four daughters born to her and her second husband, the daughters by the first husband having died in their youth. Among these four surviving daughters were divided headrights totaling (at that time) $45,000 a year.

Nina, one of the daughters, married Bill Smith, a white man. Nina died, and Smith married her sister, Rita.

A third daughter, Mollie, also married a white man,

Ernest Burkhart, a nephew of W. K. ("Billy") Hale, known for years as "King of the Osage Hills." Remember Billy, for he will reappear later in this narrative.

Anna, the fourth daughter of Eliza Bigheart, married an Indian, John Kenny. The marriage was a failure. Kenny was jealous of his wife, because of Anna's love for luxuries and modern life, which she had inherited from her mother. John and Anna were divorced within a year of their marriage, and Anna was married almost immediately afterward to another Indian, Joe Brown. Brown died, leaving Anna a widow, and the first of the Osages to receive a full double share of the Indian wealth, having been enriched with Brown's headright as well as her own.

Kenny, too, married again.

So much for the historical and psychological background of the Osage reign of terror. The foregoing sketch should help the reader to understand and appreciate the cunning and treachery involved in the plot *to exterminate a whole nation, with a billion dollars as the stake.*

EARLY in May, 1921, a party of coyote hunters stopped on the banks of Three Mile Creek, near Fairfax, Oklahoma, for a drink of the pure, clear water in the tiny stream. Twisted black-jack trees lined the banks for about fifty yards on either side of the creek. The banks themselves sloped gently downward, meeting at the narrow ribbon of water which tumbled and sang over boulders and sand rocks.

As the hunters descended the slope toward the water's edge, parting the gnarled black-jacks with their hands as they went, a nauseating, acidlike odor filled their nostrils. There was no mistaking that stench. Every trained woodsman and hunter recognizes it instantly. *The air was filled with the peculiarly oppressive odor that rises from decomposing flesh.*

The hunters were not long in locating the source of that smell. In the thickest part of the black-jack forest, near the edge of the stream, they found the body of a woman, mutilated almost beyond recognition. The body had lain there, exposed to the vultures and the weather, apparently for several days. It appeared to be that of an Indian.

An undertaker from Fairfax removed the remains to the town, and an inquiry was launched to establish the woman's identity. In the meantime, the authorities ascertained that the dead woman had been brutally murdered, and her body dragged into the black-jack thicket, and there left to the birds of the air and the wild beasts that roamed through the sandy wastes beyond the Osage Hills.

In the Indian community near Pawhuska, not far from Fairfax, a frantic search was being made for a member of the tribe, who had disappeared from her home. It was not like Anna Brown to leave her house unlocked for several days. True, she often went to Oklahoma City, or to Ponca City, to spend week-ends, or to shop, but always before she had carefully locked up the house, and left word with some friend about her departure and when she expected to return. She lived alone in a cozy cottage, unattended by servants. She drove her own automobile. In short, Anna Brown was quite an independent woman, doing exactly as she chose, *when* she chose.

But on this particular occasion, the widow had left without telling anyone her plans. When it was learned that she had left her house open, and that she had taken none of her bags, or in fact any clothing other than what she was wearing, consternation gripped the little Indian settlement.

THE coroner and the undertaker at Fairfax, meantime, had definitely decided that the decomposed body found by hunters in the black-jack thicket was that of an Indian woman. Indians living in and near Fairfax were summoned to view the corpse, but none could identify it.

Several days passed, before the authorities went to the Osage community near Pawhuska and asked members of the tribe to go to Fairfax to view the body. Identification was made immediately by half a dozen Osages.

The murdered woman was Anna Brown.

The plot to wipe out the Osage Indian claimed its first victim.

The usual steps to trace a murderer were taken by Fairfax and Pawhuska police officers. In the investigation these facts were learned:

W. K. ("Billy") Hale, called "a true model of the gun-fighting Westerner." He was foremost in condemnation of the mysterious murderer or murderers, and said: *"I feel it is my duty to avenge these people's deaths!"* (*Below*) Airplane view of the rich oil fields of the Osage that boiled up millions in gold to the lowly Indian

That Anna Brown had been kidnapped from her home about five days prior to the finding of her body on the banks of Three Mile Creek.

That her skull had been crushed in from several blows with some heavy, blunt instrument.

That she had been robbed of her money and jewels, and that her home had been ransacked by someone evidently in search of some kind of documents.

That John Kenny, Anna's first husband, was known to have talked to his divorced wife on the day she was thought to have been kidnapped and murdered.

That with her passing, Anna Brown's heritage from her mother, Eliza Bigheart, and the headright of Joe Brown, her deceased husband, automatically reverted to her two sisters, Mollie Burkhart and Rita Smith, the former the wife of Ernest Burkhart, and the latter the wife of Bill Smith, both white men.

John Kenny was promptly sought as a suspect. It was inevitable that the newspapers should get wind of this. And, when an afternoon paper carried the news that Kenny might have been the slayer, that particular paper had one reader who was more than mildly interested in this piece of information. Several eye-witnesses, after, testified to that!

Charley Whitehorn, a relative of Anna Brown, and a staunch friend of John Kenny, was eating in a café at Pawhuska, when an early edition of the paper, telling of the suspicion that had been directed at Kenny, reached the streets. Whitehorn bought a paper from a newsboy who came into the café. He gulped hard when he read the startling news, jumped up without finishing his meal, and rushed madly out of the place without stopping even long enough to pay his bill. Leaping into his automobile parked at the curb, he sped out of town.

Later the same day, officers from Pawhuska went to the home of Kenny, in the Indian settlement, to take him into custody for questioning. Kenny was not at home, nor did his wife know when he would return. She said that her husband had left hurriedly two hours prior to the arrival of the officers, in company with Charley Whitehorn.

THREE days passed, and still no trace of Kenny had been found. Whitehorn was questioned regarding his visit to the Kenny home on the day announcement was made in the newspapers that the authorities believed Kenny guilty of the murder. But Whitehorn either did not know where Kenny was at the time, or he lied convincingly. He admitted having gone to the Kenny home, and he also admitted that he had left that same day with Kenny, the two going to Ponca City "on business." Whitehorn was released from custody, and after loitering in Pawhuska until about dusk, got in his car, and started toward his home.

Early the next morning, a farmer, on his way to Pawhuska, was driving through Lovers' Lane, on Dial Hill, about five miles from the city, when he saw an automobile parked in the middle of the road. He shouted to the driver to move.

There was no answer.

Reaching the spot where the car stood, the man got out of his machine and walked to the side of the parked car, to ask the man he saw sitting under the wheel to pull out of the road, that he might pass on toward town.

The man sitting under the wheel of the stalled automobile was the Indian, Charley Whitehorn, and he was dead! He had been shot twice in the center of the forehead.

Officials looked upon this second death as a damaging blow to the investigation into the murder of Anna Brown. For not only had a valuable State's witness been removed, but there now were two murders to solve instead of one. And it was no imaginary fear of defeat which authorities felt after Whitehorn suddenly and mysteriously died by the lonely roadside in Lovers' Lane on Dial Hill. It developed, in the days that followed, that the Indian really *did* know damaging circumstances in connection with the kidnapping and murder of his cousin, Anna Brown. Just how many persons might have been involved if Charley Whitehorn had lived to tell his story, probably never will be learned; but there was one man, at least, the police believed, who shared Whitehorn's secret. That man was John Kenny.

The passing of Anna Brown left only two of Eliza Bigheart's daughters, Nina Smith having died of natural causes. The two surviving daughters, Rita Smith and Mollie Burkhart, now had come into headrights totaling $145,000 a year, from their mother's estate and from Joe Brown's share of the oil money. Mollie Burkhart and Rita Smith each received one-half of the legacies, under the provisions set forth in the Federal Indian laws, which contained a clause providing that in the event of the death of either Mollie or Rita, the entire estate should devolve upon the survivor.

MONTHS passed following the murder of Charley Whitehorn, during which time the investigation into the two slayings was apparently dropped by the authorities, to be revived by an individual whose intimate colorful life we will now look into.

W. K. ("Billy") Hale was born December 24th, 1874, on a small

Mollie Burkhart (*left*) and Nina Smith (*below*) daughters of the ill-fated Bigheart family which was attacked by the dread "murder machine" that struck terror in the hearts of the Osage Indians for three years

ranch near Greenville, Texas. He was left an orphan at the age of five, and was "adopted" by the ranchers who had been friends and neighbors of his parents. He lived with first one and then another of the cattlemen in and near Greenville, until he was sixteen years old, when he went to work as a cattle herder, doing the rough work of a man. His education was scanty at best, the greater part of his schooling having been confined to McGuffey's reader.

HE herded cattle all over western Texas, living from the chuck-wagon and sleeping under the open skies. At the age of eighteen, he drifted into the Comanche country, in the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma. Here he worked on the Suggs ranch for about a year, then returned to Texas, and went into the cattle business for himself. The next five years saw Hale living the quiet but strenuous life of the small stockman. His first business deal of any importance was made with Barney Nabb, Nebraska rancher, and involved the sale of 2,000 head of cattle, which he furnished from the plains of Texas.

At the age of twenty-five, Hale returned to the Kiowa and Comanche country, remaining two years. Finally he wandered into the Osage country and completed a big business deal there, with the Osages. That was Hale's first real contact with the tribe of which he later was to become a vital part, and to which he later returned to make his home.

Hale again went back to Texas, and while there, at the age of twenty-eight, he married Myrtle Fry, a school-teacher. He took his young wife back to the Osage country to live, the two of them driving several thousand head of Texas longhorns and Herefords over the hills and through the sandy wastes that lay between the Lone Star State and that part of the Indian Territory inhabited by the Osage Indians.

For months Hale and his bride lived in a tent, and side by side rode herd on the droves of cattle that Hale had brought from Texas for pasturing. Fortune played queer pranks on this slim, hard young man from Texas. One year he was worth several thousand dollars, and the next he was penniless.

He made his first fortune when the Osage strip was put on the market. He formed a partnership with some friends, and sold land. He lost that fortune, however, when a friend's bank was on the verge of failure, and Hale gave him $30,000 to save the institution from being closed by the Government.

Billy Hale has been called a true model of the gun-fighting Westerners so often found in fiction, but so seldom seen in real life. In his struggle to wrest a living from the hills and plains of Texas and Oklahoma, he was partner to transactions involving hundreds of thousands of dollars, and the old-timers will tell you that he never was known to repudiate an agreement, either spoken or written. His friends were legion.

He led a stormy life in the Osage Hills. He made many fortunes, and lost some of them, but his losses never were heavy enough to wipe out quite all of the large figures on the right-hand side of the ledger. His wealth to-day exceeds half a million dollars.

He came to be both loved and feared among the Osages, with whom he lived, and among whom he reared his one child, a daughter, Billie. Miss Billie Hale now is just past twenty years old, beautiful, tanned, and highly educated.

Rita Smith (*right*) and Anna Brown (*below*) two other daughters of Eliza Bigheart. Rita was blown to bits by nitroglycerin and Anna was clubbed to death—both victims of the mysterious "murder machine"

IT was W. K. ("Billy") Hale, then, who stepped in and took up the investigation into the murders of his friends, the Osages, after the law had dropped the case.

"I am going to run down the murderer of Anna Brown and Charley Whitehorn, if it takes me the rest of my life to do it, and exhausts every dollar I own!" he told his friends.

Hale's decision to take a hand in bringing the murderers to justice, started a rumble of excitement through the Hills. If there was a man anywhere in the Indian nation who was capable of tracking the slayers down, it was Billy Hale, who long before had been crowned King of the Osage Hills because of his vast land holdings and power over the Indians.

"My love for the Osage Indians alone would be sufficient to send me into the Hills on the trail of such fiendish criminals!" Hale exclaimed. "But the bond of friendship existing between myself and the Indians is strengthened by the bonds of kinship. One of the victims was a sister of my nephew's wife"—referring to his nephew, Ernest Burkhart—"and the other was his wife's cousin. I therefore feel that it is my duty to avenge these people's deaths!"

That, at any rate, is what he told several persons in Pawhuska, just before starting into the Hills on the trail of the murderers.

But a year and a half passed, after this, and the murderer,

or murderers, of Anna Brown and Charley Whitehorn still had not been apprehended. Billy Hale's boast that he would track the criminals down apparently had been an idle one. Yet no one in the Osage country blamed him because the assassins had eluded justice. He had worked hard on the case, those who knew him said. The trail that he had taken had been a cold one, to begin with, and no one but a man of such undaunted spirit as Billy Hale, would have stuck so doggedly to the case through all those long hard months.

And then, on one cold December day a year and a half after the decomposed body of Anna Brown was found on the banks of Three Mile Creek, Hale and one of his cowboys, John Ramsey, were in the Sheriff's office in Pawhuska, discussing the advisability of starting the investigation anew. Hale laid such "information" as he had been able to obtain before the official. The information was this:

(*Above*) Lucy Spotted Crow proudly shows her baby, Lena White House, to Vice-President Curtis as other members of her tribe look on. The Vice-President is part Indian

(*Left*) Charley Whitehorn, another victim of the mystery killers. He was shot from ambush as he drove along Lovers' Lane, on Dial Hill, near Pawhuska, Okla. (*Below*) Seminole, Oklahoma oil boom town

That Charley Whitehorn undoubtedly had known much about the mysterious killing of Anna Brown, and that his knowledge of the crime had been responsible for his own death. That, in all likelihood, the murderer of Anna Brown was Charley Whitehorn's murderer. That John Kenny must have known who killed the Indian woman, also, else Whitehorn would not have hurried to Kenny's home on the day suspicion had been directed at the woman's former husband.

THIS was not news to the Sheriff's force. They had worked on the very same angle for weeks, before Hale had decided to step in and take an active hand in the man-hunt. Kenny had been questioned, but he had an air-tight alibi. Half a dozen persons bore him out in his account of his whereabouts at the time the murder must have been committed.

Hale appeared a little angry when he was informed that every one of his pet theories already had been advanced, and proved groundless by some member of the Pawhuska Sheriff's investigating staff.

"If you know so damn much, why don't you go out and arrest the murderer?" he shot at the Sheriff. The Sheriff only shrugged, and said that he was not trying to make it appear that he knew anything.

"If I had the slightest idea who killed Anna and Charley, or any idea of who might know who killed them, I wouldn't rest till I had the parties in jail," he said, good-naturedly.

The situation in the official's little office in the Pawhuska jail was becoming more tense every minute, with Hale branding the Sheriff's force as inefficient numskulls, and the Sheriff laughing in the face of the King of the Osage Hills.

They were thus engaged, when a heavy tread sounded on the steps outside, and a dull, thudding knock was heard on the door. Hale and Ramsey exchanged quick glances, and the Sheriff rose, walked to the door and swung it open, revealing a half-frozen cowboy covered with snow, stamping his feet, and beating his chest with his gauntleted hands.

The cowboy staggered into the warm office and lunged toward the large stove, in which a hot wood fire burned. For a second, he warmed himself in silence, too nearly frozen to speak. When he finally did find his voice, it was little above a hoarse whisper—slowly, and with effort:

"Just rode in from Fairfax way, over Bootlegger's Road—found Henry Roan's car parked by the side of the road, covered over with snow—*Roan was sitting upright under the wheel, dead . . . bullet hole through his head. . . .*"

RAMSEY shot to his feet, as did Hale. The former leaped toward the cowboy who had brought the terrible news. Grasping him by the shoulders, Ramsey shook the messenger roughly.

"My God, man, what are you saying?" he shouted. "You surely can't mean that poor old Henry Roan has been bumped off! Maybe it was someone else, and you just thought it was Henry!"

But the cowboy had not been mistaken. It *was* Henry Roan, and he had been shot between the eyes, and his body left in his car, to be covered with snow.

Henry Roan was all Indian. His was one of the most colorful personalities, if not *the* most, in all the picturesque Osage nation. While his kinsmen adopted the customs of the white man, discarding their painted blankets in favor of store clothes, Henry Roan adhered to the garb of his forefathers. The only thing he did that was like the white man, was to ride in a luxurious, speedy automobile. He still wore his black hair in braids down his back, and draped his massive shoulders with a bright striped blanket of the old type.

He had only one really close friend among the whites, and that was John Ramsey, Billy Hale's cowpuncher. Even Billy Hale, universally loved alike by the Indians and his own people, never had been able to gain the complete confidence and friendship of the aloof Henry Roan. So close had been the bond of friendship between Ramsey and Roan, in fact, that the Indian once had taken (*Continued on page* 97)

The Dead Man's Foot in the DOORWAY

"He attacked me—and I killed him!" pleaded Margaret Willis (shown at right) in defending one of the most cold-blooded slayings California has ever known. But—was she telling the truth?

By Inspector of Detectives

D. W LONGUEVAN

Los Angeles Police Dept.

As told to

MADELINE KELLEY

Police Chauffeur R. I. Blackwell viewing desolate scene showing wardrobe trunk containing Doctor Baldwin's body. At the top appears a photograph of Margaret Willis in a dejected mood, taken immediately after her confession in which she insisted she slew the Doctor in defense of her honor

FOR hours, the man and woman—with the silent specter of Death an invisible third—had driven aimlessly about the city. Through the fashionable, beautifully lighted residence district of Los Angeles they went, out on Washington Boulevard, into the studio-lined streets of Culver City and on to Venice, with its mysterious, shadowed canals, its thronged amusement lane where nasal-voiced barkers stridently invited pleasure-seekers to *"Step right this way into the Fun House!" "See the horrors of Chinatown!"* and *"Try one of our home-grown hot dogs!"*

"Feel like getting out and seeing the sights?" asked the man tentatively, breaking a long silence that was obviously beginning to wear upon his nerves.

"God, *no!*" came the answer, with such unexpected vehemence that the man stared at her in amazement. "Drive on!" Her voice was strangely tense.

Without a word, he turned the shining coupe into a narrow, alleylike street and headed toward Santa Monica. On through the quiet, palm-fringed boulevards of that magic city until the lights of the Palisades beckoned.

To the left, at the base of a sheer drop of 150 feet, the waves of the Pacific Ocean hurled themselves in impotent defiance against towering rock formations.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" The man brought the car to a halt, near the edge of the cliff.

"It's—it's terrible! Don't stop here. Drive on, anywhere."

Again the man looked sharply at his companion, who averted her face abruptly.

"What on earth's the matter with you to-night?" he demanded. "I've never known you to be so——"

"Bert—don't talk to me. . . . I can't stand it . . . I want to think——"

"Well," he grunted, "*I* think it's time to go home. It's late. You seem to forget I've worked all day."

"I KNOW," she said, more quietly. "But I can't go home yet. Drive back to town, please, and—don't talk, Bert. I'm not in the mood for it."

Without further speech, the man touched the starter, and for miles the silence remained unbroken.

And then, as the car swept around a bend and from the

crest of a rolling hill the beautiful panorama that was Los Angeles by night—a million softly glittering jewels closely clustered on dusky velvet—lay flung before them, the woman abruptly seized her companion's arm.

"Drive out toward San Fernando, Bert."

There was more astonishment than irritation in his tone. "Are you crazy? I'll do no such thing! It's nearly midnight. I've got to have some rest——"

"Bert, listen. I guess I'll have to tell you——" She drew a long, shuddering breath.

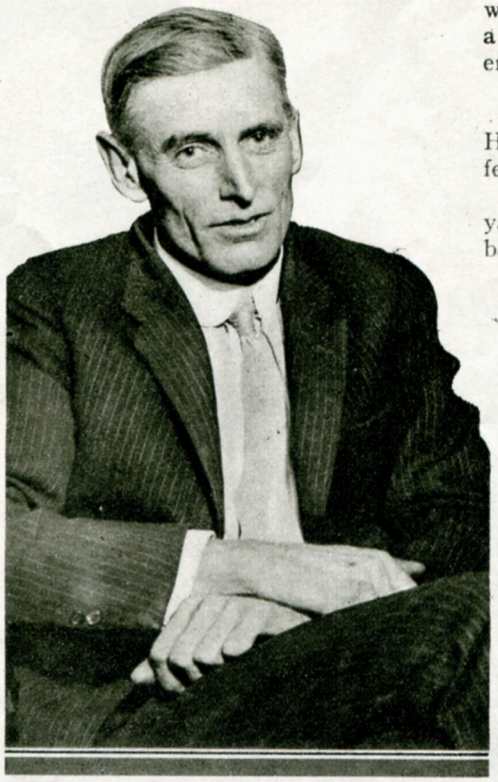
"Well?" The man's pleasant voice was at last sharp with impatience. "What the devil are you driving at?"

"It—it's about Doctor Baldwin. . . ."

"Doctor Baldwin . . ." he repeated shortly, as she hesitated.

"You—you know Mrs. Baldwin thinks he's in Tia Juana——"

"Well, what of it? Isn't he?"



Bert Webster, "man of mystery" in this sensational case. He took one of the strangest auto rides with a corpse ever experienced by any man

"No!" The woman's agitation was suddenly succeeded by a singularly matter-of-fact calm. *"He's in that trunk back there!"*

The man jammed on the brakes. With a rasping shriek that cut eerily into the midnight silence, the car came to a shuddering stop.

After a moment he laughed shakily.

"Is—is that some kind of a joke?"

"No!" By the cold decisiveness of her utterance of that one syllable, the woman made what had seemed a horrible absurdity a hideous truth to the man who listened, with clammy sweat breaking out on his forehead. "It's a fact."

"IN the name of God, Peg!" His voice shook and his hands, still mechanically grasping the steering-wheel, trembled as with a palsy. "In—in that trunk I helped you tie on this car?"

"Yes! . . . And now you've got to help me!" For a few moments she waited until her companion regained some measure of self-control. "Now drive on!"

An hour later the coupe stopped, at the woman's crisp command, on a lonely stretch of highway, half-way up the Newhall Grade, about thirty miles from Los Angeles.

To the right of the road towered a steep canyon wall. On the left, a stout railing, standing out in the shadows with spectral whiteness, edged a shrub-covered embankment that sloped some thirty feet to a railroad bed. Beyond the gleaming ribbon of track, a few hundred feet of barren level stretched to the foot of the mountains that loomed in gloomy grandeur on the opposite side of the narrow gorge.

The man and woman clambered over the doors, around which ropes were tightly drawn, and walked behind the car. Silently they pulled and tugged at the ropes that bound a wardrobe trunk over the "turtleback." Finally, it was lowered to the ground.

At a masterful word from the woman, the man grasped one handle. She gripped the other, and together they lifted the heavy mass of wood and steel, with its gruesome contents, to the top of the rail. Releasing his hold, the man staggered back, his knees almost giving way . . . and the woman, with one powerful shove, heaved the trunk over. There was a sickening thud as it struck the ground, half-way down the embankment.

The woman turned to her companion.

"Drive on up the road, Bert. A car might come along. Hurry. You mustn't be seen here. Come back for me in a few minutes."

As in a daze, the man obeyed. The woman ran a few yards to the end of the railing, climbed down the steep embankment and gazed at that which lay beneath.

For several moments she stood motionless, then turned and fled, scrambling blindly through the underbrush until she tripped and fell prone. . . . A few minutes later, she rose, struggled to the top of the bank, and stumbled out on the highway just as the coupe, now headed cityward, drove slowly up and stopped before her.

"Help me in!" she whispered hoarsely; and then, as she sank back in the seat: "Bert, *that's a terrible mess down there! I'd better give myself up!*"

AT 7 o'clock on the morning of Sunday, April 13th, 1924, Detective Lieutenant Paul Stevens, of the Homicide Squad, arrived at his office in the Los Angeles Detective Bureau. Awaiting him in the anteroom was a woman of some thirty-five years, heavily built, her features shaded by a wide-brimmed hat. With a plain coat over a loose figured dress, and wearing glasses, she had the appearance of a placid, middle-class housewife, possibly seeking information.

"Lieutenant Stevens?"

"That's me." The officer smiled, and removed his hat.

"I've been waiting to see you. I . . . I've killed a man." Calmly, and with no show of emotion, the woman made the announcement.

Aside from a slight contraction of the pupils of his gray eyes, the Lieutenant betrayed none of the surprise he may well have felt at this cold-blooded declaration, in such startling contrast to the speaker's general aspect.

"Did you? Who?" he asked evenly.

"Doctor Benjamin Baldwin. He was drunk. He attacked me."

"So?" The officer laid his hat on a convenient chair. "What is your name?"

"Mrs. Margaret Willis."

"When, and where, did you kill him?"

"Friday morning, in my apartment at Ten-O-Eight West Eleventh Street. The Kenwood Apartments."

"Where is the Doctor's body now?"

"I can lead you to it," she answered steadily. "But—first, I want you to see these." She rolled her sleeves up to the elbows and displayed two or three small bruises.

Within an hour, a party comprising the confessed slayer, Detective Lieutenant Paul Stevens, Detective Captain John R. Edwards, Officer R. I. Blackwell, Stenographer C. L. Buckler, a reporter and photographer from a morning newspaper, and myself, were speeding in a police car in the direction of Newhall.

We rode in silence. It was not until Blackwell, the driver, slowed down upon entering the gorge about a mile this side of Newhall Tunnel, that the woman spoke.

"This is the place," she announced.

We left the car and followed Mrs. Willis to the railing.

"There he is." She indicated a half-opened wardrobe trunk sprawled about fifteen feet below the highway level. From it protruded the grotesquely twisted body of a man, face downward.

Being at that time in command of the Homicide Detail, I conducted the questioning of Mrs. Willis.

"Take this conversation, Buckler," I directed. I then turned to the woman.

"Do you positively identify that body?"

"I do. It is Doctor Benjamin Baldwin."

"Whose trunk is that?"

"Mine."

"How did you get the body out here?"

"Brought it out in a car. I have a friend who drives. He and I came out here last night."

"Do you own a car?"

Mrs. Willis coolly adjusted her glasses. "I do now, yes. I bought Doctor Baldwin's car."

FOR a second it seemed I must have misunderstood her. "You drove Doctor Baldwin out here in his own car?"

"*My* car. It wasn't his any longer. Look here——" She delved into the contents of her hand-bag and produced a small card. "See? He turned his driver's license over to me."

Lieutenant Stevens and I exchanged quick glances, as I accepted the proffered card. Was she really so ignorant of motorists' requirements that she could make this statement in good faith?

"When did you buy the car?" I made my tone as casual as possible.

"Friday . . . no"—she corrected herself quickly—"no, Thursday, I believe it was."

"And when did you say you killed this man?"

"Friday morning. He came to deliver the car on Friday. He was very drunk——"

"Had you paid him in full for the automobile?"

"Yes. I paid him cash for it. I saw him put the money in his breast-pocket . . . I'll *swear* to that." Her stressing of this point was noticeable.

"Is the money still in the breast-pocket of his coat?"

"What? No . . . that is," she added hastily, "I don't know whether it is or not. I gave it to him on—Thursday." She glanced from one to the other of us, as though seeking to read our thoughts from the expressions of our faces.

"Who is this friend who drove you out here?" I asked.

"Bert Webster. I've known him for five years. He lives with us."

"'Us'? With whom do you live, besides this man Webster?"

"Sonny. That's my boy. He's thirteen."

"Are you Webster's common-law wife?"

She hesitated before answering. "Well—not now. I was, for three years, but about two years ago, I . . . I had a change of heart, I guess you might call it. Since that time I have not lived with him as his wife."

"But he continued to occupy the same apartment with you and your son?"

"Why not? He sleeps on a couch. Sonny and I use the double bed."

"And is this arrangement satisfactory to Mr. Webster?"

"Certainly. He understands how I feel about it, and . . . anyway, I'm the boss!" I could readily believe this, for she impressed me as an extraordinarily strong-willed woman. "He pays half the expenses, when he can. If he's out of work, I pay them. It's just like being married, only—on account of Sonny, I suppose, I——"

"Webster helped you place this body in the trunk?"

"Absolutely not," was the decisive reply. "He knew nothing about it. I put it there myself."

"But the Doctor looks as though he must have been a rather heavy man——"

"YES, but I'm a very strong woman, even though I do have the use of only one hand." She smiled, and extended her right hand, which appeared smaller than the left and of a peculiar limpness. "This hand was injured in a laundry mangle when I was twelve years old."

"Then you couldn't have lifted the trunk onto the car. Who helped you?"

"Mr. Webster. But he did not know what was in it. I told him it contained some old files and books that I wanted moved out to an office which I rented."

"When did you tell him that the Doctor's body was in the trunk?"

"When? Let's see. . . . We left the apartment about seven o'clock last evening. To-day is Sunday, isn't it?" Assured that such was the fact, she continued: "I told him not to drive straight to the office, but to go out through Venice and Santa Monica . . . that I just felt like taking a nice, long

(*Above, left to right*) Detective Captain John R. Edwards, Inspector of Detectives Dwight W. Longuevan, who gave this story to TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES. Detective Lieutenant Paul Stevens, one of the principal police investigators. This photograph was taken on the scene where the body was dumped over the embankment and shows Inspector Longuevan examining Margaret Willis's clothing for bloodstains. (*Right*) Doctor Baldwin, the slain man

ride. He said, 'All right. You're the boss.' But he thought we should get rid of the trunk at my office first. However . . . where was I?"

"You were taking a nice, long ride," Lieutenant Stevens reminded her, a trifle grimly.

"Oh, yes. Well, when we got back to Los Angeles, I still couldn't bear the idea of going right home. You see, I—I couldn't make up my mind what to do with—with this." She glanced down at the revolting thing at our feet. "So I told him to drive out towards San Fernando. He didn't want to, but I insisted. Finally, when we reached this very spot—I told him!"

"Told him what?"

"That I had killed the Doctor, and that his body was in that trunk!"

The gruesome declaration left us all stunned for a moment, as we mentally reconstructed the scene. Mrs. Willis seemed to be the only one completely at ease.

"Go on," prompted Captain Edwards. "What happened then? What did Webster say to that?"

"Bert? Oh, he didn't say anything at first. He was shocked, of course. But after I'd told him *why* I did it . . . how the Doctor had attacked me, and all, he helped me lift the trunk to the rail, and I pushed it over. Then, we decided I'd better give myself up."

"Did you return to the city immediately?" I asked.

"No—not for several minutes." At this juncture of the recital, she appeared visibly nervous, for the first time. "I told Bert to drive on a ways, so people wouldn't see the ropes dangling and suspect him of anything. I said I'd meet him in a few minutes. Then, after he'd driven ahead, I went down to investigate. I saw that the trunk had broken open and that he—he was sticking partly out of it. I knew then that somebody would discover him as soon as it was daylight." The horror of that scene must have recurred to her, for she shuddered violently, and for a moment seemed unable to go on. Then, somewhat recovering her composure, she said: 'After that, I tried to climb back up to the boulevard, but stumbled and fell. It seemed then that I couldn't walk another step, so I just lay there in the weeds a few minutes. That was one of the few times in my life that I almost lost control of myself." I thought she made this statement with a certain degree of pride.

"Then what did you do?" asked Lieutenant Stevens.

"Then, after a while, I saw motor lights coming toward me, so I stepped out into the road and got back in the car with Bert. I told him there was an awful mess down here, and that I guessed I'd better give myself up. That's all, except that he drove me to the Police Station this morning, and went on back to the apartment himself."

AT the conclusion of the woman's statement, I gave orders for the Coroner to be notified; then, leaving Lieutenant Stevens in charge of the body, we returned to Headquarters, where Margaret Willis was booked on a charge of murder.

Far from satisfied with Mrs. Willis' version of the killing, we immediately launched an intensive investigation of the case from every possible angle.

Two officers were at once ordered to go to the apartment occupied by Mrs. Willis, and search for the weapon with which the Doctor had been killed. Within a half-hour, they returned to the Detective Bureau with a Remington automatic revolver, from which one bullet had been fired. This gun was identified by Mrs. Willis in the presence of Lieutenant Stevens and myself, as the one with which she had murdered the physician.

Next, I dispatched Detectives C. H. Craig and W. C. Allen to the residence of Doctor Benjamin Baldwin. To their lot fell the painful task of informing Mrs. Baldwin of her husband's death.

They knocked on the door, which was opened by a comely young woman who proved to be Mrs. Baldwin herself. Craig and Allen briefly introduced themselves and were ushered into a cozy living-room, where a pretty baby cooed a greeting from a silk comforter on the floor.

"I'm afraid I must ask you to prepare yourself for a most unpleasant shock, Mrs. Baldwin," said Craig hesitantly.

Her face was instantly drained of color.

"My God—you've come to tell me something's happened to my husband!" she whispered. "Quick, what is it? Is he hurt?"

"MRS. BALDWIN," the veteran officer said falteringly, "we are sorry to have to tell you that Doctor Baldwin . . . is dead."

For a few moments it seemed as though she would collapse, but several minutes later she regained sufficient composure to give information which was later to prove of invaluable assistance.

On the following day, April 14th, Mrs. Baldwin voluntarily repeated her statements in the Detective Bureau, in the presence of Mrs. Willis and her attorney, Detective Lieutenant Ed Oker and myself.

She informed us that she had married Doctor Baldwin two and one-half years before, in Kansas City, Kansas. They had moved to Los Angeles in the early part of January, 1923. Late in the fall of that year, their baby boy had been born. At that time, they resided at 2565 West Thirty-Third Avenue.

Inspector Longuevan requires Margaret Willis to take off her coat so he can proceed better with his examination. At the left is Captain Edwards

Other events, as described by Mrs. Baldwin, were as follows.

Shortly after Thanksgiving Day, a boy, twelve or fourteen years old, who, she later learned, was "Sonny" Willis, called at the physician's residence-office and requested the Doctor to go with him to see his mother, who was ill. Doctor Baldwin accompanied the lad and, upon his return home, told his wife that a Mrs. Margaret Willis, living over on West Thirty-Ninth Avenue, had suffered a slight heart attack. Subsequent to that visit, Mrs. Willis had telephoned the Doctor frequently; both she and her son had been occasionally attended by him.

ON Monday, April 7th, according to Mrs. Baldwin, the Doctor informed her that Mrs. Willis was interested in buying his Hupmobile coupe, and that if she could "raise" $1,200, he would sell it to her.

Two days later, Mrs. Willis accompanied the Doctor to his home in the afternoon, and there met Mrs. Baldwin. The physician, in introducing Mrs. Willis, said: "We're having a terrible time over this car business. I'm going to give Mrs. Willis an hour's instruction in automobile driving." He and his prospective buyer left the house together soon afterward.

On the following morning, the Doctor told his wife that Mrs. Willis had decided to buy the car; that he would call on her some time during the day and complete arrangements for the sale. Mrs. Willis had promised to have the money ready for him by that time.

(*Above*) Margaret Willis receiving consolation from her son, "Sonny" Willis. *"I'm a crack shot with my left hand,"* she said to the detectives, in describing her killing of the Doctor, and added: *"Oh, I just took a mop and wiped the blood up!"* (*Left*) Lonely canyon road near the entrance to Newhall Tunnel, showing the protecting rail above railway bed, over which Margaret Willis threw the trunk containing Doctor Baldwin's body

Late that same afternoon, he returned home and expressed his disgust with Mrs. Willis for having caused him to "kill" an entire afternoon, *awaiting her sister from Venice, who was to bring the money—and who had failed to appear.*

That evening, the Doctor and Mrs. Baldwin dined at the home of Doctor W. O. Henry, at 1739 West Adams Street. While there, the matter of selling the Hupmobile coupe was discussed, and, at Mrs. Baldwin's suggestion, her husband went to the phone and called Mrs. Willis.

"I stood right at his side," declared Mrs. Baldwin. "I heard him ask her if she would be sure to have the money ready on the following morning. He told her he had to assist Doctor Henry in an operation at eight o'clock, and that he'd be at her house as soon afterward as possible.

"The last thing he said to her was: 'All right, that's fine! I'm glad you've got it. I'll be over in the morning with the bill of sale, and deliver the car.'"

The next morning, the physician arose early and went to Doctor Henry's office.

At 10 o'clock, he telephoned Mrs. Baldwin and asked whether or not he had left his money under the pillow of his bed, saying that he had forgotten to bring any with him.

"I found under the pillow three twenty-dollar bills and a check for ten dollars, which the Doctor had taken in the day before," Mrs. Baldwin said. "I went back to the phone and told him it was there. He said 'All right,' and for me to take care of it for him."

THE Doctor's afternoon office hours were from 2 to 5. At 3 o'clock, when he had not appeared, and the several waiting patients were growing restive, Mrs. Baldwin phoned Mrs. Willis to ask if the Doctor had been there.

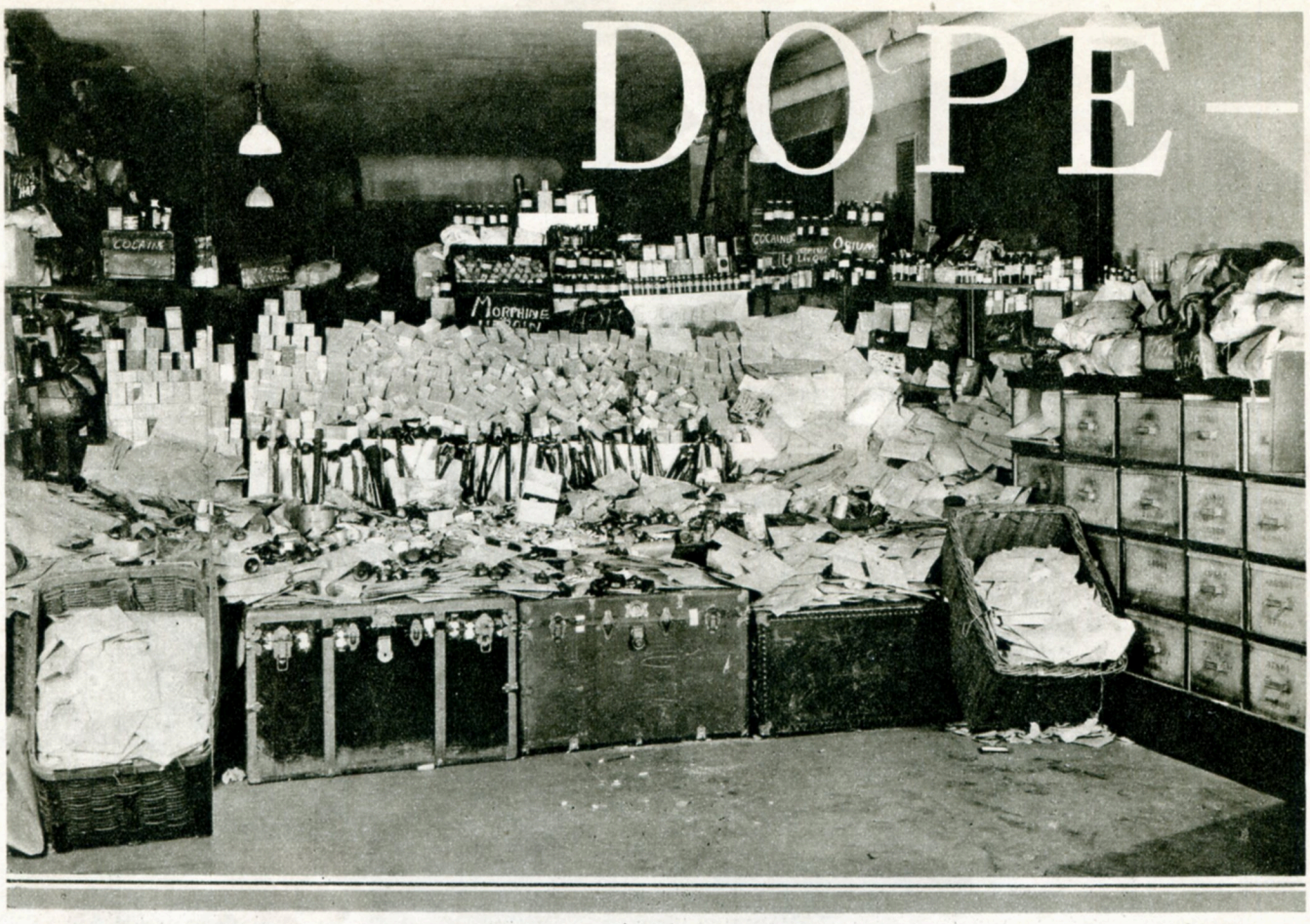
Mrs. Willis informed her that he had been there early in the morning to deliver the car, and had left soon afterward.

"Oh, then, you *did* buy the Hupmobile after all!" exclaimed Mrs. Baldwin. "I wonder if you'd mind telling me what you paid for it."

"Not in the least," replied Mrs. Willis. "I paid him seven hundred and fifty dollars for it—yesterday."

"*Yesterday!* Then why didn't the (*Continued on page* 92)

DOPE—



Every so often the accumulation of narcotics and related paraphernalia in the custody of the Property Clerk at Police Headquarters, New York City, that were used as evidence in cases disposed of by the courts, are checked off and consigned to the furnace, in accordance with law. Many attempts have been made to change the law so that these drugs could be turned over to city hospitals. This has always been opposed because most of the narcotics have been adulterated by avaricious dope peddlers. Above is shown a collection at New York Police Headquarters, ready for the fire—worth a fortune at peddlers' prices

By FRANK DONOHUE

A CONSERVATIVE estimate of the number of drug addicts in the United States places them at two million. On an average, they pay per person $25 weekly for their drugs. That gives us an annual narcotic item of *two billion, six hundred million dollars.*

A pretty profitable business—for those engaged in it!

Much has been written on narcotics. Most of it is bunk. There are so many angles to the subject, and so many aspects to each angle, that it takes years of real experience in close actual contact with the addicted, and with those whose duty it is to enforce narcotic laws or handle the victims, to gain intimate knowledge of the causes and effects of narcotism and the live problems it presents and presses for solution. The general public that relies on newspaper accounts and reports must not believe *all* it sees in print. Remember the adage: "Paper will not refuse ink."

The object of this article is to uncover a few misstatements, common misconceptions and wrong impressions that originated in ignorance or rash conclusions and that persist despite repeated contradictions.

Incidentally, the subject of narcotic drug smuggling will be brought in, in connection with which I will relate *true* stories, giving *exact facts, names, dates, ships,* and the *actual* methods and subterfuges employed to circumvent the law and to get away with it.

There has always been an atmosphere of mystery and romance about smuggling, associating it with piracy, banditry, blockade running, road agents, buccaneers, and the like. But there is no glamor about the modern big smugglers and traffickers in narcotic drugs. The big interest is in the clever detective work that thwarts the criminals' best-laid plans.

Those entrusted by the Government with this work of detection are so few, numerically, that they are handicapped in confronting the enormous volume of commercial traffic and the rapidity with which it must move.

The leaders of the smuggling rings simply sit back and finance the operations. "Backers" is a more appropriate name, as they never go to the front and are usually away back in the rear, should trouble arise. They leave all the adventure, and accompanying chance-taking, to hirelings, who, if there is a slip of a cog, take the "rap," go to jail, and, according to underworld ethics, keep "their traps shut." Therefore, when one of these "higher-ups" gets trapped and is forced to take the bitter medicine himself, it should be broadcast to show that lawbreaking is not safe, that these malefactors are not infallible and can be outsmarted. Such a case will be featured in this article.

NEWSPAPER accounts are often scantily attired in essential facts while overdressed in sensational details.

Lately there appeared in the newspapers an account of a seizure of $2,000,000 worth of morphine "*in two trunks.*" Let us do a little figuring. Cube morphine is usually packed in ounce cartons. The dimensions of such ounce cartons are about 4½ *x* 3 *x* 2 inches, as morphine is very light. At the average illegitimate street-vending price of $25 an ounce, that would give us 80,000 ounces for the $2,000,000. This quantity would require a cubic space equal to *a room approximately 11 feet long, 11 feet wide and 11 feet high.* If figured at the legitimate commercial valuation of around $8 an ounce, $2,000,000 worth would fill *three such rooms.* Powdered morphine, loose in bulk, would occupy but little less space.

Some trunks!!!

The public should also be cautioned to beware of the many

Scourge *of the* Underworld

(*Below*) The Charlie Cook dope packing-cases (which were to be changed for duplicate cases packed with small bowling balls and pins) that were seized at 87 Walker Street, New York, by U. S. Customs agents who had traced them to this address. (*Left*) William Vachuda, alias William Fox, who was in charge of the shipment of "toys" billed to Kobe, Japan. (*Right*) The infamous Charlie Cook, big dealer in narcotics, who was worth a fortune and who had even wealthier men back of him in his fight to beat the law. He was Vachuda's employer and received a sentence of 10 years at Atlanta Federal Prison. Vachuda was sentenced to the same place for 8 years. (*Bottom*) Asst. District Attorney Edward Silver who made the big fight to convict the powerful Charlie Cook—and won

and various self-appointed anti-narcotic committees and organizations. A host of these unofficial private agencies abound throughout the country and seek to capitalize public sentiment to their own advantage in collecting contributions "to carry on the good work"—incidentally providing fat salaries for their founders.

USUALLY their letterheads give a long list of names of prominent citizens as "honorary members," "patrons" or "supporters." Some are exposed; others get away with it.

I saw a circular letter from one of these so-called "International" organizations, in which it was stated, in substance, that the society wanted to get one hundred good, American, public-spirited citizens to contribute $1,000 each toward the "cause." The "cause" for which this $100,000 was asked to be advanced, was "to educate the public on narcotic drug addiction." And here is a sample of how they would enlighten the public:

In a printed pamphlet enclosed with the dunning letter was a paragraph declaring that in "*one* borough alone of Greater New York, there are *16,000 school-children who are hopeless drug addicts!*"

As a matter of fact, with over one million school-children attending the public schools in the City of New York, *there is no record of a single case of a child drug addict in the entire history of the Department of Education. Neither have the New York police any record of a single school child addicted to narcotics.*

Every complaint of that character investigated by the Narcotic Bureau has been found to be without foundation other than the inflamed imagination of alarmed parents who had been reading some of this narcotic "educational" material. It is repeatedly asserted that it is customary for drug peddlers to give or sell narcotics to school-children, or "put it in candy," in order to start them on drugs. The drug peddler is in that business for one reason only—MONEY. Where would school-children get sufficient money to buy narcotics, even if they became addicted? Narcotics are worth their weight in gold. Gold is worth $20 an ounce. *You cannot get opium, morphine, heroin or cocaine as cheap as that.* But there's nothing like "ringing in" the little school-children and twanging and plucking at the heart-strings of parents, to loosen up the purse-strings!

MANY well-meaning individuals who have "looked into the subject," and perhaps "specialized" more or less on narcotic addiction, believe they are qualified to write on narcotics. Some of these take the stand that the addict is "sick," and should not be treated like a criminal. There is *some* truth in this—in isolated cases. But its value should be gaged by the following considerations, instead of stressing too heavily the invalid plea:

Of narcotic drug addicts who fall into the hands of the

police, only about two per cent. claim that their addiction rose from medical or surgical reasons. Admitting that those two per cent. are telling the truth, it leaves ninety-eight per cent. who never in their lives had any reason to use narcotics, and whose addiction is due entirely to depravity and bad associations. Further, nearly eighty per cent. have criminal records.

If it be granted that narcotic drug addiction is a "disease," what can be done to effect a cure?

In New York City there was recently formed a Mayor's Committee for Study of the Best Treatment and Cure for Drug Addiction, composed of physicians, experts and authorities on that subject. The experiments were carried on at Bellevue Hospital, and drug addicts applying at Police Headquarters (self-committers) for treatment were sent to Bellevue at their option. Every known method of treatment was given most exacting tests, but no definite result can be stated at this time as the tests are still going on.

Ask any officer who has been assigned to narcotic work: "Do you know any drug addict who has been permanently cured?" The answer too often is: "None."

I have had a few replies like this: "Yes—one. As far as I know, he is still off drugs." One of these cured, I was told, spent ten years in Sing Sing, and did not go back to narcotics after his release. Another case was that of a young man who was treated after one month's addiction; then he joined the Navy.

Personally, although I know thousands of addicts, and the records of many more thousands, I know of no case where a drug addict has quit—and *stayed quit.* Of course, I know of many now who have been "off the stuff" for a year, or a little over, but past experience warns not to jump at conclusions.

Much publicity has been given to "cures," and, while there are those who say there is no cure, in all fairness it should be stated there are also physicians of long experience with narcotic addicts who state drug addiction *can be cured.*

I must point out here that the habit I am referring to in this connection is the use of opium or some of its derivative opiates—morphine, heroin, paregoric, laudanum, *et cetera.* Cocaine and hasheesh habits can be broken without suffering, and do not leave that deep longing that only a return to their use can quench. I knew of two narcotic enforcement officers (one I still know personally), who, fully understanding the dangers and tragedy of addiction, flirted with heroin and got "hooked" with a habit. Everything possible was done to save them, but in vain. Now they don't *want* to be cured.

A bill has just passed Congress providing for the establishment of two farms for the treatment of drug addiction. If these farms are used for the segregation and *very extended* or *permanent* isolation of addicts, particularly of recidivists, something *may* be accomplished. It will stop their recruiting others; also lessen the demand by reducing the market.

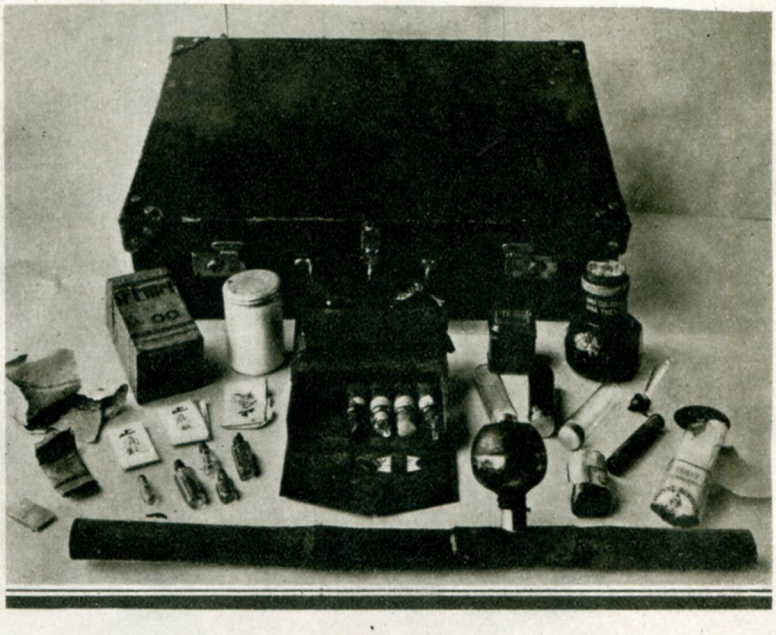
Now I will relate a true story of narcotic drug smuggling.

A RASH attempt to "carry coals to Newcastle," by ostensibly shipping play toys from Germany to Japan, led to the undoing of one of the oldest and largest international rings of drug smugglers that ever operated between this country and Europe.

The well and widely known fact that both Germany and Japan are keen competitors for world trade in toys, aroused the suspicions of alert United States customs officials when five huge cases, marked "Toys," arrived *in bond* on July 7th, 1926, at Pier 58, North River, Port of New York, from Hamburg, Germany, on the S.S. *Arabic*, destined for Kobe, Japan.

All shipments of merchandise to this country are subject to customs inspection. To lessen or avoid risk of detection, the smugglers of contraband frequently make shipments *in bond* from cities abroad to fictitious consignees in Canada, Cuba or points in Latin America or the West Indies, or China or Japan. Being intended for foreign markets and therefore not for home consumption, goods *in bond* are not usually subjected to inspection and examination here, but are transported from the in-bringing to the out-taking ships by licensed and bonded vehicles, or, in the event of the outgoing ship not being in port, or for some other reason, are trucked to and held in U. S. bonded warehouses during their short sojourn awaiting transshipment to their foreign destination. *Both the trucks and the bonded warehouses are privately owned and managed.* This affords the smugglers the needed opportunity to substitute other goods while the cases are in transit or in storage.

PRACTICALLY all the head men connected with this big international ring were well-known to the New York City narcotic detectives, to the local Federal narcotic agents, and to those of the United States Customs Service who specialize in narcotic work. These leaders in the drug-smuggling game never personally handle the drugs. They finance operations and control distribution. Because of this "cagey" aloofness on their part, up to the events here related it had been impossible to link legally a single one of these individuals with any specific act of smuggling, distribution or selling. Even now it is impossible to tell all that is known about the criminal activities of these men, for while their doings are well-known, established and admitted in the underworld, the admission, substantiation and corroboration of these facts in court would be quite a different matter.



Seizure of dope resulting from a raid on a New York opium joint

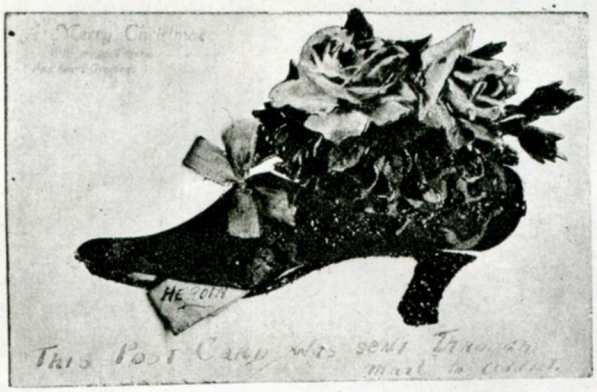
In the underworld there is no disguising or distorting of facts which in the every-day "overworld" are discussed as mysteries. Whenever a gangster is "knocked off" by a rival racketeer, all the underworld knows the true particulars, the actual participants, the real principals. That is why the detective who has the best underground sources of information is the most successful. It should not be held against him that he may be found more frequently anywhere else than in Sunday school! His usefulness demands that he must more or less associate with questionable characters.

While the police, through "stools," often have full knowledge of the commission of a crime, it is not available as legal proof. Besides, they must hold sacred and protect their sources of information, for the lives of their informers are at stake. The slightest intimation of a "squeal," and the stool is "taken for a ride."

The chief value of underground information is not in that which is obtained *after* a crime has been committed, but in the

tip-off to a *projected* criminal scheme, so that the police may be seemingly unexpectedly on hand to nip it in the bud or catch all concerned red-handed in the commission, without their suspecting who "ratted."

It is galling to the police to read newspaper attacks on their efficiency, as happens, say, when a cop covering a long beat, with half a block down each side street, fails to discover a burglary *on the fifteenth floor of an office building.* This is not a fanciful example of undeserved blame—it actually occurred. Of course, no credit can be expected to be given to the police for something that did not happen—for a possible stick-up



(*Right*) Dope is hidden in many and various ways. Here is one way—showing a supply of "decks" which were found by narcotic detectives, secreted in a book. (*Above*) An unusual Christmas card which was sent to an addict through the mails—giving a seasonal suggestion

and possible murder—because the police prevented its occurrence by not waiting for the climax for fear someone might get killed, but ran in the would-be bandits for "possession of guns."

TO return to the big smugglers—five arrests were made, three smugglers were convicted, but only *one* of the latter was of the "higher-up" variety. Here follows the story:

On July 12th, 1926, the shipment of five cases of "toys," mentioned above, was loaded on a duly and regularly licensed customs truck for transportation to the S.S. *Chinese Prince*, then at Pier 4, Bush Terminal, South Brooklyn, the steamship which was, ostensibly, to carry the goods to Japan.

Several customs officers shadowed the truck. Instead of heading direct for Brooklyn, it turned off into Walker Street. It stopped in front of 87 Walker Street, just a block from Broadway and a few blocks from Police Headquarters. It was around the noon hour, and the streets were crowded. Nothing suspicious was observed.

A man came out of the building and helped the driver take the five cases off the truck, into the building and up on the elevator to the fifth floor—to the loft of the American Novelty Company, Inc., William Fox, president. Some of the customs men proceeded to the fifth floor—in fact, two of them rode up on the elevator with the last cases! They found the five cases just brought in lined up on the floor facing the elevator, and alongside of them were *five other cases similar in every way and dimension, and identical in markings.*

The man in charge, who said he was William Fox, was placed under arrest. We will say no more of the driver, for he was acting under instructions of his boss truckman, one John T. Weller. The members of the trucking concern that hired Weller did not know what was going on, so we will leave them out, also.

The five cases from the steamship were opened *and found to contain 337 pounds of narcotics*—that is, 112 pounds of morphine, and 225 pounds of heroin.

The five duplicate cases were packed with *small* wooden bowling balls and pins.

If the customs officers had not stepped in, the five cases of bowling balls and pins would have been switched for the five cases of narcotics, and would have gone down on the elevator, been loaded on the truck, and delivered to the steamship at the Bush docks, Brooklyn, and moved on to Kobe, Japan, where they would still be awaiting a consignee to call for them, for the given consignee was but a fictitious name! There are similar cases now awaiting claimants at Hong Kong and other foreign ports.

The original cases of dope would have remained in New York and the dope-smuggling ring achieved another victory over the law.

AS the customs men entered the building, a man outward bound had passed them. This individual was not recognized at the time. More of him later.

The man, Fox, was now interrogated. A chauffeur's license, bearing his photo and found in his pocket, disclosed that his right name was William Vachuda—a former policeman, whose resignation from the Force had been accepted without the shedding of tears.

In Vachuda's pocket was also found a cablegram, in cipher, from Hamburg, Germany, addressed to "A. Major," with an up-town address, which turned out to be Vachuda's home. He also had in his pocket a translation of this message. It told of the shipment *via* the S.S. *Arabic*, giving the numbers, weights, dimensions and markings of each case.

In the loft of the Walker Street building were found a lot of tin containers, similar to the ones in which the narcotics were packed in the cases. There was also found a large quantity of cardboard boxes, and bills for trunks, all of which were for packing and shipping out narcotics.

While the detectives were searching the place, the telephone bell rang.

It was a call from the man they had passed on their way in, the detectives learned later. He had been suspicious that all was not well, and had called up to find out.

Vachuda was instructed to answer and ask him to come up. The man refused to come up, but said he would wait down at the corner of Broadway.

(*Continued on page* 84)

THE Fleet OF Floating

"I believe William Gohl was the prime mover in many times forty murders!" With those startling words did Chief of Police Dean drag forth this inhuman wretch to face justice—and rip off the lid of secrecy and mystery that enveloped "The Ghoul of Grays Harbor"

By HOLLIS B. FULTZ

(*Above*) "Billy" Gohl, arch-murderer of Grays Harbor—slayer of men on a wholesale scale; cruel and cold-blooded to a degree hardly seeming possible in a human being. He killed dozens of men—*yet he couldn't bear the sight of cold steel.* Study his face and physique—then guess, if you can, the strange end that was his. (*Left*) Chief of Police George Dean of Aberdeen, Washington, the man who had the nerve to go after Gohl—*and keep after him until he got him!*

ABERDEEN was terrorized!

The Coroner was reaping a gruesome crop from the morning tides—and not many days went by, in those years of 1908 and 1909, without a hollow-eyed, bloated body being dragged from the waters of Grays Harbor—many of them to be buried in nameless graves.

Even as far back as that period, Aberdeen, Washington, now the foremost lumber port of the world, was no insignificant city. Men from the seven seas came there for lumber—and at least in that reign of terror which I will deal with in this narrative, many of them never returned to the ports whence they came so hopefully.

Not even the mayor of the little seaport city of 12,000 was exempt from threats on his life, during that mad period. The short club, the shotgun and pistol had beaten and barked in strike and labor battle, until almost every spot on the tide flats seemed to mark a place where someone had died by violence.

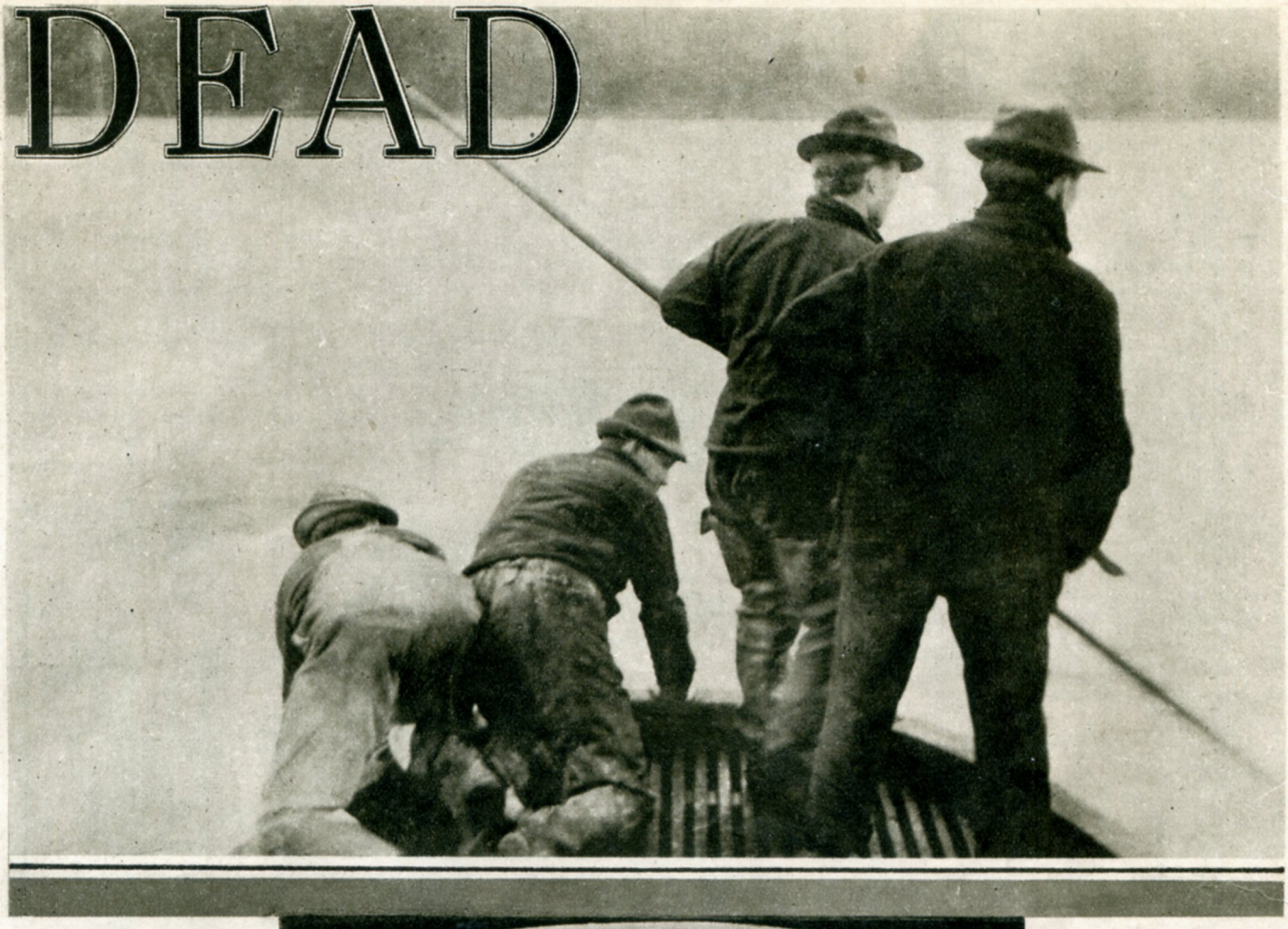
And then one day a slim, lean young fellow, by name George Dean, who had only recently been made Chief of Police, brought about the arrest of one William Gohl, sailors' agent for Grays Harbor, and made this statement to the press, concerning the prisoner who was shortly to become known from one end of Washington to the other as "The Ghoul of Grays Harbor":

"*Forty men are known to have been murdered on Grays Harbor in recent years. I believe that William Gohl was the prime mover in many times forty murders, many of which have never come to light, for most of the men whom Gohl murdered never floated. Their bones lie buried in the mud at the bottom of the Harbor. . . .*"

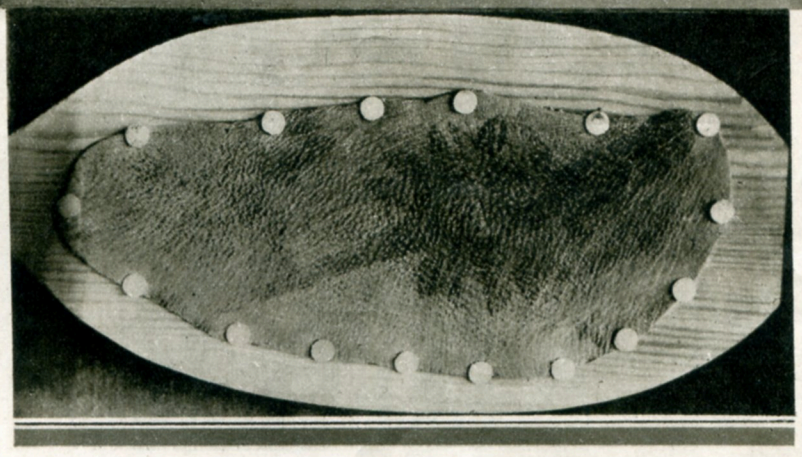
How correct the police chief's suspicions were, the reader will presently be able to judge for himself from the facts as described here.

ONE of the peculiar things about the Gohl murders is the fact that prior to his arrest, despite the fact that Billy had bragged of "putting men away," there were few who believed him! Billy Gohl was a braggart, and it was his inability to keep his mouth shut when under the influence of

DEAD



(*Above*) "Floater fleet of the dead' searchers, straining their eyes for the tell-tale sign of a floating corpse—"just another victim of the Ghoul of Grays Harbor." This particular party of searchers is looking for the body of John Hoffman, whose photograph appears on page 37



(*Left*) This piece of human skin, taken from the forearm of a dead body found in Indian Creek at low tide, proved, in court exhibit, to belong to Charles Hedberg, another of Billy Gohl's victims—and thus established the identity of the body. Note the crude tattooed dagger, which was the identifying factor

liquor that eventually brought about his apprehension.

He came to Aberdeen in 1903, and lived with his wife.

Little was known of his past prior to his arrest, but the authorities soon checked up on him, and found a career which they asserted ran back to a murder in Germany, whence he fled to Australia. In trouble in Australia, he came to America, and is first authoritatively heard from as a member of the Sailors' Union at Eureka, California. Billy always claimed that he "had the goods" on prominent members of the Sailors' Union of the Pacific, and that they had to put up money for his defense for any crime he might commit.

One story followed Billy to Aberdeen when he came to that city. It was the tale of the capture of a non-union crew in San Francisco Harbor, and is worth repeating, to show something of the daring and shrewdness of the man who was afterward to blaze the reddest trail in Western seaport criminal history.

In San Francisco Bay lay a ship with a non-union crew. The officials of the Sailors' Union of the Pacific could find no way to reach them or remove them. The officials were not particular as to methods—the object was removal. For days the argument went on, without result. The ship was about to sail, still with its non-union crew—which meant defeat for the Union. Then one day Billy Gohl volunteered to remove the crew—for a certain amount of money. He was to use his own methods—and explain to no one. Money was to be provided for his defense, if needed.

Billy's proposition was accepted.

LATE in the afternoon, the day before the schooner was to sail, Billy drew up alongside the ship and hailed the lookout. He asked if such-and-such a sailor was aboard.

"What's it to you?" asked the wary lookout.

"He's an old friend of mine—want to see him before he sails," answered Billy.

Disarmed by the fact that the man in the launch knew the name of a sailor aboard the schooner, Billy was allowed to come on board—*and when he left, he took every blasted sailor on that schooner with him!*

Billy, his arm about his so-called friend, walked into one of the cabins, pulled a gun, and invited his friend to call in the first sailor who passed that way. Under the persuasive muzzle of Gohl's gun, the sailor complied with the request. And one after another the sailors were called into the cabin,

until Billy had the whole crew disarmed and could assemble them on deck. Loading them into the launch, he took them ashore, where they were turned over to the tender mercies of his companions!

Of such persuasive ways was Billy Gohl.

It was an attempted exploit of this same type which first directed attention to Gohl's disregard for law in his new home on Grays Harbor, although the "floater fleet" had begun to appear shortly after his arrival from San Francisco. Billy came to Aberdeen in 1903, but it was not until 1905 that he led his now famous attack on the schooner *Fearless*, at anchor in lower Grays Harbor.

The *Fearless* was manned by a non-union crew—a red rag in the eyes of Gohl. So Gohl, accompanied this time by a dozen henchmen, chartered a launch, and under cover of darkness crept upon the unsuspecting boat, with the intention of removing the crew.

Warned to keep away, Gohl and his crew opened fire. The crew of the *Fearless* replied with spirit.

THE boom of shotguns and the crack of pistols filled the air. It is estimated that 150 shots were fired. One man is supposed to have been killed in the Gohl launch that night—and dumped overboard with an anchor tied to him. The raid was unsuccessful.

The riddled launch was used as evidence in the subsequent trial.

Billy Gohl was convicted of *piracy* as a result of this escapade, and the Sailors' Union paid his fine of $1,200. He was regarded as a labor fanatic, and his violence was excused on that ground.

By 1906, the name of Billy Gohl had become something to dread on Grays Harbor. And the floater fleet was on the increase.

Seamen went to the agent of the Sailors' Union to have their pay checks cashed, and left most of the money with Billy for safe-keeping. Woe be unto them if that amount was sufficiently large to arouse his greed! Some of them floated up with the morning tide, some of them rotted in the mud.

Those victims who were recovered by the Coroner were usually identified by the nonchalant Billy, and buried by the Union or in paupers' graves. There was never any record showing that the sailors' agent had money on deposit for any of these men—*after they were dead.*

In 1906, a longshoremen's strike demoralized shipping on Grays Harbor for many months. That strike offered a golden opportunity for Gohl to distinguish himself. His tendency to boast—for by this time he deemed himself master of the Harbor—was first noticed during this strike. He openly bragged that he had killed men before, and that if William D. Mack, manager of the S. E. Slade Lumber Company, didn't accede to the strikers' demands, he would blow up the Slade home, with Slade in it!

He offered to take two or three other men and burn some of the big mills on the Harbor, to bring the mill owners to time. Much of this was taken for braggadocio, although he seemed to have many henchmen ready to help him carry out any kind of a plot. Thwarted in his methods of sabotage, Billy then declared he would kill the mayor, cut throats and burn buildings, until Grays Harbor ran with blood or his demands were granted.

"Gohl made Hedberg sit with his back to us, and then gave me a signal. I fired two or three shots, and Hedberg fell dead in the boat. . . . After cleaning the blood out of the boat, we returned to the launch." In these words John Klingenberg (*shown at right*) told how he murdered Hedberg, on Billy Gohl's orders—and for which he was sentenced to 15 years. (*Below*) Indian Creek, where Hedberg came to his end. One of Gohl's numerous shacks can be seen in the foreground

A series of fires started, mainly in houses of persons along the water-front street who had been opposing Gohl's methods.

And all this time the floater fleet came in with the morning tide. . . .

Yet all unbeknown to both of them, there hovered near the murderer his nemesis, in the form of Constable George Dean.

As time went on and no one rose to

curb him, Gohl grew bold to an almost unbelievable point. The Chief of Police seemed powerless to stop him, and Gohl, armed to the teeth, made a practise of boarding the street-cars, searching so-called strike-breakers and carrying their guns up the main street of the city, like a triumphant hero returning from the wars.

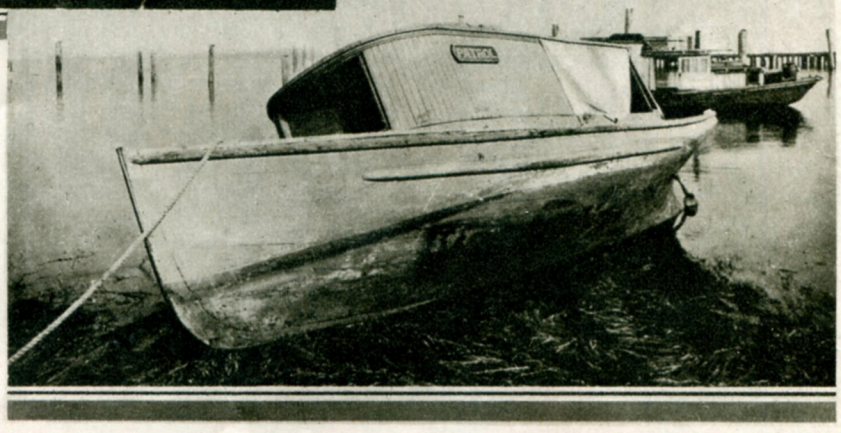
It was along about this time, 1907 or 1908, that he is said to have confided to an Aberdeen saloon-keeper that he had left three strike-breaking sailors on a sand spit in the bay, forcing them out of his boat at the point of a gun. The tide was coming in, and, according to Gohl, "they went to their just reward."

So the record runs, with almost every crime known to Sikes, Fagin or Quilp, those famous rogues of Dickens' creation, charged to Billy Gohl and his gang. And then—

One day Billy kicked a little dog that belonged to Andrew Jacobsen, a former partner, to whom he had confided many things. The dog disappeared, and finally was found floating in the Wishkah River—*a member that Billy Gohl ought never to have added to the floater fleet.*

(*Left*) The three guns found weighted down beside the body of Hedberg in Indian Creek. The Colt automatic was traced by Chief Dean, by means of its number, from the factory to Gohl.

"Ah, die like a man, not like a damned cat!" So said Gohl to Hoffman (*shown below*), when he kicked him in the face as he lay dying. He then shot Hoffman again. (*Bottom*) The murder launch belonging to Gohl. It was in this launch that Gohl killed Hoffman



Andy Jacobsen carried a story to George Dean, who was then constable—a story that Billy had told him, of killing a sailor and keeping the sailor's money; a story which confirmed Dean's suspicions that Gohl was responsible for the floater fleet.

Let's go back a little and pick up the first thing which brought suspicion to the keen mind of Dean.

In his duties as Constable, Dean summoned the Coroner's juries—sometimes he had calls in his pocket for as many as five juries at one time; and the similarity of many of the murders began to convince him that they were the work of one man. Bashed head after bashed head—some heavy, blunt instrument cracking the skulls—or a neat bullet hole at the base of the brain had done the work.

The general opinion in Aberdeen seemed to be that the bodies were being chucked into the water from the tough dives along the water-front. But Dean wasn't so sure of this—especially after one instance in which Gohl too readily identified the victim. Gohl did most of the identifying.

The floater in this instance was a young man—shot through the head from the rear to the front. Gohl identified the body as that of Otto Kurtz, of Goerlitz, Germany. The Coroner called it suicide. Shot through the head, mind you, rear to front, and he called it suicide!

Dean set out to find the place where the young fellow had been living. Finally, at a rooming-house across the Chehalis River in Cosmopolis, he found the young man's picture on the bureau in the room he had been occupying. Letters identified the boy as *Rudolph Altermann.*

On the body was a heavy gold watch, a really big one. In the back of the case was the name "Otto Kurtz," corresponding to the one which Gohl had used in identifying the body. That name in the back of the watch-case turned out to be the name of the watchmaker who had made the watch and not that of the dead sailor!

After that, Constable Dean was suspicious of Billy Gohl and his "identifications."

Constable Dean became Chief of Police Dean. Andy Jacobsen confirmed Chief Dean's suspicions, and from that time on, Gohl was carefully watched by one man at least.

GET this picture in your mind: Except for a very few persons, among them Chief Dean, no one suspected Billy Gohl of criminal activities, other than those connected with his unionism. He was regarded as a labor fanatic and a disturber, probably dangerous to organized society—but *not* as the vulture he really was, preying upon his comrades and doing them atrociously to death.

It was shortly after the series of fires that Gohl got into the Aberdeen courts on another charge. He was accused of stealing two automobile robes from a car parked near his home.

At Gohl's trial, Charles Hedberg (remember that name) swore that he had purchased the robes from a second-hand store, and given them to Billy. Billy was freed. He became a martyr in the eyes of the workingmen along the water-front; they believed the charges were trumped

up to run him out of town for his activities in behalf of the Union.

Still the bodies continued to come in with the tide, some with bashed skulls, others with little holes drilled through the back of their heads. . . .

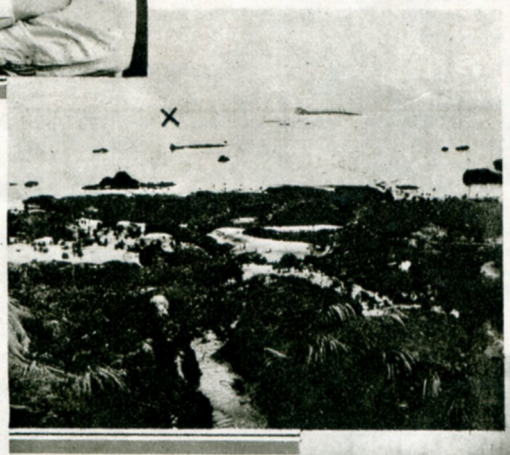
By the end of 1908, Chief Dean was fully convinced that Gohl was the man he wanted. By this time, too, Gohl knew that he was suspected, and, believing the time had come to cover his tracks, he set about to kill off all who knew of his crimes.

Dean still had no evidence to convict him.

A year went by, and we come now to the fall of 1909. Jacobsen had told his story; and Paddy McHugh, a saloon-keeper, whose place was underneath the Seamen's Union Hall, had learned many things which he now told Dean. Chief Dean was alert to close in on his prey—watching, waiting, for the overt act which could be directly pinned to this man who valued other people's lives so lightly.

(*Above*) Another view of Billy Gohl

Chief Dean had learned that among Gohl's closest companions in the fall of 1909, were John Hoffman, Charles Hedberg and John Klingenberg. This information he had gained from his informant in the saloon.



(*Left*) The tide flats at Indian Creek. The cross (*near upper left*) marks the spot where Hedberg's body was found. Note the distance of this spot from shore and how improbable it must have seemed to the murderers that the body would ever be exposed at low tide. (*Below*) Hedberg's shack on Indian Creek, from which he (Hedberg) was lured by Billy Gohl to his death, right after extending the hospitality of his home to his murderer. Note the good-luck horseshoe over the door

Over these three he kept a careful watch. Then there came a time, early in January, when his men reported that none of the trio had been in his accustomed haunt for a week.

THAT night, in the water-front saloon, fed with whisky, Billy Gohl boasted to Paddy McHugh and Billy Montana that Hedberg and Hoffman would be seen no more around those parts.

The Police Chief acted quickly. Hedberg, he learned, had lived in a shack owned by Gohl on Indian Creek, several miles down the bay from Aberdeen. Dean first searched the shack, being careful that Gohl did not know what was going on. In the cabin which Hedberg had occupied, and which had been vacant for some time, was found the following terse sentence, written in Hedberg's own hand on a piece of pasteboard, and nailed to the wall:

"*Live every day so you look every damned man in the eye and tell him to go to hell.*—Indian Philosophy—Charles Hedberg."

A philosophy up to which the missing man had been unable to live.

To Hedberg's whereabouts, there was not a clue.

One thing worried Dean above everything else: he feared he might "flush his bird." So the search went on carefully. January wore away and February was ushered in, and still they unearthed no trace of Hedberg, Hoffman or Klingenberg. All this time Dean had fishermen, lodge brothers of the missing men and trusted volunteers, searching the bay for a clue.

February was just one day old, however, when two brothers, named Smit, who had been fishing in the lower bay and watching for bodies, reported to Dean that they had found a corpse lying upon the mud-flats, completely exposed after the long run-out of the tide.

It proved to be that of Hedberg.

The very next day, on February 2nd, City Detective K. Y. Church, with Chief Dean covering him, made the arrest of Gohl in the Sailors' Union Headquarters. They made it by merely asking him, quietly, to "walk over to the Station for a few minutes." The warrant was read to him in the city jail.

"MY God," exclaimed Gohl, when he learned he was held for murder, "that's a pretty serious charge! Send for my wife and attorney!"

From that time to his death, he maintained a dogged silence.

Dean's story of the finding of Hedberg follows:

"Indian Creek, which empties into South Bay, about four miles from Aberdeen, is a small creek, perhaps twenty feet wide. Yesterday, February first, we went down the bay in a small boat and entered the creek at nearly low water.

"About a half-mile from the shore we found the body of Hedberg, lying in the creek. Gohl had mistaken the depth of the water at low tide—the body was in plain view, and we did not have to drag for it.

"On the back of the corpse was *a fifty-pound anchor*, sufficient to hold the body down. It had been placed there with care. An examination showed two bullet wounds in the head. By the side of the body, also weighted down, we found three guns, with one of which we believe Hedberg was murdered. No other evidence was found. Probably one of the guns belonged to Hoffman or Klingenberg, as both men are missing, and are known to be close cronies of Gohl.

"All of them knew too much about Billy's activities to please him!"

Then began the search for the body of Hoffman, for in a few days Chief Dean had learned that Klingenberg was not dead, but had shipped on the schooner *A. J. West* for San Rosalia, Mexico.

Back and forth, from the outer pile of one old, abandoned fish-trap to another, adjacent to the mud-flats off the mouth of Indian Creek, nine men in three rowboats slowly rowed, dragging along the bottom of the bay with an elaborate system of hooks and tackle, in quest of Hoffman's body. Back and forth, with dogged persistency, in the face of a raw wind that chilled them to the marrow, these men searched on. Between the water and the low-lying, tree-bordered shore, was a broad expanse of mud-flat (*Continued on page* 90)

The *Astounding* SWOPE *Poison* CASE

Millions at stake—three dead by poison—what will be the end of "America's greatest murder trial"? Will they convict Doctor Hyde?

By JERRY E. CRAVEY
Formerly of the
Wichita *EVENING EAGLE*

(*Seated—left to right*) Lucy Lee Swope, Colonel Swope's niece; Thomas Swope, the Colonel's son, and Mrs. Logan O. Swope, Colonel Swope's sister-in-law—as they appeared at the first trial of Doctor Hyde, charged with seeking to wipe out the entire Swope family by poison. The Doctor, in fact, was alleged to have already killed three of the family at the time he was brought to trial

THE story thus far:

The shadow of death hung over the great mansion of the millionaire philanthropist, Colonel Thomas H. Swope, at Independence, Missouri. In rapid succession, three members of the household died—Colonel Swope himself; his cousin, James Moss Hunton; and his son, Chrisman Swope. Half a dozen other members lay stricken.

Was typhoid fever really the cause, as Dr. B. Clark Hyde, family physician and husband of Colonel Swope's favorite niece, Frances, declared? Or were the deaths, as people began to whisper, part of some fiendish plot to **wipe out the entire Swope family,** *with a fortune of millions as the prize?*

If so—who was the arch-plotter and arch-murderer?

The bodies of the Colonel and Chrisman were exhumed and an autopsy showed the presence of poisons. The Grand Jury was promptly summoned. John H. Paxton, newly appointed executor of the Swope estate, was the first to testify. He was asked to explain a letter he had written, in which he had referred to "the murderer of Colonel Swope." The jury then asked, "Now, Mr. Paxton, whom did you mean when you said 'the murderer of Colonel Swope can be brought to justice'?"

The court-room waited breathlessly for the answer. . . .

The story continues:

PART TWO—CONCLUSION

"WHOM did I mean?" Paxton repeated. Then, without hesitation, looking directly into his questioner's eyes, he replied: "I meant—*DOCTOR HYDE!*"

This was the first time Doctor Hyde's name had been directly connected with the Swope deaths. The newspapers picked up Paxton's accusation, spread it over the front pages, rewrote it, and spread it again. For days, the press howled like a hungry wolf pack, and when nothing new came out of the Grand Jury chamber for a week, rehashed the sensational story of the murder charge hurled at Doctor Hyde and again flooded the city with printers' ink.

On February 17th, Doctor Hyde filed a petition in circuit court asking that Paxton be compelled to return certain letters passed between Paxton and Doctor Ludwig Hekteon, regarding the poisoning of the Swope family. Paxton countered by hurling another bombshell into the case.

THIS time, he charged that Doctor Hyde *had inoculated members of the Swope household with typhoid bacilli.*

This was an entirely new angle, and when Paxton's latest accusation was given to the public through the newspapers, Kansas City went wild again. Here was what the public had been hoping for! The charge apparently explained the typhoid epidemic which was one of the most mysterious features of the whole case. No one had been able to account for the origin of the strange malady, which had struck nine members of the household down between October and December, 1909.

The Grand Jury investigation continued. On February 19th, 1910, Doctor Hekteon was in the Grand Jury chamber, when a messenger boy brought him a telegram. The wire was from the Rush Medical College, to which the viscera of

Colonel Swope had been sent for further examination. It read:

POSITIVE THAT COLONEL SWOPE AND CHRISMAN SWOPE WOULD NOT HAVE DIED WHEN THEY DID HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR STRYCHNIN AND CYANIDE

Another terrible silence followed this newest sensation in the court-room. Then the Grand Jury resumed its questioning of witnesses.

It was March 2nd before the public received another choice morsel to whet its appetite. Mrs. Logan O. Swope, sister-in-law of the dead Colonel and now mistress of the Swope mansion, was called to testify before the probers. Numerous questions were asked, relative to the persons who composed the Swope household, their activities prior to the strange epidemic of typhoid, and whether or not she believed Colonel Swope and his son had been murdered.

MRS. SWOPE talked freely. She gave the life history of every person residing at the mansion. *She charged that Hyde knew of a clause in the Colonel's will, by which he and his wife would benefit by the old man's death.* She told, also, how the old negro herb doctor, Chessing Hatred Chase Jordan, had admitted to her, shortly after the death of Colonel Swope, that he had administered herb juices to the patients, and described his fear of being suspected in the case.

The grand jurors seized upon the testimony of Mrs. Swope with eagerness. Immediately, orders were issued from the jury chamber for the arrest of Chessing Hatred Chase Jordan.

The order was relayed to County Attorney Conklin, in charge of the outside investigation. Conklin declared that the evidence against the old Negro was not sufficient to warrant arrest on a murder charge, but, because he felt that Jordan should be held for questioning, he issued a warrant for him, charging the herb doctor with selling medicine without a license.

Frank P. Walsh, photographed on his arrival in New York from Europe on the S.S. *George Washington*, Sept. 27, 1921. Mr. Walsh was chief counsel for the defense at the trial of Doctor Hyde, charged with triple-murder

On March 4th, Doctor J. W. Perkins, one of a dozen Kansas City physicians retained to examine the stomachs of the dead men, was called before the Grand Jury. Doctor Perkins was indignant. He told the probers that if the case was ever brought to trial, he would testify in court, that Colonel Swope and Chrisman Swope had died *as a result of drinking impure water.*

Having heard all the testimony available, the Grand Jury on March 5th indicted Doctor Hyde on thirteen counts. Two of the indictments charged him with first degree murder in connection with the deaths of Colonel Swope and his son, Chrisman Swope. A third indictment charged him with bleeding James Moss Hunton to death. Ten indictments charged him with poisoning seven members of the Swope household, with intent to murder. The seven persons whom Doctor Hyde was charged with poisoning were: Margaret Swope, Stella Swope, Lucy Lee Swope, Nora Bell Dickinson, Georgia F. Compton, Mildred Fox and Leonora Capridge. All of them were stricken with the malady that Doctor Hyde had said was typhoid fever, but, as was previously mentioned, had by now recovered.

The indictment charging Hyde with poisoning Margaret Swope contained three counts, as follows: That on November 25th, 1909, he had attempted to murder her by poisoning; that on December 18th he had made a second attempt to murder the girl by giving a hypodermic injection; and that he made a third attempt on December 25th by giving her strychnin and other poisons.

Almost immediately after the Grand Jury returned the indictments, the young physician was arrested and lodged in jail, to await trial. His bond was placed at $100,000.

Doctor Hyde was treated like a royal guest in the Jackson County jail. He had a "room" all to himself; he ate the best of foods; he drank the choicest wines, and wore the finest of clothing. No visitor to his cell was ever denied admittance.

Although the prisoner was incarcerated behind bars, the authorities never rested in their investigation. Prosecutor Conklin had said that he would not stop until he had prepared an "air-tight" case against the murderer of so beloved a man as Colonel Thomas H. Swope. And how near he came to fulfilling that mission is shown in the evidence that was presented by the Prosecution in the first trial.

On March 24th, Doctor Ludwig Hekteon, the famous toxicologist, made a public statement regarding the capsules that were picked up by Nurse Houlihan out of the snow, where Doctor Hyde had thrown them on the day he was discharged from the Swope mansion. The capsules contained strychnin.

It was proved later that Doctor Hyde had injected the strychnin into Colonel Swope and Chrisman Swope *after the two men were dead.* The Prosecution held that Hyde did this *to conceal any traces of cyanide*, and because the presence of strychnin in the stomach could be accounted for by the fact that both men had been obliged to take the drug as a stimulant, when their conditions developed to such a state as to demand it.

A day or two after this startling announcement, the detectives reported that they had located the drug store from which Doctor Hyde had purchased the cyanide of potassium. It was Hugo Brecklein's drug store, on Grand Avenue. Brecklein, proprietor of the store, gave out an interview to the newspapers to the effect that Doctor Hyde had been buying cyanide from him over a period of two years. The records of the drug sales were produced, and after the Prosecution investigators saw them, Brecklein took back the applications that Doctor Hyde had signed to obtain the poison, and replaced them in their receptacle.

The next day, Hugo Brecklein's drug store was burned to ashes, and the records were destroyed in the fire.

IT was the middle of April before the trial of Doctor Hyde opened, with Judge Ralph S. Latshaw presiding.

On the first day of the proceedings, when the court began selecting a jury, Mrs. Logan O. Swope met her daughter, Mrs. Hyde, and made a vain attempt to draw the Doctor's wife into a friendly conversation.

Mrs. Hyde appeared not to see her mother.

By 8 o'clock on the evening of April 15th, twelve men were finally chosen to form a jury. Just as the venire-men were taking their seats in the jury-box, a telephone rang in the prosecuting attorney's office, adjoining the court-room. The call was for County Attorney Conklin. It informed Conklin that Doctor G. T. Twyman, the State's star witness, had been stricken suddenly, and would be unable to attend the trial for a few days.

The jurymen had taken their seats. Suddenly the crowded court-room was filled with a piercing, agonizing cry. All eyes were turned toward the jury-box, from which the cry had come. One of the jurymen, Frank Claypool, was lying face downward in the box, his hand clutching an eye,

in which he had suffered a sudden, mysterious affliction, from which he never recovered. Another juryman had to be selected to replace him.

The eleven other jurymen were:

W. W. Castle, painter	W. C. Crane, salesman
C. W. Whitehead, abstractor	William Beabe, watchmaker
G. C. Feldt, salesman	Byron D. Lillard, railway conductor
W. W. Curron, clerk	Samuel R. Johnson, farmer
John A. Pilant, teamster	F. R. Hedges, clerk
Eli Rivers, bookkeeper	

Doctor Hyde watched every move of the jurors. He knew every man by his first name, and spoke to each of them as they filed past his chair. Smiling to himself, he was heard to murmur:

"The jury looks good to me."

The prisoner was surrounded by his attorneys, his friends, and several physicians, among whom was a toxicologist from New York, Doctor E. E. Smith. Other physicians for the defense, who sat at the table with Doctor Hyde and Defending Counselor Frank P. Walsh, included Doctors Walter M. Cross and J. W. Perkins, the latter having come over to the side of the defense from that of the prosecution, which had originally employed him.

DOCTOR HYDE'S beautiful young wife sat beside her husband.

The trial was scheduled to open on April 16th, but it was delayed because of the sudden illness of Doctor Twyman. Attending physicians diagnosed Twyman's illness as acute diverticulitis. Hyde appeared to chafe under the unexpected delay. He declared that he was "anxious" to go on trial.

While Doctor Hyde was sitting at his table, listening to the Judge say that the trial would not open that day, another physician, Doctor J. R. Hull, who was under indictment with Mrs. Alma Vaughn on a charge of poisoning the woman's husband, introduced himself to Doctor Hyde. Hyde and Hull exchanged commonplaces, and talked of their approaching trials. Hull talked freely of his own case, saying that Mrs. Vaughn, his alleged accomplice in the poisoning of her husband, was the wife of J. T. Vaughn, a college professor of Kirksville, Missouri.

The case was again called on April 18th. The Defense lined up, and the jurymen filled the box. The Prosecution was preparing formally to open its fight against the defendant. Prosecutor Conklin was before the bar, when a court bailiff nudged him. Conklin was wanted on the telephone. He left to get the call, and returned a few moments later, his face set.

Doctor Twyman was dead.

INFORMING Judge Latshaw that his star witness had died, Conklin asked for another extension of time. Judge Latshaw promptly refused.

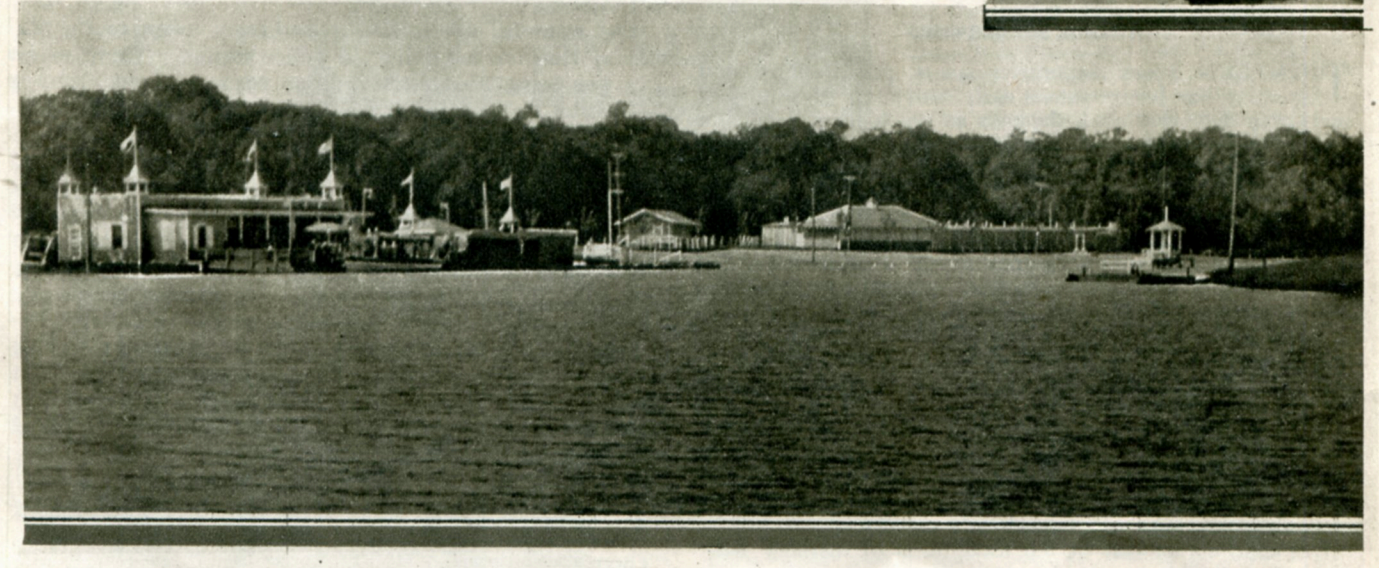
The trial, then, formally opened.

Doctor Hyde sat like a statue of bronze while James Reed, in his opening talk for the prosecution, branded him as a man whose greed for gold had made him a poisoner and a murderer.

Reed launched into an exposé of Hyde's early life, before he eloped with Frances Swope, and every human relation of the young doctor was given to a hungry public by a fiery orator. Among the unpleasant incidents in Hyde's life that were thus exposed were, briefly summarized, the following:

Hyde had come to Kansas City in May, 1895, after giving up a career as a minister, the calling chosen for him by his father, a Baptist preacher.

He had been appointed police surgeon by Mayor Webster Davis. Within six months after his appointment, he was charged with malpractise by Mrs. A. E. Otterson. Mrs. Otterson, in her charge, said that her husband had fallen from a building on Linwood Boulevard and was taken to Doctor Hyde for treatment for a broken arm. The arm began to swell after Doctor Hyde (*Continued on page 99*)



Doctor Hyde, leaving the jail at Kansas City. By his side is his beautiful and talented wife, Frances, who displayed an unflinching and intense loyalty to her husband through seven long years of disgrace and incrimination, that amazed both friends and foes alike.

(*Below*) The large artificial lake in Swope Park, a gift to Kansas City from Colonel Swope

IT BEATS THE 3RD DEGREE

Officer S. A. Carney, who resorted to a ruse that probably saved his life when he was suddenly faced by a desperate gunman as he was raiding a bandits' nest. The gunman's photo is shown on the opposite page. Can you pick the man?

"Leave us together a little while," the four prisoners pleaded with Captain Hawtrey. "Then come back, and we'll shoot the works!" Would the culprits merely use the respite to frame the police? Hawtrey studied them—and made his decision. Would you have done what he did?

By

Captain F. T. HAWTREY

Los Angeles Detective Bureau

As told to

M. K. HANNAH

AUTHOR'S FOREWORD

THIRTEEN years' experience as a police officer and detective has borne out an early conviction of mine that success in detective work depends as much upon a general understanding of human nature and the workings of the criminal mind, as upon knowledge of rules and police procedure.

As an outcome of my work, and the study and observations connected therewith, I do not share the belief held by many: that a man with a "mental quirk" that results in his being a burglar instead of a banker, is therefore wholly and hopelessly bad.

There appears to be *an innate spark of honor* that rarely dies in any man, however at variance with our penal codes may be his ideas of right and wrong, and however hardening his personal experiences.

I have made it my policy, whenever possible, to deal with the criminal as one free man with another. Under such conditions, few indeed have been the times when an appeal to reason or sense of fairness has failed to win his confidence, or awaken that sense of honor already mentioned.

One case stands out in the foreground of memory with particular vividness. It involved four ex-convicts, each facing another long penitentiary sentence, who were persuaded, with no promise of immunity or hope of reward, but solely through an appeal to their sense of fairness and generosity, to cooperate with the officers who arrested them, in a manner rarely experienced in police circles. That is the story I will relate on the following pages.

—o—

SHARPLY, the switchboard operator of the Los Angeles Detective Bureau brought every man in the assembly room to his feet with a few curt words:

"Officer shot! Five-Twenty-Eight Stanford Avenue."

Wild excitement instantly succeeded comparative quiet.

Members of the Flying Squad tore through the door to the street, leaped into a fast car, and, with wailing siren, sped to the scene of the crime.

An hour later, they returned—and with them was Patrolman S. A. Carney of the Vice Squad, a bullet hole through his left forearm.

The wounded officer was immediately taken to the Receiving Hospital adjoining the police station. There, as his arm was being treated, he gave an account of the shooting to Chief of Detectives George K. Home, while I, with a half-dozen other detectives, stood by.

"The Captain," Carney began, "sent Ashton, Leslie and me to investigate a report that bootlegging was going on at several addresses in the five-hundred block on Stanford Avenue. We'd made a couple of places, and our next stop was a house at Five-Twenty-Eight. We knocked on the door and a young fellow opened it. As soon as he saw our buzzers, he yelled to someone in the house to 'Dump it!'—then dashed past us and down the street. I started searching the rear of the place, while Leslie and Ashton took the front rooms . . . *Hey!* Go easy there, will you?" He interrupted his recital to glare at the intern who was drawing a surgical dressing through the wounded arm.

"TAKE your time," counseled Chief Home, noting the area of white beginning to show about Carney's mouth. "There's no hurry——"

"I'm all right," Carney declared stoutly. "Well, I finally came to the bathroom, where I found the woman who runs the place . . . name's Rose Martin, I believe . . . trying to dispose of some liquor. She'd already thrown one bottle in the tub, breaking it. When she saw me, she got excited and dropped another bottle on the floor. It rolled under the tub. When I bent to get it, she slipped out of the house."

Several times the officer winced with pain, but insisted on finishing his story.

"Meanwhile, Leslie and Ashton had found two suit-cases in the house, filled with silverware, jewelry, furs and expensive clothing—all hot, we supposed. It was decided that I should wait there with the stuff while Les and Ash knocked over a couple more joints in the same block. Then they were to come back and take the suit-cases and liquor to the station, while I staked there for Rose Martin or the boy who let us in.

"I'd been there about an hour when someone knocked at the door. I opened it—and there stood three men, each with a gat in his hand!" The young officer's eyes dilated at the recollection.

"After jabbing me in the ribs a few times, they took my gun, flashlight and handcuffs. Then one of 'em backed away a few feet, aimed straight at my heart, and said: '*You've made your last pinch, you* —— ——!' I barely had time to jerk my arm up before he pulled the trigger. For some reason, I had sense enough to fall to the floor. Don't know how I ever happened to do it, except I figured he'd plug me again if I didn't," he finished ruefully. "Anyway, it saved my life—they left me for dead!"

"Can you describe the man who shot you?" asked Chief Home.

"Yes, sir. I can describe all three of 'em. The one that pinked me is about five feet eight, hundred and fifty pounds, blue eyes, sandy curly hair——"

"That's 'Curly' Richards," said the Chief, with finality. "He's just out of the pen. I've been expecting to hear from him," he added, grimly.

His word was not to be questioned. It was an accepted fact that once George K. Home—one of the most brilliant detectives the West Coast has ever known, and famous for his remarkable memory—had looked a criminal in the eyes, every detail of that criminal's appearance was indelibly branded upon his memory.

Carney then gave complete descriptions of the other two members of the trio, one of whom the Chief immediately recognized as Bill Leamon, a known associate of Richards'. He was unable to identify the third man.

"When I dropped to the floor," resumed Carney, "they grabbed the two suit-cases and beat it. I jumped up, and hurried to the window, where I saw 'em make a getaway in an old Ford. I then crossed the street, found a phone, called the Squad, and . . . here I am," he finished simply.

"You've made a very good report, Carney," said Chief Home. "Very good. Now, everybody clear out and let this man get some rest!"

•

DETECTIVE Lieutenants R. B. Jackson, Bob Evans and I were detailed to investigate the shooting of Carney. The Chief ordered us to make every effort to capture the gunmen.

A check of our Bureau of Criminal Identification disclosed the fact that both Richards and Leamon had only recently been released from State's prison. (The shooting of Carney, as just related, occurred in December, 1924.) Their pictures and descriptions were at once broadcast throughout the country in our *Police Department Bulletin.*

Reading from the top, the first four are Raphael "Curly" Richards, Wm. Leamon, Fred Johnson and Otis Molen. It is practically certain no real confession could have been secured from these four tough ex-cons by the old 3rd Degree method of beating it out of them with fists, or rubber hose. That is why this story by Captain Hawtrey of how he secured their full confession without using any physical force, which led to the recovery of much valuable stolen property, has a vital interest in that it shows what often can be done by appealing to a man's sense of fairness. Incidentally the four were convinced that McAndiless (*bottom*) had betrayed them to the police

Rose Martin was questioned at length, but insisted that Leamon and Richards were casual acquaintances and patrons, and denied all knowledge of their present whereabouts.

On one visit of inspection to Rose's establishment, we found two men who gave the names of George Taylor and Bob Collins. Assured that they were not under suspicion, they volunteered the information that they had slipped into the house by a rear door just before the shooting of Carney, and had witnessed the affray from a back room. They denied acquaintance with the gunmen, but stated they could identify the officer's assailants, were they to meet face to face.

TWELVE days elapsed before we ran across a clue which set us on the right trail.

On the morning of December 20th, the proprietor of a garage at 329 Winston Street telephoned the Detective Bureau and reported that a mud-covered Dodge touring-car left in his place, with all curtains drawn and containing two rifles and a quantity of ammunition, had aroused his suspicions.

We obtained from him the license and engine numbers. Hurriedly checking them, we found the license plates registered to a car of a different make, and that the engine number corresponded with that of a Dodge touring-car stolen from Tulare, California, a small town in the central part of the State.

A few minutes later, Jackson and I called at the Winston Street address for the purpose of examining the automobile. While thus engaged, our attention was drawn to two men, both wearing mackinaws, who sauntered through the front door of the building. Upon seeing us standing near the Dodge, they about-faced and casually sauntered out again. I glanced at the proprietor, who nodded.

We trailed the two suspects, overtook them a short distance from the garage entrance, and placed them, unresisting, under arrest.

At the police station, they were (*Continued on page* 104)

(*Left*) Frank McAndiless, who "copped a plea" at Spokane, to avoid being sent to the same prison with his associates, whom he feared

Philadelphia's Famous

Leather scraps—a watch's serial—a trunk's oddly designed bands—out of clues like these Belshaw, master detective, built up the network of evidence that closed tighter and tighter around the murderer of poor Danny McNichol. Here, in his own words, is the story of how a great sleuth solved one of the most sensational cases in his experience

By Detective Lieutenant WILLIAM J. BELSHAW

For 12 Years Head of the Philadelphia Murder Squad

As told to ROGER BUTTERFIELD

TWO workmen digging in a cellar at 4062 Kensington Avenue, in the Frankford section of Philadelphia, one day a few years ago, came upon a large packing-case buried in loose dirt near the heater. In it they found a trunk, which they opened. As the rotting straps broke away and the cover dropped to the ground, a hideous sight met their eyes.

From a mass of decayed leather scraps and clothing, a pair of men's shoes protruded. The outline of the clothing indicated that *a man's body* had been forcibly packed into the trunk. A white, crumbling substance—lime—covered the whole.

The two men dropped their shovels and fled from the cellar in terror.

This was the opening scene of one of the most sensational cases in my experience—a cold-blooded murder which was inadequately punished by society, but which was avenged dramatically by the grim hand of Fate itself.

The history of the Frankford trunk murder, which I am about to relate, does not end with the conviction of the criminal. The complete story of that famous case is also the story of one of the most sinister figures that ever stalked across the pages of police history in Philadelphia—a man who was found guilty of murdering his trusting partner for a sum of money; a man who could kill his own nephew to seal his lips; a man who had robbed the widows and orphans of New York firemen when he was a member of the fire department of that city; a man who imposed on the credulity of a simple, loving woman to obtain his pardon from prison on the plea that he would marry her and "go straight," and who later made life so miserable for her that he practically kicked her out of his home; a man who plotted the death and mutilation of his benefactor, a member of the penitentiary board of trustees; and in the end, a man who stole from the employers who gave him a chance to make good, but whom the hand of Fate, more unerring than the justice of man, stopped midway in his fleeing course.

My connection with the case began on the day of the discovery of the trunk, December 13th, 1915, as soon as information about the find was telephoned to Detective Headquarters at City Hall by Frankford police. I hurried to the scene, and found hundreds of people gathered about the building, which had formerly been occupied by the Red Star Laundry. The trunk was still in the cellar, and after a single glance had convinced me that it contained the remains of a man, I ordered it sent to the City Morgue and notified Doctor Wadsworth, the medical examiner.

At the Morgue, we had the trunk placed in the side yard and photographed. Afterward, we carefully emptied its gruesome contents on the snow-covered ground and arranged, as well as we could, the remains of the dead man.

Danny McNichol (*center, in the front row*), former Notre Dame football star and nephew of the late State Senator James McNichol. This snapshot was taken a short time before he mysteriously disappeared, his dead body to be found, almost two years later, crammed into a trunk!

THE sight which met our eyes was one of the most horrible I have ever seen in my seventeen years of murder investigating.

The skeleton was still clothed in a coat, trousers, and shoes, but in places the flesh had been eaten away underneath. The face was only a grin-

"Trunk MURDER"

(*Left*) Miss Jennie Flanagan, a woman of refinement and character, who was strangely misled by her sympathetic nature to believe in the arch-murderer and crook, Keller, (*right*). These two photos were taken together, just after she and Keller were married by Judge McDevitt in the very courtroom where Keller was tried and sentenced 8 years before—Miss Flanagan having waited 8 years for him to gain his freedom. (*Below*) The fully clothed skeleton of Danny McNichol, arranged in the snow-covered Morgue yard, the day his remains were discovered. Note, in turning the photo, how well the details were preserved—the teeth later furnishing an important clue in identifying the body

ning skull, with a few strands of hair clinging to the scalp. The body had been bent double and packed into the trunk, after which it had been covered with a coating of lime and leather scraps.

Although I had been a policeman for twenty-three years and had seen many hideous sights, the spectacle of that fully dressed skeleton almost unnerved me. I saw two younger policemen who had helped unload the box turn white, and one of them clutched the wall of the building, nearly collapsing.

Doctor Wadsworth, who had been examining the body, straightened up with an exclamation.

"Whoever did this thought he was pretty clever, but he made a big mistake right at the start!" he declared.

"Why?" I asked, my eyes still glued on the pitiful sight.

"You see how he sprinkled lime all over the body, and then packed in scraps of leather, to fill in the empty spaces?"

I nodded.

"Well, we can thank that leather for the fact that we have any chance to identify this poor chap and trace his murderer. *If he hadn't put the leather in, the lime would have destroyed everything in a few months.* As it was, the tannic acid in the leather counteracted the caustic effect of the lime. Still, it's going to be hard sledding.

"Where do you suppose that leather came from, by the way?" he added. "I never heard of a body packed away like that. Whoever did it must have been afraid it would be loose in the trunk, and he would hear it tossing around."

The discussion of the leather brought me to my senses. I had been staring abstractedly at the gruesome figure on the ground, but as Doctor Wadsworth spoke, a light flashed in my mind.

"YOU go ahead with that post-mortem, Doc," I said, starting out through the gateway. "I've got a hunch we're going to identify this poor chap quicker than you may think!"

I rushed to the nearest phone booth, and in a moment was connected with Sergeant Shay of the Missing Persons Bureau at City Hall.

"Sergeant," I shouted into the receiver, "find out for me whether you haven't got somebody reported missing more than a year ago who was connected with a leather business somewhere in town! I think I remember such a report, and I've got to make sure in a hurry."

"Leather business . . . leather business . . . say, hold the wire. I guess I know who you mean," came the reply.

Crowd gathered at the door of the murder cellar to watch the removal of all that remained of Danny McNichol. (*Top*) A view of the Red Star Laundry, in the basement of which the skeleton was discovered

In a few minutes came the voice of Sergeant Shay again.

"Here we are," he called out. "Daniel J. McNichol—reported missing March thirtieth, nineteen-fourteen. He was a partner in a leather business at Twelfth and Hamilton Streets, and I think he was a nephew of the State Senator. Anyway, we dropped the case when his cousin came in here a few days later and said his family had heard from him through another man."

"Where does his cousin live?" I asked.

"At Seven-Fifty-Five Corinthian Avenue. His name is James—and McNichol's wife, Marie, lives with her mother, Mrs. Mary Jennings, at Eight-Sixty-Six North Twenty-Second Street."

"So he was married?"

"Yes, that's the most pathetic part of it. They hadn't been married long, and the first baby came a few months after McNichol disappeared, I understand."

"All right, Sergeant, that tells me what I wanted to know," I said. "I'll let you know later whether we've found your man!"

Noting down the names and addresses of McNichol's wife and cousin, I went back to the Morgue.

Doctor Wadsworth's face was grave.

"There is a bullet hole at the base of the skull, and the bullet, of thirty-two caliber, was in the head," he reported. "Outside of that, we found these things, too—maybe they'll help you." He pointed to several articles lying on a table.

There were a crucifix, a prayer-book, a few coins, a nail cutter, keys, cards, and a label from the blue suit the dead man had been wearing, giving the address of a tailor on Walnut Street.

Putting these pathetic articles in an envelop, together with a piece of cloth clipped from the suit, I lost no time in calling on Mrs. Marie McNichol at the home of her mother.

A slender, sad-eyed young woman, carrying a baby about a year old, met me at the door.

"I am Mrs. McNichol," she said simply. "Come in."

As well as I could, I explained my mission, and emptied the envelop on a nearby table.

For a moment there was not a sound in the room. Then, clutching her throat, the young woman uttered a single word — "*Danny!*" — and sank back in her chair in a faint.

Her mother, a kind-faced, elderly woman, revived her, and when she had partly recovered from the shock, I urged her to tell me what she could.

"Those are Danny's things, I know," she said, her lips trembling. "That label came from the suit he was wearing, and the cross and book he always carried." Her eyes filled with tears, and she clutched tighter at the baby on her lap.

"DANNY went to the office one morning in March, last year, and never came back," she continued. "He kissed me good-by, and waved as he turned the corner, and that is the last I ever saw of him. I told his family, and they asked the police to look for him, but we dropped that when Ed said he'd seen Danny."

I was immediately on the alert.

"Who did you say?" I asked.

"Ed Keller, Danny's partner. A few days after Danny

went away, he came here and told me he'd seen him in New York. And then in October last year, he told me and my mother that Danny was home, and needed money and clothes. We packed a lot of his clothes in a suit-case and gave Ed a check for ten dollars for him, but he never came here."

"You mean to say that Keller told you your husband had come home and seen him, but didn't come to see you?"

"Yes, he—he said Danny had become a tramp. He said Danny called him up from a drug store at Kensington and Allegheny Avenues and met him there, and that he was shabby and needed a shave." She choked down a sob. "I couldn't believe it, but Ed and Danny were always good friends, so I took his word for it."

"But why didn't your husband come to see you after you'd sent him the clothes and money?" I asked.

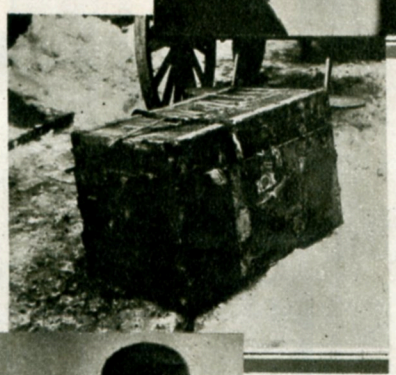
"Ed said he gave him the things, and they went to a movie, and then Danny disappeared again."

"And that's the last you've heard from your husband?"

"Yes, until now——oh, Danny!"—she broke into fresh sobs. "He never saw the baby, either. I'm sure he would have come home if he could—I just know he would have!"

At that moment something told me, too, that Danny would have come home—if he could. But from what I already knew, I was convinced that all the time he was being called a "tramp" and his widow deceived into turning over clothing and money, he himself was lying dead in the trunk buried in that cellar in Frankford.

I saw that this was no ordinary case—that the man we would have to deal with here not only was a cruel and cold - blooded murderer, but was capable of maligning the character and robbing the widow of his victim!



(*Top*) Rogues' Gallery "mug" of Keller, made by the Philadelphia police. (*Center*) Official police photograph of the murder trunk made soon after its discovery. (*Below*) Photo of Keller at the time he went to Sing Sing for stealing several thousand dollars from a firemen's benefit fund, of which he was trustee

"WELL, if you say Edward Keller is the man who saw Danny last, that's the man we want to find!" I said, rising. "You'll come to the Detective Bureau if we need you, I suppose?"

The poor girl nodded, and I left.

Before going back to report to my chief, I decided to go to the Frankford police station and see Barrett and Tyson, the district detectives who were working on the case.

I found them in the roll-room, and told them I was satisfied that the dead man was McNichol.

"We've been looking up the ownership of the Red Star Laundry," Barrett said. "And we've got the names of the men who were running it last year. They are Edward J. Connery, who lives in New Jersey, and Edward Keller, who lives on Frankford Avenue near Clearfield Street now."

"*WHO DID YOU SAY?*" I fairly shouted.

"Connery and Keller ran the place up to a few months ago. Keller used to be in the leather business."

"Boys," I said, "we've got to get Keller, and get him right away! *He was the last person to see Danny McNichol alive, and I miss my guess if he wasn't the first to see him dead!*"

Then I related what Mrs. McNichol had told me.

It was getting late, but we immediately went to the house where Keller was living. There was no answer to our knock, and the place appeared dark and deserted.

"I don't think he suspects anything yet, but let's not take any chances," I said. "One of you had better watch the place all night, and in the morning we'll find out where Keller is working and nab him there, if he doesn't show up before."

I had been on the jump for more than twelve hours, and was beginning to feel the need of rest. After making my report at City Hall, I went home and fell asleep as soon as I touched the bed.

EARLY the next morning, I telephoned James and Bernard McNichol, the missing man's cousins, and asked them to come to the Morgue. Their sister, Agnes, came with them, and each of them, without hesitation, gave the same exclamation when they viewed the effects found on the dead man:

"Those are Danny's!"

More convinced than ever that I was on the right track, I met Detective Barrett at the Frankford police station, and learned that Keller had been heard from!

"His wife called up from where she works, on Madison Street, and said he was ready to give up. They heard about our going to the house last night," he added.

We hurried to the factory where Mrs. Keller worked, and there, in the manager's office, I met Edward Keller for the first time. I have retained a vivid impression of that encounter, and would like to halt here for a moment to give my readers some idea of the sinister personality of the man.

The cruelty and ferocity of his nature were perfectly mirrored in the right side of his face, which was marked by a malicious gleam in the eye and a cynically upturned lip. But the mild and almost pious expression on the left side of his face destroyed one's suspicions. It was one of the most marked cases of dual physiognomy I have ever seen.

Later, after Keller's dramatic death in 1925, I asked a well-known criminology professor at the University of Pennsylvania to look at his picture.

"The man was a perfect case of Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," he told me. "The evil side of his personality is apparent by an examination of the features of the right half of his face, but most observers would be deceived by the bland expression of the other half. A very dangerous type of man."

Keller remained perfectly calm when I stepped up to him and put my hand on his shoulder.

"We want to talk to you," I said, as he lifted himself to his feet. "Come along!"

His wife and her employer both jumped up and excitedly began to protest his innocence, but not a word passed his lips.

"We'll see about all that later," I told them. "There's a lot of things that need explaining about a trunk with a man in it, and *you*,"—turning to Keller—"you're going to explain them."

Not a muscle in the man's face twitched at this sally, but he looked me in the eye and replied coolly, "I don't know what you're talking about!"

We took our prisoner to City Hall, and began to question him. Throughout the grilling of that day, and those that followed, when revelations of his guilt were coming thick and fast, he never gave himself away. His self-composure and iron nerves were to stand him in good stead at the trial, and

he owed it to them that he escaped the electric chair. The overwhelming circumstantial evidence which we gathered against him never stampeded him into confessing, and as a result the Prosecution was greatly hampered.

Our questions the first day dealt with his relations with McNichol and the stories of Dan's reappearance which he had told Mrs. McNichol and her mother, Mrs. Jennings.

"When did you go into business at Kensington and Adams Avenues [where the Red Star Laundry was located]?" I asked him.

"In April, nineteen-fourteen."

"When did you quit at the leather factory where you worked with McNichol?"

"April, nineteen-fourteen."

"Why did you quit?"

"Because they decided to discontinue the business."

"Then when did you see McNichol again?"

"In October, nineteen-fourteen. He was at Kensington and Allegheny Avenues, and waited while I went and got some clothes for him."

"Where did he say he had been?"

"He said he had been in Boston."

"Where did he go after you gave him the suit-case and money?"

"I don't know where he went."

"Did you ever quarrel with him?"

"No."

"Did you ever own a trunk?"

"No, *I don't know anything about the trunk!*"

"What trunk did you think we were talking about?"

"I don't know."

"Are you working now?"

"Yes, at Miller & Closson, Twelfth and Buttonwood Streets."

"Why didn't you go to work to-day?"

"Why, because I saw in the paper last night——"

"WHAT did you think of what you saw in the paper?"

"I was surprised."

"In what way?"

"Why, it was news to me."

"Well, if you didn't know anything about the trunk, why did you stay home?"

"*Why, the papers said they were looking for me!*" (The papers the night before had carried news only of the finding of the trunk!)

We continued to question Keller for hours, until we decided there was nothing more to be learned that night. The next day he was arraigned before Magistrate Pennock, and held without bail on a charge of murder. We continued to grill him for several days until a court order was granted for his removal to Moyamensing Prison.

Our lack of success in obtaining a confession had made me more determined than ever to dig up the evidence which would convict Keller, for I was sure that he was guilty. I began with a visit to the murdered man's cousin, James McNichol, at his home on Corinthian Avenue.

Although deeply affected by his cousin's tragic death, he was able to help me materially with the information he had.

"Dan was a graduate of Notre Dame University, and was well liked out there," he told me. "He played on the football team, and got the nickname of 'Dynamite Dan.' After he finished school, he came here and went into business with Edward Wade, a cousin of ours, and this man Keller, who was a leather craftsman and originally from New York.

"From what I have been able to find out, the leather business wasn't very prosperous, and was about on the rocks when poor Dan disappeared. One thing that strikes me as important is that Dan told me several times that he was having trouble with Keller over accounts and financial matters. You see, Dan was supposed to sign all the checks and handle the financial end of the firm, while Keller supervised the manufacturing department. Wade was a sort of silent partner.

"DAN used to complain especially about Keller's habit of signing and endorsing checks himself, and then pocketing the money. That's what was ruining the business, I guess.

"Another thing that makes me suspicious of Keller was his anxiety to have the search for Dan called off. When Dan's wife told me he was missing, I immediately notified the police, but a few days later Keller came to me and said he knew Dan was away selling goods in the West. That was when I had the search stopped. I'm sorry now I did."

The box in which the murder trunk was found buried, placed in the doorway of Keller's former home at 1818 Wensley Street, Philadelphia, and photographed under the direction of Lieutenant Belshaw to disprove Keller's contention that it wouldn't go through the doorway. It was this box, which then contained the dead body of McNichol, against which Mrs. Annie Seaman stumbled while walking home late one night, furnishing important evidence at the trial

Bernard and Agnes McNichol, two other cousins, also had interesting information to offer, and it was from Bernard that we first learned of "Al" Young, destined to become famous as the "missing witness" in the trunk case.

Al Young was Keller's nephew, the son of his sister in New York. As soon as we learned that Young had been seen constantly with Keller about the time McNichol disappeared, and had dropped out of sight shortly thereafter, we broadcast the information that he was badly wanted for questioning. We felt sure that he would furnish the most important link in the entire case—for we knew that Keller must have had someone to assist him in the handling and burying of the heavy packing-box and trunk. That assistant, from what we learned from Bernard McNichol and other witnesses, must have been Al Young.

But no trace of Al Young was ever found!

Dozens of persons remembered he had been seen with Keller frequently up to a short time after McNichol disappeared. But since then he has never been seen alive to this day.

I am convinced that Keller killed him and hid his body in the fear that the youth might some time reveal his gruesome secret!

Al Young was with Keller when Bernard McNichol called at the leather factory on the very day that his cousin disappeared.

"He told me Dan had gone to (*Continued on page 72*)

"Elbows Across the Street!"

Terror sounded in old crippled Julia's voice as she cried out those words of warning: "Dan! Dan! Elbows across the street!" What a nightmare of fear lay behind them!

By ROBERT CONSIDINE

Scene in London's Chinese district—Limehouse. It was to a house near this spot that Considine went on his secret mission with Chicago May. (*Above*) Adam Worth, considered by the police of two continents as the most successful burglar of all time. The late William Pinkerton, of detective fame, once remarked that Adam Worth was the nearest approach to the so-called "supercrook" that he ever knew

ASK any experienced detective who it is that often plans the biggest coups of the underworld and he will unhesitatingly reply:

"The fence—the man who buys the swag!"

And nine times out of ten, if the detective will elaborate upon this statement, he will also tell you that the major portion of the proceeds of the robbery, or burglary, is *retained* by the fence; the actual thief, or thieves, receiving only a small percentage.

This condition naturally creates a great deal of rivalry among fences. The little fellows struggle to get out of their mediocre class—to become larger operators so that they may, in turn, attract more skilled and affluent crooks to deal with them. Likewise the big fences, whose wares are eventually sold, through a go-between, to respectable merchants, strive to eliminate this go-between so that they may deal directly with the man higher up, thus saving for themselves the profit which the middleman naturally takes for himself.

It is with the attempt of "Old Dan" McCarthy, a clever London fence with whom "Chicago May" Churchill and I did business during our career in London some twenty years ago, to rid himself of his go-between, that this story deals.

Chicago May, then recognized as the cleverest woman thief on the European continent, Louis Lorenzano, better known to European police as "Italian Louie," and myself, my alias at that time being Charles Smith, were occupying a sumptuous flat in the exclusive Regent's Park district of London at the time the events related in this story took place.

It was to this flat that Old Dan came one evening, to put before us a plan he had evolved in his fertile brain, whereby we could all enrich ourselves by several hundred pounds, and he, Old Dan, could at the same time rid himself of Kemmy Goldberg, a Whitechapel Jew who was Dan's go-between in selling his stolen wares to the man higher up. Shrewd Old Dan, wishing to retain for himself the profits which had to be paid to Goldberg for his services, thought he had solved his problem when he decided to enlist our aid.

It was Dan's idea to have May, Louie and myself work an old, but rather successful, scheme which had been originated by ingenious American crooks for the purpose of robbing European jewelers. Dan had selected as our victim a small but wealthy jewelry store located near Charing Cross Station. The jewelry we obtained in this robbery was to be sold by us, at the usual rates, to Old Dan, who would in turn sell it to Kemmy Goldberg. Goldberg would, of course, dispose of the jewelry to "the man higher up"—the man whose name Dan wanted to obtain.

Dan, knowing it was Goldberg's practise never to allow stolen jewels to remain in his possession overnight, planned to give the jewels to Goldberg late in the afternoon so that when he disposed of them that day it would be after banking hours. Payment, of course, would be made immediately.

"It will be impossible," he explained, "for Goldberg to cash the check he receives from his buyer until the next morning. That check will remain overnight, either in his wallet or in the strong box which I know he keeps in his bedroom.

"I want to learn whose name is signed to that check," he continued, turning to me. "The main purpose of this job is not the jewelry you people will steal. Rather, it is *getting the name signed to that check.* And after I sell the jewels to Goldberg, I want you to burglarize his house, get that check and bring it to me. Then I will be rid of him!"

To May, Louie and myself it seemed an amazingly simple

scheme, and being not only willing to assist our good friend Old Dan, but to enrich ourselves at the same time, we readily agreed to take over the assignment.

With our usual thoroughness, we devoted the week following Old Dan's call upon us to getting everything in readiness for a successful execution of our plans. The three of us spent the noon hour of each day in studying the habits and actions of the one clerk who was left in charge of the jewelry store while the other employees were at lunch. We wished to be absolutely sure of every step before we attempted the robbery.

And, for the same reason, I also spent my evenings loitering in the neighborhood of Goldberg's home at No. 35 Tilden Road, Dalston, while I sized up the house and made plans for my burglarious entrance. To augment this important part of his scheme, Old Dan even furnished me with a complete floor plan of the two stories of the house. These I studied assiduously until I was sure I could go anywhere in the house, even in pitch-blackness, without difficulty. Particularly did I observe the location of the master's bedroom, for there it was I would find the prize I would be seeking.

Then came the day of action. This is what happened:

Exactly at midday, when there was only one clerk on duty, an elegantly dressed, apparently wealthy woman entered the Charing Cross jewelry store and asked to be shown some diamond rings.

Sensing that here was a rich customer and eager to make a sale, the clerk displayed some of his best gems. But to each piece of jewelry shown her the woman, who was apparently a very good judge of diamonds, offered some objection, until the clerk, in his eagerness to please, had brought forth some twenty or thirty cases of rings. After much indecision the customer finally selected a ring of great value. Reaching into her purse, she produced a large roll of bills and commenced counting out the money to pay for her purchase.

But before she could finish her count a man entered the store and, approaching the clerk, distracted his attention from the woman by asking if he might speak with the manager of the store. Upon being informed that the manager was at lunch, this man, after remarking that he would come back later, turned and left the store.

In the meantime, the woman customer had returned her money to her purse, and when the clerk again gave her his attention he found that she had exercised woman's prerogative of changing her mind and now believed she should have her husband come into the store and see the ring before she made the purchase! With a bright smile and a word of regret for having put the clerk to so much trouble, she turned to leave the store.

As she walked toward the door, a man of rather seedy appearance and apparently the worse for drink entered and brushed rudely past her as he belligerently proceeded toward the counter behind which the clerk stood. The clerk, alarmed by the appearance and actions of this man, hastily gathered up the fortune in gems in front of him and deposited them in the safe behind the counter. *So quickly had this man entered upon the woman customer's exit, the clerk did not have opportunity to check up on the cases of jewels.* This, he reasoned (as we had hoped he would), would have to wait until the inebriated customer had been disposed of.

To the clerk's relief, the man asked for a watch-key, and after paying for it left the store. By this time the woman had had ample time in which to disappear in the crowd passing on the street outside.

Of course, when the luckless clerk *did* check up on the cases which he had so hurriedly stowed in the safe, he found several very valuable rings missing!

The woman customer was Chicago May, and she had deftly appropriated the rings while the clerk's attention had been attracted by the man who had (*Continued on page* 86)

(*Left*) Robert Considine, international ex-crook, author of this story, who was released from Folsom Prison, California, on April 1st of this year. See sketch in Contributors' Column, this issue. (*Right*) The internationally famous "Chicago May" Churchill. Chicago May had entirely renounced the criminal life long before she died, May 30th, 1929, in Philadelphia. (*Below*) "The Fools' Parade" in the yard at Dartmoor Prison, England. Considine served 14 years and 10 months of a life sentence, in this prison, for the shooting of Eddie Guerin. The three figures on the right are old offenders, standing near the grim portal marked "Separate Cells," discernible over the doorway, it being in these cells that the terrible "solitary confinement" penalty is inflicted—a punishment that has sent many men into insanity

MURDER FARM!

This enigma——this strange boy-murderer, Stewart Northcott——baffled the detectives! "Murder," he snickered, "seems to be my one bad habit." Here was a different kind of killer!.. ..how could he ever be cornered into a real confession?

By

ALBERTA LIVINGSTON
**Record Bureau,
Los Angeles Police Department**

"Not guilty!" **So pleaded Stewart Northcott, boy-slayer, shown above reading his indictment for murder. With cool nerve he argued with the Judge, disregarded his attorney, and stated he would be his own attorney and would defend his innocence!**

THE story so far:

What was the real truth of that sinister farm near Wineville, California? Were small boys really lured to it, and murdered wholesale by that strange Canadian youth, Gordon Stewart Northcott? Murdered, and then buried without trace?

The police first got wind of the bloody doings at the farm in September, 1928, when 15-year-old Sanford Clark gasped out his horror-tale: "My uncle, Gordon Stewart Northcott, lured small boys to his chicken ranch, kept them prisoner, subjected them to criminal mistreatment, and then murdered them with an ax. Grandmother Northcott helped!"

Northcott and "Grandmother Northcott" fled to Canada. The boy was the first to be brought back.

He quickly revealed himself as a freak, a pervert of the first order. He talked strangely, walked like a female impersonator. "*Murder*," he snickered, "*seems to be my one bad habit!*"

He confessed killing nine boys—then repudiated his confession! "Before I killed them, I would always make them say their prayers the night before. In the morning I would give them ether. Then I would shoot them." His stories sickened even the hard-boiled police, as they marshaled evidence against him.

Gaunt old Grandmother Northcott—bobbed-haired and haggard-looking—was brought from Canada and rushed to the California jail. On the trip she derisively scouted the accusations against young Northcott:

"My dear, sweet boy *couldn't* have anything to confess, and *I know it!*"

The story continues:

Inside Story of the Northcott Mystery

PART THREE

THROUGHOUT her entire conversation ran the thread of intense mother-love. She boasted of her son's virtues, his devotion to her, and frequently repeated:

"He's all I've got—the only one who ever did anything for me—the only one who ever loved me!"

In a resigned, patient fashion, she was bitter against her husband, Cyrus Northcott. She was told that her son blamed his father for his unnatural tendencies, and was asked if she intended to divorce her husband.

"I guess I'm old-fashioned," she said. "I've been married forty years now to the same man, and I don't ever intend to divorce him, no matter what happens. Besides, I don't know why I should. I don't know what has been going on in Los Angeles during the last three or four days—I don't see why I should say I'm going to divorce my husband. That's something I don't know about.

"Dad means all right," she said, "but——" and she was off into a long recital of family woes.

The car spun down the highway toward Riverside. It passed the little store at Wineville where the road turns to go past the so-called "murder farm." Mrs. Northcott looked at the road, and clasped her hands.

"I didn't live there very long. How could I, when I worked at the General Hospital?" she said.

Down the eucalyptus-lined road the car sped into Riverside, and shuddered to a stop in front of the County Jail. Reporters, camera men, officers, and great groups of curious persons were waiting.

Mrs. Northcott alighted. She laughed openly again—a derisive laugh—and, trying to hide her face from the cameras, walked toward the jail. Once inside, she was finger-printed, photographed, booked as Prisoner No. 7947, and assigned to an isolated cell in the women's ward on the second floor.

It was Saturday. Cyrus G. Northcott had promised to tell his story immediately after his wife's arrival, so the investigators lost no time in getting over to the Detention Ward for the interview.

And now, the elder Northcott *did* talk.

"I STILL love them, but cannot, for the life of me, see why I should," he began. "All I've ever been to them was just someone who was in the way. The only thing that pleased them was the wages I earned as a carpenter.

"It seemed I could never do anything right. No matter what I suggested for Stewart's raising, I was always in the wrong. His mother taught the boy to regard me as 'just

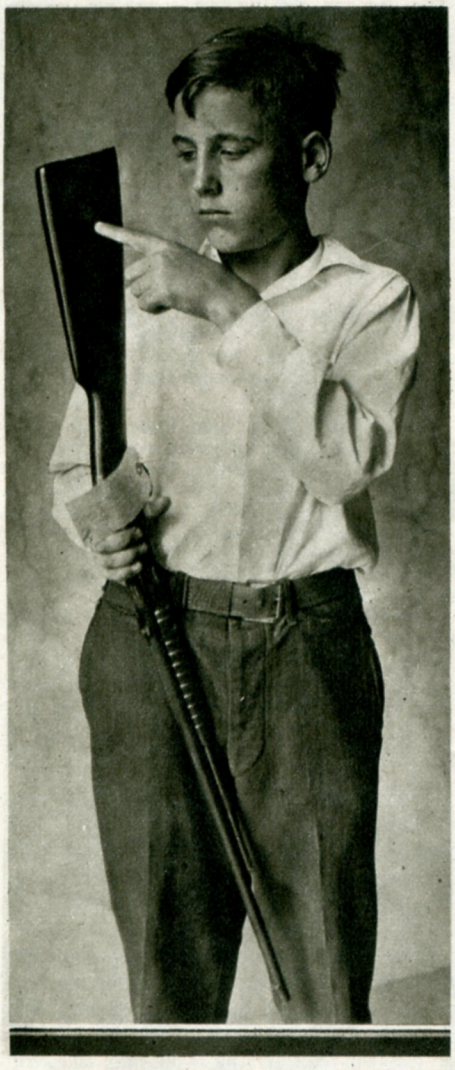
an old fool.' He often struck me, and many times he threatened to kill me. I was deathly afraid of him. So was his mother, if she would tell the truth. Stewart was always in full charge at the house when present. We dared not 'cross' him.

" 'Spoiled' is no word for him. I would say he was 'ruined'! There is a limit to mother-love, and his mother carried it too far for our son's benefit. He became unruly, unmanageable.

"With it all, I tried to do my duty to my family. I worked hard and suffered in silence, as I was made the family football. It looks like the end, now.

"I have never seen any bodies at the ranch. I have often denied taking lye to the farm," said the old man, "but I was not telling the truth. Stewart and his mother told me someone had been killed at the ranch, and they wanted the lye to clean up the blood off the floor. I didn't believe what they said, but was afraid not to do as they told me.

"Since what you fellows have told me, I believe that the bodies of Walter Collins and the Winslow boys were buried at the chicken house. I didn't believe it before.



Sanford Clark, the boy who escaped the murder farm, is shown above examining the rifle which it was said Stewart Northcott had used in murdering some of his victims

"I DID think it was strange, though, the way Stewart and his mother acted when Sanford ran away last August. They appeared nervous, and were always whispering. They never took me into their confidence.

"One night they went out in the chicken yard. They told me I had better stay in the house. They worked out there for a long while, then loaded something into Stewart's car and drove away.

"They did not return until the next day at noon. Both were tired and dirty. Their hands looked like they had been working hard. When I asked them where they had been, they said: 'Out in the desert.' From what I learned later, I wouldn't be surprised if they moved the bodies that night and buried them in the desert.

"I hope God will forgive me if I am wrong in telling the truth that may hurt my boy and his mother. I am so tired of it all. I will be so glad when it's over."

The old man was asked if he would go on the witness-stand and tell his story at his son's trial in Riverside, starting January 2nd, even if it helped to convict Stewart.

"Yes," came the feeble answer. "I suppose if I am called as a witness, and swear before God to tell the truth, I would have to tell things against my boy and his mother."

Scene II of Act I of the Northcott death drama was enacted before another packed audience in the Riverside Court on December 5th, when mother and son were arraigned for the murder of Walter Collins.

The son was brought into court first. He sat far to one side. As he entered, he studied the audience with the superior stare which his custodians had come to know so well.

"So this is American justice!" he said to Under Sheriff Raeburn. "Look at the scandal-mongers. I hope they get an eyeful, damn them!" He laughed.

Ten minutes later, Mrs. Northcott was brought in by Sheriff and Mrs. Clem Sweeters. Her eyes ranged the crowd and alighted on her son. She faltered, and stopped. It was the first time she had seen him since they had parted, months before, in Canada, to take different trails.

Northcott glanced up and saw her. He smiled—the strange, one-sided grin which threw his face into a sardonic mold. The grin never left his face as she moved to her place across the room from him.

She watched him constantly. As she settled into her chair, he nodded to her in an offhand fashion. He made no sound, but his lips formed the words:

"Hello, Mother!"

She made no answering gesture except to lift her handkerchief to her eyes.

After a moment, he mouthed: "I'm all right, Mother," and then abruptly turned away. He never looked again in her direction. Tears came to her eyes. She brushed them away and continued to stare at him.

Norbert Savay, defense counsel, entered. Northcott leaped to his feet, seized the lawyer by the arm, and walked him up the steps to the Judge's rostrum, in plain view of the crowd. He stood there a moment as though to give the crowd an "eyeful." Then he turned to the dignified attorney and began to speak, hurriedly and determinedly. Frequently he tapped the attorney on the chest and pounded the Judge's bench as he emphasized the manner in which he wanted the case conducted.

Entrance of Judge Morton stopped the strange scene. The indictment was read.

"I plead not guilty!" said the son loudly.

"Not guilty, your Lordship—I mean, your Honor! Not guilty, not guilty!" said the mother, greatly confused, her face set in granitelike lines.

JUDGE MORTON then set January 2nd as a tentative date for the beginning of the trial. Northcott was remanded to the custody of Sheriff Bright, and ordered sent back to Los Angeles County Jail.

As Mrs. Northcott left the court-room, she continued to look back at her son. He never glanced in her direction. As she was led back to jail, she said:

"Aren't you even going to let me talk to him?" Her question was unanswered.

Back in her cell, Mrs. Northcott declared her son insane, and a changed man. "He is a different man than my son. He is changed. He is cold—so cold. He is crazy, my poor boy!"

She urged her attorney, Norbert Savay, to enter an insanity defense. But before such a defense could be entered, Northcott himself must express a desire to plead, "Not guilty by reason of insanity."

But Northcott spurned the suggestion, and broke into a profound rage when it was mentioned. "This insanity stuff is the bunk. I am as sane as anyone. I will not permit an insanity defense to be made!"

With Mrs. Northcott confined in her cell in the Riverside County Jail, Gordon Stewart Northcott in his cell in the Los Angeles County Jail, Sanford Wesley Clark and Cyrus G. Northcott in the Detention Home in Riverside, and Jessie

Clark in the care of friends, at Elsinore, that strange family—the Northcotts—settled down to pass Christmas, and to await the coming of the day of trial.

Cyrus Northcott, the father, spent hours reading N. P. Willis' poem, *Absalom*, which describes King David's lamentations over his "estranged, misguided" son, Absalom.

"Cold is thy brow, my son! And I am chill
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
And hear thy sweet 'My Father!' from these dumb
and cold lips, Absalom!"

In the same book with this poem, the father also studied Webster's address, *The Murderer Cannot Keep his Secret.* These verses and the address held powerful portent in the Northcotts' lives, as the son, who confessed murders, turned against his father, and would hold still deeper significance if the son went to the gallows.

Mrs. Northcott, in a state of dejection, spent her time writing letters to her son, looking forward to meeting him. Few of these letters were delivered. One which successfully passed the censors, contained the following significant warning: "Always remember this: Of the printed word you are slave; of the word unspoken you are master. We will just be brave and be careful."

So the family spent Christmas.

Deputy Sheriff Ben de Crevecoeur (*third from the left*) points out to Deputy Sheriffs Larrabee, Benard, and Brott the names "Nelson" and "Lewis" written in crayon on the boat design crudely drawn on a board found at the Northcott murder farm. Photo of the murdered brothers who made this design is shown on the next page. A close-up view of the board is also shown above

And then—on Saturday, December 29th, four days before Northcott and his mother were to come to trial—Mrs. Louisa Northcott summoned the prosecuting attorneys to her cell with a message that sealed definitely her own fate, if not her son's. Her message, briefly and simply, was:

"I want to confess!"

ATTORNEY Loyal Kelley and Deputy District Attorney Redwine went to her cell. She was told they would accept only a written statement. Later she called Mrs. Sweeters to her cell, and wrote her confession on the jail stationery. This remarkable document (it is reproduced on page 55) read:

I hearby confess that I murdered that certain boy named in the inditement filed against me as Walter Collins at our ranch at Riverside County. This confession is made of my own free will and without persuasion or any offers of immunity. And request to go to court at earliest convenience to enter plea of guilty.

Signed, Mrs. Louise Northcott. Witnessed, Clem Sweeters, Sheriff, and Mrs. C. Sweeters, Matron.

Judge Morton was notified that Mrs. Northcott desired to change her plea of not guilty, and ordered her appearance in court at 9:30 A.M., December 31st.

Clad in black and bareheaded, but calm and self-possessed, this confessed murderess stood before the bench. Deputy District Attorney Redwine advised Judge Morton that Mrs. Northcott had dismissed her attorney and that she did not desire advice of counsel in changing her plea.

Judge Morton questioned her as to that, and the mother answered: "I do not desire counsel, and I desire to change my plea."

"WHAT plea do you wish to make?" asked the Court.

"I wish to plead guilty to the indictment," the woman replied.

She then told in detail her story of the killing of a boy, supposedly little Walter Collins. At the conclusion, Judge Morton asked:

"Is there any reason why sentence should not be passed at once?"

"No," said Mrs. Northcott, "but I wish to say that my son, Stewart Northcott, should not be brought into it at all!"

There was brief testimony from Redwine and Sheriff Sweeters, that the confession had been voluntary. Then Judge Morton, after considering the facts, said:

"I can but find that this killing is cold-blooded murder. The facts are too horrible to dwell upon. You, at the time, were a mature person. You alone are responsible for the crime. Only the fact that you are a woman causes me any hesitancy in sentencing you. I find that the crime is first degree murder, and sentence you to San Quentin prison for the term of your natural life!"

Mrs. Northcott said just one more thing before she was led back to her cell:

"It *wasn't* Walter Collins! I don't know who the boy was, but he came from the slums of New York. It wasn't the Collins boy. I'd like to have his mother know that."

Immediately after her court appearance, Mrs. Northcott sent a note to her son, by Riverside officers, advising him of her confession and plea. The note read:

Dear Stewart:

Mr. Sweeters is going out for you, and is a wonderful man. Will advise you best he knows, as to what you do. It will be better to finish it out of court, if possible.

I went over this morning and pleaded guilty and got life at San Quentin. Thought better than to drag life's history through court.

Sanford testified and said you were there and hit him and you know you were never out of the house. Also you brought boy, which wasn't true either.

Well, dear, just suit yourself. Will see you. Just use your own judgment, my son. Love,

Mother.

Northcott was trembling when in the jailer's office the note was handed to him by Sheriff Sweeters.

"I don't *want* any note from Mother," he cried, "I don't like Mother anyway," and made a move as if to destroy it unopened. Sullenly he refused to read it.

"It's perfectly all right with us if you don't read it or if you do, Stewart," said Captain Bright, quietly.

"All right, give it here. I'll read what the crazy old fool has to write!" he snarled, snatching the note from Sweeters' hand.

"Wow! This is the funniest letter I've ever read. It's a scream!" the accused youth shouted in glee when he had read the pathetic missive from his mother. "Mother always *was* funny! But never as funny as this," he laughed, holding his sides. Then his mood changed. He scowled, and chewed gum . . . "You know—it serves her right! I hope they keep her there forever. I never did like her, anyway! She's nuts—she's crazy."

He threw the note to the floor, and again laughed when Sweeters had to reach for it.

"Mother says you're a wonderful man, Sheriff Sweeters. Maybe so, but I've hated policemen ever since I was so high——" —still laughing, he indicated a height about that of his knees.

Sweeters quietly placed the letter on the desk.

Doctors Bowers and Parkinson, psychiatrists, who were present in the room, later declared that the boy's actions indicated to them he was feigning insanity. "The moves were those of a man who had carefully thought out his movements beforehand—planning the laughing to create an insanity pretense," they declared.

Later, following a conference with his attorneys, it was announced by them that young Northcott had agreed to allow them to enter an insanity plea for him as a second defense against murder charges pending against him.

A FEW hours after her startling confession and plea of guilty, Mrs. Northcott made another startling statement.

"Stewart is not Cyrus Northcott's son. He is my illegitimate son by an English nobleman!" this strange mother exclaimed.

"I wanted to keep it all quiet—that's why I pleaded guilty—hoping that all our private affairs wouldn't be aired in court. But now that I've done it, I might as well tell the truth. Stewart is not my husband's son.

"It first began years and years ago, when I was a girl of sixteen. There came to our town in Canada a young man of eighteen, who was heir to a British lordship. We fell in love and got married at once—it was love at first sight with us.

"Then we told my parents and they were very angry. They made us annul the marriage, and sent him back to England. They didn't want him to ruin his career by marrying a commoner, they said.

"Then I grew a little older and met Cyrus Northcott. I never loved him at all. But I needed bread and butter. So I married him, and we had our daughter Winifred, and another. We had a farm and a store, and we worked together.

"Then, one day, the Englishman appeared at the farm and said he wanted me again for his wife. Cyrus grew very mad, and I left home with the Englishman, and went to my parents' house to talk things over. We stayed there together for more than a week—and then we went away again.

"This time he was called home by a sick sister, and while in England, he died of heart failure. So I went back to Cyrus. I never could stand Cyrus near me again — yet nine months later, Stewart was born. Cyrus was mad at the baby from the start, and hated him, knowing that another man was the father. That's why Cyrus is and always was so mean to Stewart."

(*Below*) This photo, reprinted from the July issue of this magazine, shows Lewis and Nelson Winslow, two of the boys slain by Stewart Northcott. Sanford Clark stated that Northcott gave Lewis (*boy on the left*) ether through a strawberry strainer before he bludgeoned him with an ax—*so it would make him smaller and nobody would know him!* (*Left*) N. H. Winslow, father of the murdered boys, who made every endeavor humanly possible to avenge the brutal slaying of his two sons

WAS this story, told by the gray-haired confessed murderess who was to serve a life sentence in prison, pure fiction, told in an attempt to build up an insanity plea, and to weaken evidence against her son, to be given by her husband, Cyrus?

Mrs. Northcott declared that the records in Canada would corroborate her statements, but so far as I know, the story was never checked.

At 8 A.M. on New Year's Day, she started for San Quentin. On the trip across the bay she was very talkative, and told reporters the story she had told before Judge Morton, and which she declared to be true.

"I am not shielding my son Stewart," she declared earnestly. "He is innocent. I pray to God on this New Year's Day that he will receive justice.

"Stewart had nothing to do with this mess. My grandson, Sanford Clark, caused all the trouble. I will tell you the story of the killing.

"One night on our chicken ranch a strange boy knocked on the door and asked if we could give him a bed for the night. It was about the time that the Collins boy was missing. I asked him where he lived. He said, 'I have no home.' I also asked him if his name was Walter Collins, and he said, 'No.' It couldn't have been Walter, because this boy was a

regular little tough. He was about fifteen years old, I guess.

"We had no room for him in the house, so I made up a bed for him in one of the chicken houses. He said he was going to Los Angeles. Stewart, my son, was going to drive the car in, but it needed fixing, and he told the boy to wait and he would take him in.

"That night Stewart and I were repairing our radio. Sanford wasn't in the house. I wondered how our guest was getting along, and went out to the chicken house. After hunting around, I found a flashlight, and I flashed the light on the cot and spoke to the boy.

"He didn't answer, and when I looked closer I saw that the whole top of his head was caved in. I didn't know what to do. He wasn't quite dead, and I knew he could never live again . . . *so I picked up the ax and hit him on the head, finishing him.*"

The narrator's lips trembled, and her listless blue eyes watered.

"It was just an impulse that made me do it. One does things on the spur of the moment that he would never do if he thought about it."

Mrs. Northcott was asked who disposed of the body. She said: "I helped bury the boy in our back-yard."

Asked if she had helped bury any other boys, she exclaimed: "No, that is the only boy I ever saw there!"

When asked how she knew that Sanford and not Stewart had killed the boy, she replied:

"Stewart was never out of the house that night. And shortly after I hit the boy, Sanford came into the chicken house. I said to him, 'Why did you do this?' He just looked at me and grinned. He is a bad boy, and has caused us all this trouble."

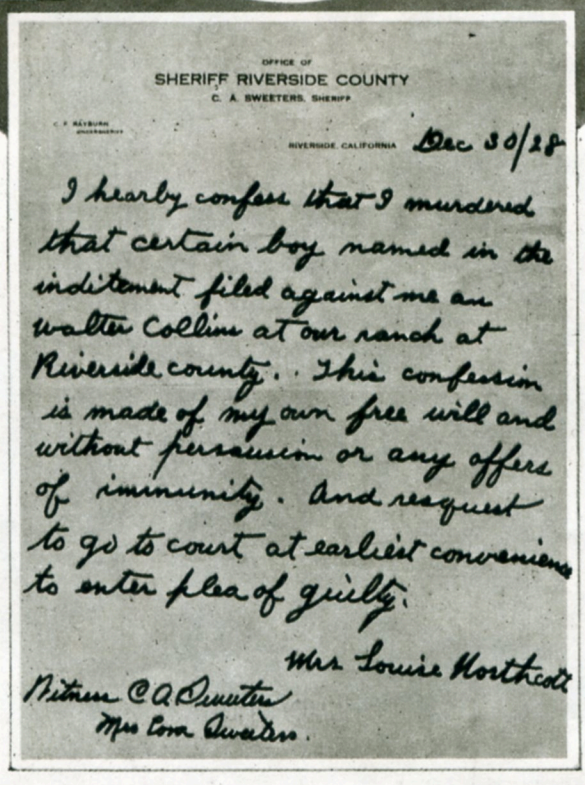
As the party reached land and the walls of San Quentin began to loom before her, Mrs. Northcott burst into tears.

"They can't hang him," she sobbed. "If they hang him, I'll die!"

The gates swung open before her, and with a last expressed wish to those who brought her to the prison gateway, that they "take care of my boy," Mrs. Sarah Louisa Northcott, sixty-one-year-old confessed killer of a boy, entered San Quentin penitentiary—for life.

After being photographed and her Bertillon measurements taken, Mrs. Northcott was given No. 46,046, and sent to the women's ward to join more than 100 other prisoners. Three-fourths of an hour later she sat, an aged and pathetic newcomer, among the other women prisoners, who were applauding the annual New Year vaudeville entertainment. While the other women were shouting with merriment, Mrs. Northcott turned her head away, and tears streamed down her seared face. So she sat, a hunched and pathetic figure, during the entire entertainment.

Beginning at the lower left, this series of photographs shows character studies of Mrs. Louisa Northcott, in her evolution from a devoted bride to a hardened accomplice in one of the most brutal series of murders ever known to the police



OFFICE OF
SHERIFF RIVERSIDE COUNTY
C. A. SWEETERS, SHERIFF

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA Dec 30/28

I hearby confess that I murdered that certain boy named in the inditement filed against me as walter Collins at our ranch at Riverside county. This confession is made of my own free will and without persuasion or any offers of immunity. And request to go to court at earliest convenience to enter plea of guilty.

Mrs Louise Northcott

Witness C A Sweeters
Mrs Cora Sweeters.

Facsimile of Mrs. Northcott's confession

WHEN Mrs. Christine Collins, mother of Walter, for whose murder Mrs. Northcott was sent to San Quentin, was told of the guilty plea, she was very nervous but did not weep or collapse. Instead, she tugged at the apron of her house dress and said:

"They can never make me believe that Walter was killed there. I talked to the Northcotts, and they could not describe my boy to me. They could not tell how he was dressed or how he acted, or what he ate, or anything that they certainly would have known if he had lived with them. I don't think that they ever saw him.

"They would have known more about him than they do if he had ever been at the ranch. So I don't believe that he is dead at all. I still believe that he is being held captive by enemies of his father, who framed him to prison when he refused to plead guilty to robbery charges five years ago.

"My husband swore at the time he was convicted that he would even things up with the men who testified against him, and I believe that those men now have my boy."

After his mother's confession, it was rumored that Stewart would follow in her steps and plead guilty in an effort to escape the gallows.

"Under no circumstances will I accept a plea of guilty from Gordon Stewart Northcott, should he make any effort to effect a compromise!" exclaimed the District Attorneys of the two counties, almost simultaneously, thus shattering any hopes the alleged boy - murderer might have had.

"If Northcott wishes to plead guilty, he may, of course," said District Attorney Buron Fitts, of Los Angeles County, "but it will be the signing of his death-warrant, as I shall demand that he die on the gallows for the murder of the Mexican youth. We are prepared to prove our case against Northcott, and will stand for no compromise."

When the defense attorneys learned of Mrs. Northcott's change of plea, and that she had been rushed to San Quentin

only a few hours after her appearance in court, they were very indignant.

"The guilty plea will not stand! We will not permit it! It is merely a gesture to save Stewart! She'd do anything to save him! Not that I say he needs saving—we have a good enough case anyway—but she'd do this thing if she thought it would help him!" declared Norbert Savay, Stewart's attorney and the attorney whom she had discharged.

Equal indignation and surprise were expressed by King's Counsel J. McKinley Cameron, Canadian lawyer, who had arrived from Canada to be associated with the Defense.

On the eve of his trial, Gordon Stewart Northcott, in one of the lightninglike changes that had characterized his actions throughout, summoned Captain Bright to his cell.

"I am going to plead guilty," he announced.

Hurriedly his attorneys were summoned, but, in accordance with a gentlemen's agreement between the District Attorney's office in Los Angeles and the District Attorney's office in Riverside, both these officers refused to hear his confession.

During the conference in Jailer Frank Dewar's office, there was again brought into the case that sinister map, found in the Britannia Street home of the Northcotts.

"Richard's grave is here," said Stewart, pointing.

Solicitude for this victim, he indicated, led him to mark the positive location of the burial place.

"I want Richard buried properly," he said. "I liked Richard awfully well. Don't ask me anything except about Richard's grave. I want to clear my conscience. I don't feel like his spirit could rest properly in the position his body now lies buried.

"I can take officers to the spot. I could have before when we went out to the Valley, but I didn't want to. I won't go now."

At this point he turned savagely toward Captain Bright.

"*I hate you,*" he shrieked. "*I hope you drop dead!*"

Then he continued with his description of the burial place of Richard West, but doggedly asserted that he would not go out to the spot.

The investigators placed no stock in this story. Hope that his father, Cyrus Northcott, might be disclosed as a murderer, was believed to be the true reason for this latest move. Through the finding of the body, if there *was* a body, Northcott felt that he could implicate his father, against whom he had declared undying hatred.

Stewart Northcott, in a happy mood, cup in hand, smiling at the news photographer as he sits in court awaiting progress of his trial. At the counsel table, left to right, are Bert Kelly, investigator for the District Attorney's office, A. H. de Tremandan and J. M. Cameron, both defense attorneys; Stewart Northcott, and Norbert Savay, defense attorney

As a result of Mrs. Northcott's confession, Riverside authorities decided to consolidate all four of the murder charges against her son in the one trial. The defense counsel did not object to the proceedings.

On January 2nd, 1929, Gordon Stewart Northcott faced the bar of justice at Riverside, charged with the murder of Walter Collins, Lewis and Nelson Winslow, and the "headless Mexican." His accusers, Sanford and Jessie Clark, and his father, Cyrus Northcott, sat in the court-room, each ready to do his part in sending him to the gallows.

But it was a greatly changed Jessie Clark from the shy, restive and badly worried girl who was smuggled out of Canada to prevent Northcott's attorney from using her to defeat extradition of her boy uncle from the Dominion.

Jessie had gained fifteen pounds in the two months she had been living with her friends in Elsinore, and looked years younger.

She frankly expressed her fear of her uncle.

"If Gordon ever gets out of jail, he will kill me and my brother, Sanford!" she declared. "I am sorry I must be a witness against my uncle, but it is a question of his freedom or the life of my brother. I still cannot understand how Sanford escaped the fate of the other boys who 'knew too much' at the Wineville ranch."

The tedious work of selecting a jury was begun. During the prolonged examination of prospective talesmen, the defense counsel clearly indicated that the lines of defense would include an alibi for Northcott, based on future testimony of his mother; that any damaging statements made by the defendant were made under duress and were caused by "third degree" methods; and that Northcott was insane when he admitted having slain the unknown Mexican boy.

That alleged third degree methods would be relied upon to explain Northcott's confessions was clearly indicated when each talesman was closely questioned as to what he thought of the so-called "third degree," and especially as to the talesman's possible acquaintance with Captain William S. Bright.

The Prosecution was not worried, however. If Northcott had never confessed, the mute evidence, gathered on the three-acre farm, would convince any jury, it believed, that human lives had been taken.

These exhibits, consisting of bones, hair, teeth, *et cetera*, found at the farm, were to form an important part of the State's case.

The body of the Mexican youth had, of course, been recovered, but the Prosecution forces were relying largely upon the discoveries of scientific criminologists to prove the charges that the Winslow brothers and Walter Collins were killed on the desolate chicken ranch. Paleontologists had reported that the forty-odd bone fragments found on or near the ranch were human. Their size and formation indicated that they were the bones of children. This belief was confirmed by the discovery of a chipped bit of temporal bone which was said to have been found with the zygomatic

(*Continued on page* 108)

The *Amazing Crimes* of the Original JACK THE RIPPER

"FIVE! 15 more and I give myself up. (Signed) Jack the Ripper." Thus this madman, gloatingly counting his women victims, horribly slashed to death, snapped his bloody fingers at all London, and defied the police to get him! Who was he?

By ALVIN F. HARLOW

(*Above*) Drawing by a London artist depicting the original Jack the Ripper, and below it, scene of one of his slayings with the victim in the death throes, after being slashed. (*Left*) Scene in the Whitechapel district in London's East End where Jack the Ripper's frightful orgy of knife slashings became notorious throughout the civilized world

FORTY years ago, one of the world's worst slums was to be found, as might have been expected, in the world's greatest city. The Whitechapel district, in the East End of London, with the adjoining vaguely defined districts known as Spitalfields, Bethnal Green and Limehouse—whose actual boundaries were long ago lost, as were the boundaries of Harlem and Chelsea in New York City—could exhibit perhaps more poverty, ignorance, vice and misery than could be found in an equal area anywhere else on earth.

In the East End there were factories, warehouses, small workshops and stables indiscriminately mixed with tenements, tiny single dwellings, cheap lodging-houses, miles of small stores and businesses and innumerable saloons and dives, all contained in a maze of crooked, dirty and generally narrow streets, the whole such a hodgepodge that it was as if the ingredients had been thrown together and stirred with a stick.

The streets were—and are yet to a considerable extent—the product of medieval times; laid out on no plan or pattern, but wandering crazily about, with elbows and offsets in them, and now and then bringing up squarely against a wall. Off these streets wandered narrow, filthy alleys and little, dead-end courts. There were courts and small squares which could be reached only by arched passages through a block. Around these little open spaces huddled ramshackle buildings, some of them tottering with age, some of which had been added to and altered until they were labyrinths; many were veritable rats' nests, swarming with human beings little better than the rodents.

Scarcely a house was connected with a sewer, and many had no water pipes in them, but drew their water from wells and cisterns.

IT was in this district in 1888 and '89 that a series of crimes was perpetrated, the like of which can scarcely be found elsewhere in history this side of the Middle Ages. The brutality of the murders, the assassin's apparent fury against his victims, his superhuman cunning, to say nothing of his marvelous luck, were factors which caused these crimes to be discussed and shuddered at all over the world. For the better part of a year—and it may have been nearer two years, if he was guilty of all the crimes of which he was suspected—this mysterious fiend pursued his career, apparently killing whenever it suited his purpose to kill, often resting several weeks or months between slayings, at other times waiting only days.

His victims were all women—the poorest and the lowest in London, most of them habitually (*Continued on page 66*)

The Clue of the *Crumpled*

The police found a dead man with one foot caught on the running-board of an auto—a girl in the back seat—dead. They were puzzled... baffled... Had the man killed the girl... then...? Had a third party killed both...?

By Sergeant JAMES J. HUGHES

Troop "C," Pennsylvania State Police

As told to ISABEL STEPHEN

I WAS summoned to the private office of our commander, Captain Samuel W. Gearhart, on the morning of May 26th, 1928, and handed an assignment slip.

"Take Private Snyder with you and drive over to the headquarters of the Highway Patrol at Bethlehem," said the Captain crisply, consulting a telephone message on a scratch pad which lay on his desk. "Corporal Fleming, there, has what the coroner has classed as a murder-and-suicide case. It seems there is some question as to whether the murder was committed in Lehigh or Northampton County. Both lived in Northampton County but the bodies were found two days ago on the site of an abandoned ore mine at Friedensville, Lehigh County."

Saluting the chief, I went off and picked up Private William P. Snyder in the squad room. Snyder and I have been on many Pennsylvania murder cases together, and I have always found him an excellent assistant.

"Suicide pacts," as reporters are so keen on describing what we call plain murder-and-suicide cases, always seem to make sure-fire copy for the newspapers. When one of the dead is identified as the husband or wife of some one other than the copartner in the "pact," the case gets the full force of publicity's spot light. City editors evidently consider an account of the fatal ending of an illicit love affair an excellent *apéritif* on the breakfast menu, and the débris catapulted to the surface during the daily investigations an equally effective pick-me-up at the evening meal.

Detectives assigned to such cases do not approach them with such enthusiasm. They are invariably skeptical of the lover's guilt.

I had read the newspaper accounts of the Miller-Eckroth case. Mrs. Miller was the wife of James O. Miller, a well-to-do Bethlehem truck contractor. Her affair with Eckroth, who lived in Fountain Hill, had been of a year's standing and had provided a popular subject over the teacups and the back fences of the conventional matrons in the neighborhoods of both.

Vine-covered, old abandoned mine building at Friedensville, Pa., haunt of petting parties. "X" marks the spot where Eckroth's body was found by a passer-by at 6:15 A.M., May 24th, 1928, with his car alongside it and Mamie Miller dead inside, huddled in the back seat. What was it—a double murder? A *murder and suicide?*

When questioned by the authorities, Miller had said that his wife had been living with her mother, Mrs. Samuel Glassmire, but that on the night that she was killed he had been expecting her return to his house after a reconciliation which had been effected during the earlier part of the day.

WHEN she did not show up he was disappointed, but simply imagined she had gone to a show or a dance with friends. He went to bed shortly after 9 o'clock, he said, and the next morning was on the point of calling up his mother-in-law to ask why his wife had not come home the night before, when his telephone rang and the authorities informed him of the discovery of her body at the old Ore Mine.

It was around noon when Snyder and I reached the Highway Patrol office at Bethlehem in Northampton County. There we found everyone of the opinion that the crime was one of murder and suicide. The point that remained to be cleared up was the *exact location* of Mrs. Miller's murder.

In order to acquaint us with the work

COAT

Here is the official police photograph, taken on the scene under the direction of detectives before a thing was touched. Note the position of Eckroth's body, with his coat crumpled up under his arms, and the position of his right leg. It was Sergeant Hughes, the author of this story, who, noting the above important indications which had been overlooked, immediately called the Coroner's attention to them with the result—*the Coroner's verdict was changed*. Can you figure out what that change was?

already done, Corporal Fleming turned over to us the file on the case and the set of pictures taken at the scene of the crime before the bodies were moved. Several of these remarkable police photographs are reproduced on these pages.

Seated at a table, I studied the photographs carefully, then read and handed to my partner the following statements (which I have somewhat shortened, cutting out sentences which later on proved to be of little use in our work on the case):

Statement of George Horning, Sr., the man who found the bodies:

"While I was on my way to work around 6:15, as I come to the Ore Mine I seen an automobile parked there. I thought it kinda funny . . . I thought whoever was inside was most likely asleep, and I went over to the car to waken them. As I got near the car, I seen a man *laying on the ground*, and I hollered to him but he did not move. I then went closer to him, and I seen that he was dead. I immediately walked to Ritter's store and told him so's he could notify the police, because I had to get to work."

Statement of M. A. Ritter, who takes up the thread of the story as follows:

"On Thursday morning about 6:45 daylight-saving time, George Horning, Sr., came into my store and told me that there was a man lying dead up at the old Ore Mine. *He did not say anything about a woman being dead.* I in turn notified Doctor Lowright at Friedensville and told him that there was a man dead up at the Ore Mine. Doctor Lowright called Doctor F. R. Bausch, the coroner for Lehigh County, and notified him.

"I then called the State Highway Patrol at Bethlehem and notified them, too. After I called them, I went up to the mine and looked around, and saw a man lying on the ground and a woman sitting in the rear seat of the car, both dead.

"I looked in the front seat of the automobile and there I saw a woman's purse, satin slippers and hat lying on the front seat. I opened the purse to learn whether or not there might be a name card or some mark of identification, but there was none.

"After I was there a short time, Corporal Fleming of the Highway Patrol came on the scene. . . . By this time there was quite a number of people congregated around the bodies, and I left and went back to my store. . . .

"I did not see anyone touch the bodies while I was there."

THE dead man's identity, I learned, had been traced through the Automobile License Bureau, which listed him as David Eckroth, of 576 Benner Avenue, Fountain Hill, Northampton County. His companion was identified by neighbors as being Mrs. James O. Miller, of 1913 Newton Avenue, Bethlehem, who had left her husband the summer before and gone to act as Eckroth's housekeeper.

Shaved of all its technical trimmings, here is the coroner's report:

"There was a bullet wound just below the left corner of the man's lower lip, and a bullet wound in the abdomen near his heart; one bullet had pierced the woman's heart, and the hair and skin on the back of her neck were singed by powder burns.

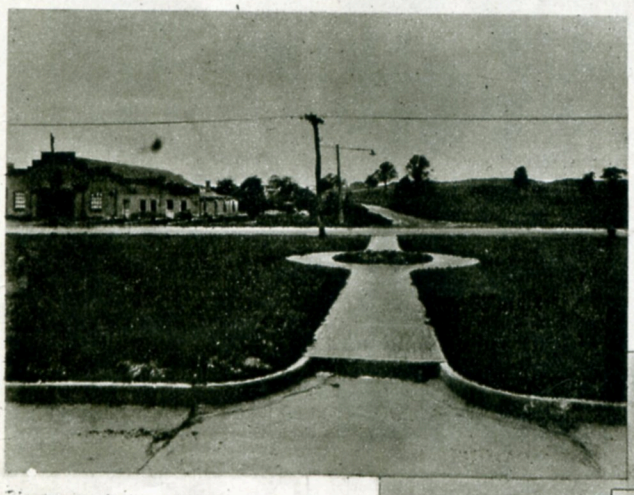
"*A gun was found near the dead man, lying between his wrist and elbow.* It was an Iver-Johnson, blue-steel, hammerless, break-open, Serial 89415, in a very bad and dirty condition. The chamber of this revolver holds five shells. When found, it contained three cartridges; two Winchester .38-caliber cartridges and one .38 U. S cartridge. There were no empty shells in this revolver wl . it was examined by Doctor Bausch."

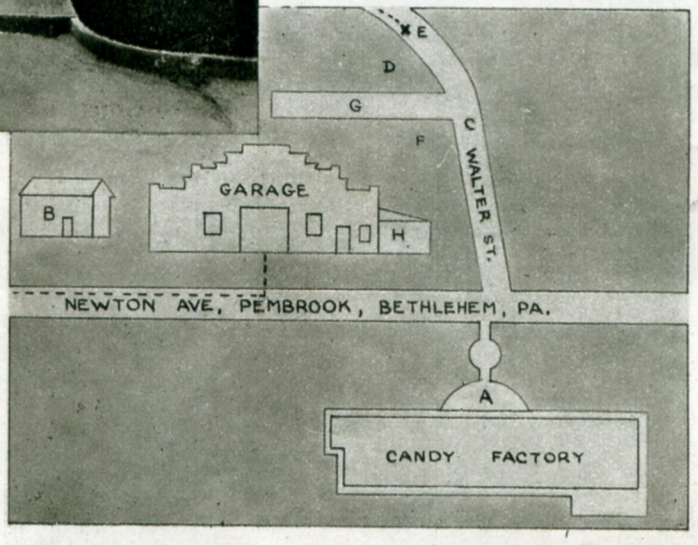
This was puzzling.

"There's no question as to whether or not the fatal bullets were fired from the gun found near Eckroth's body?" I asked Corporal Fleming.

"No," he answered. "This gun was undoubtedly the weapon used. It is very dirty and in bad condition. It doesn't require the examination of an expert to show that the markings made on bullets by its barrel correspond with those on the fatal bullets."

As the reader will have noted, the coroner accounted for four shots: two in the body of Eckroth, one in the body of Mrs. Miller, and another which caused the powder burns on her neck. The weapon he examined was a five-shooter; it contained three loaded cartridges and *no empty cartridges.* This proved that the gun must have been opened after it was fired, the empty shells discarded, and the gun reloaded.





Photograph and drawing of the murder scene sketched for this magazine by Sergeant Hughes, illustrating how Lewis Reber, watchman for the Croft & Allen candy factory, Bethlehem, Pa., could see and hear what was going on at the Miller home on that fatal evening of May 23rd. The dying words of the girl carried clearly across the street in the dead, night stillness: *"Help, Help! Papa! Papa!"* See drawing: *A*—Where Reber stood on porch of candy factory when murder was being committed. *B*—Radio shop. *C*—Spot where Mrs. Miller and Eckroth were murdered. *D*—Rubbish heap where the empty murder shells were found. *E*—Where Eckroth's auto stood, with lights out. *F*—Chicken coop. *G*—Blind alley. *H*—Miller's home

"What leads you to believe that the murder was committed at some place other than the old Ore Mine where the bodies were discovered?" I said.

"In the first place, there is a bullet hole in the woman's hat, and though we searched the car very carefully we found no trace of that bullet in the car. Therefore she certainly wasn't seated in the car at the time she was shot first, anyway. Secondly, we hunted all around near the spot where the bodies were discovered without picking up a single empty thirty-eight-caliber cartridge."

"DO you think souvenir fiends might have swiped the empty shells?" I asked. "I've known those ghouls to go as far as breaking open a gun to extract bullets as mementoes of a murder, and then substituting others! The two makes of cartridges, Winchester and U. S., suggest something like that."

"I don't believe so," he answered slowly. "There were only eight or ten persons gathered there when we arrived, and they swore they hadn't touched anything."

"You've tried to trace the ownership of the gun?" I suggested.

"We questioned members of the dead man's family, of course. His daughter, Lila, admitted that her father had owned a gun, but she couldn't tell us what make it was. We asked Miller, the dead woman's husband, if *he* owned a weapon which his wife might have 'borrowed,' and he assured us that he didn't."

"Who was the last person to see Mrs. Miller alive?"

"Her mother, Mrs. Samuel Glassmire, so far as we can find out."

I jotted down in my note-book the addresses of the two deceased and the names and addresses of relatives and friends. Then Snyder and I left.

"THAT'S no murder-and-suicide," I said to my partner as soon as we were outside. *"It's a double murder!* What do you think?"

But Snyder was noncommittal.

"Why do you think so?" he asked, as we drove off in our flivver in the direction of the Ore Mine.

"In the first place, the absence of the empty shells would clearly suggest a double murder," I reasoned. "There *have* been suicides, it is true, who staged their deaths with extraordinary cleverness to make them simulate murder. And, of course, the obvious evidence is very often misleading. It *might* be *possible* for a mortally wounded man with an extraordinarily strong will to break open a gun, extract the shells and throw them some distance. . . . I don't know enough about that subject to go on record about it. However, since Corporal Fleming made an extensive unsuccessful search for the empty shells, he undoubtedly received assurance from the coroner that such a thing was possible . . . but it was *something else* that led me first to suspect that the crime was double murder.

"Did you examine carefully the position of the dead man, in the photograph taken by the police before the body was moved?"

"Yes," Snyder answered thoughtfully. "He was lying on his back on the ground near the car with his arms close alongside the body. One leg was stretched out stiff, the heel of the foot resting up on the running-board. His coat was rumpled up under his shoulders."

"Exactly! Well, think back over all the dead men you've seen who came to a violent, sudden end through a revolver shot! You and I've seen a good many in our time. Did you ever see one where the body stiffened so quickly that an arm or a leg remained in such a position?" (That the reader may appreciate the importance of this discussion, let him study the remarkable, if gruesome, photograph taken on the actual scene, reproduced on page 59.)

Snyder answered grimly: "No, they just crumpled up in a heap as if they'd tumbled down to take a long snooze."

"That is because complete relaxation immediately takes place. When a man is alive, he might lie on his back with his leg in that position, but the muscles would be taut," I went on, reasoning aloud. "If you question this, we have the added detail of the coat rumpled up under the arms. This clinched, for me, the suggestion of murder. It doesn't take any stretch of imagination to picture the murderer grabbing hold of the dead man under the arms and dragging

him out of the car. In the pitch-dark he didn't notice that the heel had caught on the running-board when he placed the gun between the wrist and elbow and ran as if the fiends were after him."

"If he *had* noticed it, he probably wouldn't have seen any significance in it anyway," Snyder commented. "He must have been pretty nervy to have driven two corpses along the road in that open car! What are you figuring the motive was? Robbery is out, I suppose?"

"Sure," I agreed. "I believe we'll find that the motive was either jealousy or revenge. Either Miller, in an insanely jealous fit, killed the pair, or some woman who was in love with Eckroth or had expected to marry him, dispatched the couple out of revenge. Whoever it was, was evidently determined that their bodies would be separated in death since he or she had failed to separate them in life! That may sound fantastic, but murder is very often fantastic in those triangle affairs."

AS I finished this homily, our car arrived at the old Ore Mine. We parked it on the road and approached the little vine-covered building (pictured in the police photograph reproduced on page 58) where the bodies were found.

(*Above*) The tragic figure of Mamie Miller, who played with fire—and lost. This is the official police photograph, taken right after her body was found, slumped in the back seat of Eckroth's car, as shown. "Mamie was a splendid housewife—but liked gay times," said her stepfather—and perhaps out of those words can be found the answer to the riddle of her death. (*Left*) The murder car in which her body was found

The Highway Patrol had had a bulge of two days on us, and it was a ninety-nine to one chance that any clues they might have overlooked had been grabbed off or trampled into an undistinguishable mass by souvenir fiends and morbid mobs. However, to make our investigation complete, we covered the ground thoroughly once more.

The Ore Mine had sprawled over acres of ground. When in operation its shafts and shacks had ruined the natural beauty of that part of the State; great crevices and deep ruts made by heavy machinery, layers of crumbled rock and huge piles of excavated materials had destroyed every vestige of foliage. But after the mine had been abandoned, the soil had regained its wonderful fertility. Grass and shrubbery now grew in rank profusion once more, and glossy vines covered the deserted and dilapidated structures.

The nearest dwelling to the spot where we were was about 300 yards distant. This isolation made it a favorite haunt for rabbit and bird hunters by day, and petting and liquor parties by night.

During the remaining hours of daylight Snyder and I went over every fraction of an inch of that ground, scrutinizing every twig of the vines and shrubs in search of the missing empty shells. As these are less than three-quarters of an inch long and an eighth of an inch in diameter, it was like hunting for a needle in a haystack. We found dozens of empty shells of every caliber—rifle cartridges, .22's and shotgun shells—but not a single .38.

Around 8:30 we left, empty-handed. An early, blasé moon was already casting romantic silvery beams over the fatal landscape. It promised to be just such a night as those which, on former occasions, had kept the "petting squad" of the Highway Patrol busy. The Ore Mine, however, from the night of May 24th, no longer attracted the attention of guardians of morals—it was guarded by that sinister atmosphere which seems to claim every scene where a crime of violence has been committed.

Before returning to the barracks, I made my report to the authorities, stating my conviction that the case was one of double murder. I detailed our search for the shells and drew the coroner's attention to the unnatural position of Eckroth's body and the way in which the coat crumpled up under the arms.

My report resulted in the coroner's verdict being changed to "double murder committed by a person unknown, with a probable motive of jealousy or revenge."

THE following morning Snyder and I set out to hunt the Unknown, with open minds as to the identity of murderer, or murderers, we were seeking.

For the benefit of readers who are unacquainted with the procedure in murder investigations, I will explain why I did not start off with an interview with Miller, the dead woman's husband.

When a "squeal," as a citizen's report of a crime to the police is called, is sent in, men are dispatched immediately to make a preliminary investigation. Everyone who has any connection with the deceased person or persons is examined, and the officers make a detailed report of the statements of each. After digesting all this data, the *follow-up* detective plans out his campaign. And he very rarely pounces immediately upon the person toward whom suspicion points most directly.

Now, Miller had been given preliminary questioning on the morning the bodies were discovered, and had told the authorities a seemingly straightforward story. He had volunteered the information that he had been at home waiting for his wife's return on the night she died. I felt it would be useless to question him again until I had obtained some lever which would pry open fresh information—*although the finger of suspicion pointed in his direction almost from the beginning, to my way of thinking.*

If he were guilty, the suspense and anxiety which he would naturally undergo while we refrained from questioning him, would do a lot to break down his morale. This is what the police call "sweating" a suspect. If he were innocent, on the other hand, the delay would do no harm.

The first thing to do, as I looked at the situation, was to trace as far as possible the movements of Mamie Miller and David Eckroth on the night they were killed.

Since Mrs. Samuel Glassmire, the mother of the dead girl, was the last person known to have seen her alive, we began our hunt at her home.

My knock on the door of her apartment was answered by an intelligent-looking man of early middle age, who, upon learning who we were and what the object of our visit was, informed us that he was Mrs. Miller's stepfather.

The road leading to the candy factory and Miller's home, over which Eckroth's car passed, with its unsuspecting victims on their way to their deaths. Note the advertising sign over the porch where Reber stood. (*Top*) Major Calvin Goddard, New York firearms expert, examining in his laboratory the fatal bullets in the Mamie Miller case. It was this bullet test that *clinched the case against the murderer*

He invited us in and expressed himself as being most anxious to help in every way possible. He explained that as his wife could not speak English very well, she had asked him to act as her spokesman with the reporters and the police.

It was an unpretentious little home, comfortably furnished and immaculately neat. The parlor into which Glassmire led us had that indescribable "much-lived-in" look, suggesting its constant use for the entertainment of congenial friends and visiting neighbors.

A photograph of a vivacious-looking girl, her hair bobbed in the style of a medieval page, stood in a frame on a small center table.

THOUGH oddly resembling a picture I had scrutinized that morning—a police picture depicting a face with the weariness of death stamped on its features—the contrast was so great I could scarcely believe that the same young woman had been the subject of both, until her stepfather assured me it was, in fact, a snapshot of his daughter taken a few weeks before her death.

A tall, rather good-looking woman, with a kind, jolly, motherly face, entered a few minutes after our arrival. She spoke to Glassmire in a foreign tongue, her eyes fixed anxiously on us. I could not understand what they said, but I gathered that her husband was explaining who we were. She bowed her head in a resigned fashion and sank heavily into a deeply upholstered armchair.

Glassmire dragged forward three chairs near the table so that we formed a circle about it, with the picture of the dead girl smiling at us mockingly.

"Does Mrs. Glassmire believe that Eckroth killed her

daughter?" I asked the stepfather, going straight to the point.

"She says she doesn't know, but she believes he did," he answered. "He was crazy about her . . . " Here he paused and looked anxiously toward his wife.

"Well, tell us in as much detail as you can everything that happened the day of her death, up to the last moment when she parted from her mother," I requested. "Tell it in your own way."

Glassmire hesitated as if seeking an opening sentence, and I suggested that he begin by telling us just why Mrs. Miller had left her husband in the first place, and to tell us, if he knew, who was to blame for the marital rift.

Glassmire pursed his lips and glanced again toward his wife before replying.

"Maybe her mother was a bit to blame," he began at last. "By that I mean, you might say she spoiled Mamie, always let her have her own way and have all the company she wanted. There was always a crowd of young folks around, and they were constantly on the go—parties, dances, picnics, excursions and so on.

"MAME had a lot of admirers," he said, with pride, "and she could have had her pick for a husband. When she chose James Miller, it was a bit of a surprise. Of course he was comfortably fixed and could give her a lot of luxuries, but he was the quietest in the whole bunch; or rather, he didn't belong with the gay crowd she went around with at all. He owned a big interest in a trucking concern and was very ambitious.

"He was up at dawn and worked until late, so he was usually too tired to go anywhere at night. Mamie was a splendid housewife. She fixed up her little house mighty nicely. The only thing he refused to do for her was to take another house; the one they had was small and attached to his garage. But he never begrudged her anything else. He liked her to look smart, and she had a wardrobe filled with wonderful clothes.

"But she was used to the neighbors dropping in at her mother's home, and she found married life terribly lonesome. It didn't take her a jiffy to fix up her place, and then she didn't have a thing to do. Her man didn't like her keeping up with the friends she had before her marriage. For a while she worked in Croft & Allen's candy factory opposite their home with his permission, but even then, when he found out she was skylarking with the boys and girls there at their lunch hours, and wanted to join them on excursions, her man didn't like it and she had to give up the job.

"Then she met Eckroth. I don't know what she saw in him, except that he was lively and good company. He wasn't near so well off as Miller, and he had two grown children. . . . Things got so bad at last, she packed up and left her husband and went to live in Eckroth's house as his housekeeper. Mamie wasn't a girl that was one of them there gold-diggers. There wasn't a lazy bone in her body. But Eckroth's daughter and her didn't get on together, and last Christmas Mamie went back to her husband, though Eckroth promised her anything in the world if she would stay on. . . .

(*Above*) For two and one-half hours Hughes and Fleming searched this dump for the murder shells. Its condition, as photographed after they got through, shows how thoroughly they did the job—and they found, not one, but *four shells* while the murderer was sitting in the parlor of the house but a few yards distant, confident that they had nothing on him—*and would get nothing on him!* (*Left*) Miller's home on the right, and on the left, across the street, the Croft & Allen candy factory. Reber was standing in the doorway below the advertising sign when this photo was taken—just as he was when the double murder was committed—but the white dot indicating his figure is so small it can hardly be discerned. (*Below*) Another view of the Miller home—where the four windows in a line are shown

He was great on promises," Glassmire interjected dryly.

"Then they had another fight, the two of them, and she came here to her mother. We didn't approve of her leaving her husband, but her and her mother were more like sisters than mother and daughter, and we liked to have her around the house."

As he paused for a second, I suggested softly, in order to bring the tale to a point without antagonizing him: "Then on the morning of the day she was murdered——?"

"She was home all that day"—he took a new lease on his story and proceeded again under full steam. "In the morning her man came over around ten. Him and Mame stayed in this

room talking for quite a while. When he left, Mame told her mother that she was going back to him that night. He had bought her a beautiful new Gardner straight-eight sedan, and promised he wouldn't interfere with her having all the company she wanted if she would only come home. She told him she would have to wait until night because she was going into Bethlehem with her mother that afternoon in connection with an endowment policy."

The two women, he continued, went to Bethlehem and transacted their business. Just as they were about to step into the bus that was to carry them home, Eckroth "chanced" along in his car! He called out to them, and when they went over to where he had drawn up alongside the curb, he invited them into a near-by hotel to have a drink.

Over a couple of highballs, Mrs. Miller told him that she was returning to her husband. According to Glassmire's account, Eckroth took the news quite calmly, much to the surprise of her mother.

While driving home to the Glassmire residence in Eckroth's car, Mrs. Glassmire and her daughter sat in the back seat chatting over plans for the near future. When they arrived at the house, Mrs. Glassmire got out first. As her daughter started to follow, Eckroth leaned back and seized hold of Mrs. Miller's arm.

"You know what you promised!" her mother heard him say in a rough voice. "Aren't you going to the party with me tonight?"

"Sure, I'll go to the party with you," Mrs. Miller answered gaily, and getting out of the car she climbed into the front seat with Eckroth, and the two drove off.

"You'll see me later," she called back, laughing and waving to her mother.

"When her mother saw her later," Glassmire concluded his story grimly, "the girl's body was lying in the morgue! Where they went, we do not know. We knew nothing about Mamie's whereabouts until I was called to the phone by her husband and was told that Mame had been found dead at the Ore Mine in Friedensville with Eckroth."

"Now, let's go back to that same evening when Mrs. Miller left with Eckroth. Her husband called later on?" I put the question casually, suggesting that I had heard that Miller had come after his wife. I was bluffing, but I wanted in some way to tie up the husband of the dead girl with the fatal evening.

Glassmire answered without hesitation: "Yes! Just about five minutes after Mame and Eckroth drove off, he showed up and said he had come after Mame. My wife didn't want to make any further trouble, so she pretended to be surprised and asked: 'Why, isn't she home?' and he said: 'No, not yet.'

"That was near nine o'clock. Miller said then: 'Well, I'm going home and go to bed. I've got to get up early in the morning!' And he left."

"Do you believe Eckroth killed your daughter?" I put the question to him bluntly.

"I didn't know Eckroth very well," he said thoughtfully, rubbing his chin with his fingers. "Him and Mame were always quarreling, but they didn't seem to be able to keep away from each other. The girl didn't want to leave her man definitely, because he was awful generous to her. If she told Eckroth she was going back to her man for good and all, I believe he was crazy enough to shoot her rather than let her husband get her again."

During the remainder of our visit, I learned little more. Glassmire impressed me very favorably, and his story had the ring of truth. It was smooth without sounding as if it had been prepared.

Jotting down the names and addresses of the two dead persons' closest acquaintances, I thanked him and left.

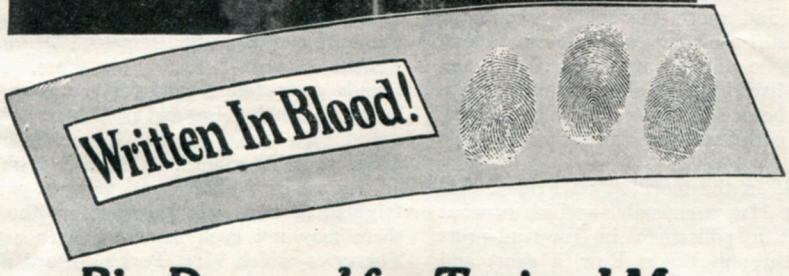
MY next plan was to pick up the trail at the lumber-yard of the Brown Borak Lumber Company, where Eckroth had been employed. There I hoped to learn where the "party" to which the dead man had referred had been held. Though I was more than ever inclined to suspect that Miller was the guilty person, it is always well to discount the obvious.

As we drove away from the Glassmire house, my partner almost voiced my thoughts: "This Miller seems to have been rather a complacent sort of guy, a steady, hard worker. It doesn't seem likely that he would have bought his wife an expensive car as a reconciliation present, and then just because she didn't show up right on the minute, kill the two of (*Continued on page 76*)

Moonlight scene at the old ore mine where the bodies of Mamie Miller and Eckroth were discovered, which shows the character of the country. It was formerly a popular place for night petting parties, but is no longer so. (*Top*) James O. Miller, man of mystery, husband of the murdered girl. The part he played in this strange case had the detectives guessing

He Left His Calling Card

—Telltale Finger Prints!



THREE bloody finger prints on the cash register! He might as well have left his calling card — his doom was already written! These silent witnesses told the story—identified him —convicted him! Live through these thrilling adventures right with Detective McDonald as he gets Arizona's first finger print conviction. Mail the coupon below and get this gripping story FREE, with 12 others just as exciting!

13 True Detective Stories—*FREE!*

Gripping Mysteries! Gruesome Tragedies! Daring Deeds! Hair-Raising Climaxes! Every story will thrill you —grip you! You won't be able to lay it down until you have finished.

Think of it! Real Secret Service Operators give you "inside dope" on real crime cases. They reveal their secret workings — how they solved big crimes that baffled the police all over the country — how they won handsome rewards! These stories are YOURS FREE!— if you act quick! You would pay a good sum for them at a bookstore or news-stand. Here they are yours—FREE—for the asking. Mail the Coupon NOW!

Big Demand for Trained Men

Make $2500 to $10,000 a Year

Finger Print Experts solved every one of these weird, blood-curdling crimes! Finger Print Experts gathered in the great big rewards — were appointed to high official positions for their work! Every day more and more trained men are needed. New Bureas of Identification, new positions are opening up all the time. The field is uncrowded! Opportunities are unlimited!

YOU can learn Finger Print Identification easily, in a short time — in your spare time — at home! YOU can make $2500 to $10,000 a year as a Finger Print Expert. Find out how you can enter this most thrilling, adventuresome profession and make big money fast!

The Knock of Opportunity

Is the knock of the postman as he brings this book, "Finger Prints," to you. It brings you fascinating true detective stories. And more! It tells you how YOU can become a Finger Print Expert quickly and easily—at home, by mail —and at a very small cost—made still easier by our liberal Easy Terms. Mail Coupon NOW!

Institute of Applied Science

1920 Sunnyside Ave., Dept. 14-36 Chicago, Ill.

Send for this Free Book!

Mail This *NOW* for Free Book

Institute of Applied Science,
1920 Sunnyside Avenue, Dept. 14-36, Chicago, Ill.

Without any obligation whatever, send me your new, fully illustrated, FREE book of authentic detective tales, "Finger Prints;" also full details of your low prices and Easy Payment Plan.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State ..... Age .....

The Amazing Crimes of the Original Jack the Ripper

(*Continued from page 57*)

women of the streets, and practically all ranging in age from thirty to forty-five years.

What was afterward believed to be the first murder of this terrible series was that of Emma Elizabeth Smith, who was found lying fatally stabbed on the pavement in Osborn Street, Whitechapel, in the early morning hours of Easter Tuesday, April 3rd, 1888. There was a terrible gash in her throat, and an indescribable mutilation of her body. Her breath reeked of liquor when a policeman found her, and it was generally supposed that she had been wounded in one of the drunken rows which were all too common in that quarter.

She was removed to a hospital, and in spite of her terrible wounds, lived for twenty-four hours. During her periods of semi-consciousness, she talked more or less incoherently of having been followed by "some men," and of having been stabbed by one of them. She even gave an imperfect description of one of them.

THE police made the usual routine gestures toward finding the murderer, but as the woman was of little importance, the investigation was not kept up for very long.

Four months later there was another mysterious stabbing. Martha Turner, or Tabram, was found at 3 A. M. on Tuesday, August 7th, lying on the first floor landing of a tenement known as the George Yard Buildings, in Commercial Street, Spitalfields.

Blood soaked her clothing and covered the landing and the steps below it. Her throat was cut, and there were no fewer than *thirty-nine incised wounds on the body*, all made, as examiners declared, by a knife of razorlike keenness.

In this and several succeeding murders, the police, studying the finger-print bruises on the neck, surmised that the victim had first been seized by a powerful arm, sometimes from behind, and either her mouth covered or her windpipe clutched so that she could make no outcry while the assassin quickly slashed her throat from ear to ear.

It was remarked by some one connected with the police that this woman had suffered a mutilation similar to that of Emma Smith, save that it was worse, and a vital organ had been entirely removed. But if there was any official suspicion that the two crimes were committed by the same person, no hint of it was made public, and no such thought occurred to the newspapers, who by that time had probably forgotten the case of poor Emma Smith, four months before. In fact, they at first announced that it was thought Martha Tabram might have been killed in a brawl with a soldier, and that her wounds might have been inflicted with a bayonet!

This theory was founded upon the testimony of one Mary Connelly, who had known the dead woman for several months. She said they had been together on the previous evening and had met two soldiers with whom they had drinks together at several gin-shops. Finally, about 11:45, they parted, the Tabram woman going with her escort toward George Yard, which was near-by. The witness had heard no quarreling between them. Neither had anyone in the tenement heard any high words or scuffle or other sounds on the steps. And no one could be found who had seen Martha Tabram alive after 11:45.

The Connelly woman did not know the names of the soldiers, nor their regiment, and when taken to a neighboring barracks, could not identify anybody. That did not matter, anyhow, now; for experts testified that while some of the slashes on the body seemed to have been done in a sort of maniacal fury, there was other work that was more like a surgical operation and could not possibly have been done with a clumsy bayonet.

Still there was no suspicion at police headquarters—how could there be?—of the sort of criminal with whom they had to deal. Again the affair was rapidly being forgotten by the public, when attention was once more called to Whitechapel with a jolt of horror—by a *third* mysterious killing of precisely the same sort.

This time the murderer had waited only three weeks. He was growing bolder, more confident. Probably that was why Emma Smith, the first victim, had not been slain outright and more thoroughly mutilated. He was still a bit new at the business, and nervous; he did his work hurriedly, and perhaps had been frightened away by a footstep before he had completed it. Now he acted with assurance and success!

AT 3:45 in the morning on Friday, August 31st, a constable—which is what they call a policeman in England—was passing through Bucks Row, a short and typical street of Whitechapel. One side of it was bordered by cheap, crowded dwellings, the occupants of which were, however, tolerably respectable; the other side was taken up by small factories and a warehouse. Half-way along the block, between two of the dwellings, was a stable.

In front of the wide door of this stable, Constable Neil found the body of a woman; and turning his dark lantern upon it, he saw that the head had been almost severed from the trunk, while the body was laid open with two long, vicious slashes. A doctor who was hastily called found her hands cold, but her feet and legs still warm.

The strange feature of this killing was that it did not appear to have been done, as were all the others, on the spot where the body was found. There was almost no blood on the pavement under or around the body, and it was therefore evident that she had been killed somewhere else and carried to that place. But the police never found the scene of the murder, nor could they trace the course by which the body had been brought. There were scattered drops of blood here and there on the pavement, but in both directions, up and down the street!

As always, the killer was baffling. How he could have carried a body for any distance without being seen by an officer or someone else—for there were always plenty of people prowling the streets of Whitechapel at all hours of the night—was a large item in the mysterious tangle.

The woman was identified during the day as Mary Ann Nicholls, aged forty-two, one of those dwellers in the abyss who live, Heaven knows how. Her husband, a machinist, had not seen her for three years. She had been a house servant in the suburbs for a short time early in the summer, but had stolen some money from her employer and fled—back to the slums.

Four women who identified her said that they had been living with her in a room for which they paid fourpence each a night. On the night of her death, Mary had been turned out of this place because she was a day or two delinquent in her rent. But she was a little the worse for gin that night, and didn't care.

"I'll soon get my doss [lodging] money!" she boasted.

Next door to the stable in front of which she was found lived a Mrs. Green and her son and daughter. They said they had heard nothing unusual during the night; in fact, Mrs. Green added, it had seemed unusually quiet to her. She thought she would have heard any noise, as she had heart trouble and was a light sleeper.

But Mrs. Perkins, who lived a house or two away, had heard someone screaming during the night—"sort of faintlike, as if she were running. She screamed '*Murder! Police! Murder!*' five or six times. The sounds grew fainter and farther away. I heard no other noise, and no footsteps."

But such things as that frequently happened in Whitechapel. Likewise, it must be remembered that some persons, when frightened, will yell "Murder!" although there may not even be any danger of it. The cries which Mrs. Perkins heard may not have come from the throat of the doomed Nicholls woman at all; the Whitechapel killer was usually more skilful in his execution than that.

THE police, after this murder, propounded an eminently silly theory, which they themselves may not have believed—namely, that the killings were being done by a gang of thugs who were preying upon unfortunate women, demanding money regularly from them upon threat of death—and occasionally carrying out the threat, to show that it was no idle one.

But certainly, no gang would have found it profitable to spend time in collecting from and threatening women who could scarcely raise fourpence for a night's lodging! This theory was definitely abandoned just eight days after the death of Mary Nicholls, when a fourth shocking discovery was made.

On the morning of Saturday, September 8th, shortly after 6 o'clock, John Davis, a carman living at No. 29 Hanbury Street, only a few hundred yards from Bucks Row, went downstairs and into the back-yard of his tenement. Let us glance for a moment at the sordid stage-setting of this next scene, for it has some of the true Whitechapel atmosphere.

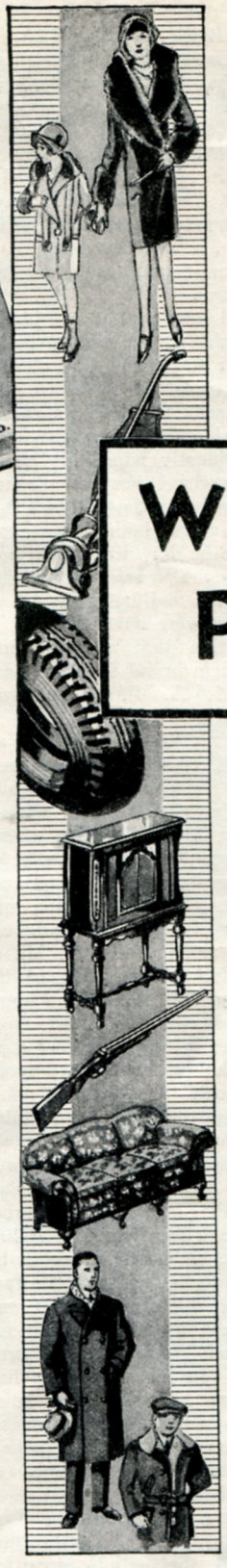
Davis was a tenant of a Mrs. Richardson, who let out the rooms on the second floor singly as lodgings. The front room on the first floor was occupied by a Mrs. Hardman, who ran a cats' meat business in it. She and her son also slept there.

(*Continued on page 68*)

new
STYLES
COLORS
DESIGNS
IDEAS
VALUES

buy
the easy way
the modern way
the saving way

WE PAY THE POSTAGE



Our Greatest Catalog

This is our greatest catalog—the most complete we have ever published. Known everywhere as "THE THRIFT BOOK OF A NATION," our new catalog has, by sheer smartness of its appeal, become also "THE STYLE BOOK OF A NATION."

Take this catalog in your hand. Take the catalog of any other store. Weigh them. Count the pages. Look over the assortment of merchandise. We believe you, too, will say that this new Sears-Roebuck catalog is a most remarkable achievement.

Prices are lower. Values are greater. We guarantee a saving on everything you buy.

Use your new Sears-Roebuck catalog. If you haven't a copy, get one now. Write to our nearest mail order store and it will be sent to you free by return mail.

Our plan of paying the postage was instantly successful—we have never adopted a business policy that approached it in popularity. Old customers were enthusiastic. Thousands of new customers came to us when we announced: "WE PAY THE POSTAGE."

The savings were immediately obvious—comparisons proved beyond a doubt that everything bought from us, under this plan, actually cost less than the same articles purchased elsewhere.

Sears, Roebuck and Co. were first to pay the postage—first to give you this time and money saving plan. You can always look to our catalogs for the modern way of doing things.

RETAIL STORES

Sears, Roebuck and Co. have a chain of 275 retail stores located throughout the United States. There is one near you. A visit to one of these stores will convince you of the superior quality of our merchandise—You will appreciate the savings you can make.

Sears, Roebuck and Co.

Mail Order Stores

CHICAGO, PHILADELPHIA, BOSTON, MINNEAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, ATLANTA, MEMPHIS, DALLAS, SEATTLE, LOS ANGELES

(Continued from page 66)

(Fancy sleeping in a room devoted to the sale of stale meat!)

A long passage ran through the building on the ground floor, from the street to the back-yard. This tiny, paved yard was about four feet below the level of the passage, from which steps led down to it. High board fences divided it from the yards on either side, and at the rear it was closed by the wall of a shop where packing-boxes were made.

Well, then! Davis emerged from the rear door of the passage a few minutes after 6, and started down the steps. As he did so, he discovered with a thrill of horror that a woman's body, dreadfully mangled, was lying to the left of the steps, in a little space between them and the fence.

He turned and ran through the passage to the street, shouting *"Police!"* at the top of his voice.

A constable quickly came, and then a surgeon. It was found that this crime had been committed on the spot—and it was more horrible than any of the previous ones.

And chalked in crude letters upon the fence near-by, these first visitors to the yard told of finding a message which gave a name to the murderer and was before long to be spoken of with bated breath all around the globe:

FIVE! 15 MORE, AND I GIVE MYSELF UP.

JACK the RIPPER.

The title which the supposed killer gave himself became a byword in the English language; and the parodies upon it, applied to various other offenders, such as "Jack the Peeper," "Jack the Slasher" and so on, haunted both Europe and America for decades thereafter.

IF this was, as he boasted, the *fifth* murder that the killer had committed, then there must have been one which had not been discovered, and was never discovered—unless a body found nearly a month later on the Thames Embankment was the fifth victim!

The dead woman found by John Davis in the Hanbury Street back-yard, was identified as Annie Chapman, also known as Annie Sivvey or "Dark Annie," and was variously said to be the widow of a veterinary surgeon and of a soldier.

In an hour or so after the discovery, the dead wagon came from the public mortuary, the doctors gathered the poor, scattered remains and put them into an old, battered, scratched and discolored "shell" or coffin, which was used over and over again on such errands. It had carried Mary Ann Nicholls to the Morgue, and it carried others of the Ripper's victims later.

The amazing facility with which the assassin had worked without being seen or heard made this crime, like some of his others, seem like sorcery. A father and son who slept in the first floor rear and whose windows were almost within arm's length of the scene of the killing, had heard no noise. Moreover, there was testimony which seemed to show that the deed had been committed *after daybreak.*

The police were informed that the woman had been drinking with a man at the "Ten Bells" in Brick Lane at 5 A. M. John Richardson, son of the lodging-house woman, swore that he was in the back-yard at 4:45 A. M. and that there was no body there then. A man living at No. 27, next door, testified that he was in his back-yard at 5:30 A. M. and heard a woman cry, *"No! No!"*—then there was a scuffle and the sound of some one falling against the fence . . . and then silence.

The body, when found, was only two feet from this fence.

Strangest of all were scuffed and bloody marks on the high fences, indicating that the assassin, after the crime, had climbed over into the yard of No. 27 and then No. 25. In the yard of No. 25 was found a crumpled and bloody newspaper, upon which he had evidently wiped his hands. But then he must have become alarmed, for it was declared that he had returned the way he came, across both fences again to No. 29, whence he doubtless escaped, as he had entered, by the passage through the building—the front and rear doors of which, by the way, were never locked. It seemed inconceivable that a man could have done all this in broad daylight, as it was between 5 and 6 A. M., and got away without being seen by some one.

ALL suggestion of a "gang" was now abandoned. The police and everyone else knew that they had to deal with a monster in human form, a person of superhuman cunning, and undoubtedly to some degree a madman. Police Headquarters broadcast a description of a man who, it was variously rumored, had been seen entering the passage at 2 A. M., or who was the drinking companion of the dead woman in the Ten Bells three hours later. He was described as "aged about 37; 5 feet, 7 inches in height; rather dark mustache, dark clothes, black hat; spoke with a foreign accent."

A rumor spread that two men called "Leather Apron" and "Harry the Hawker" were under suspicion. The first constable to reach the scene had found, among other junk that littered the yard, a leather apron. Upon this clue the police arrested a Polish Jew named Pizer, a "boot-finisher" who took boots and shoes home from the factory and did piecework on them. It was true that he wore a leather apron at his work, and had been given that nickname by his neighbors. In his shop were five long, slender, sharp knives—which, however, were necessary tools in his business. Pizer was held only twenty-four hours, and then released for lack of evidence.

We shall hear of him again later.

There was great excitement in the East End, and indeed, in all London, after this fourth (or was it the fifth?) dreadful butchery. Even the staid London *Times* devoted whole columns to it. The tradesmen and manufacturers of Whitechapel held a meeting and appointed a committee which offered a reward for the apprehension of the assassin. Workingmen's clubs and others formed vigilance committees. Even the professional crooks living in the East End were so shocked by the barbarity of the killer that they offered to aid the police in finding him!

The police force in the district was greatly augmented, and Scotland Yard detectives, some of the best in the world, bent all their energies upon the problem. There were already four police stations in the vicinity, and up to that time the constabulary had been regarded as reasonably adequate for such a territory; but it was so no longer.

Two weeks passed quietly, and then startling news came from the north of England. A young woman had been found dead a quarter of a mile from her home near Birtley, County Durham, with wounds in the neck and abdomen quite similar to those of the Whitechapel fiend's work. For a time it was surmised that the Ripper had found London too hot for him and had begun operations elsewhere; but after a few days a young man of the neighborhood of Birtley, an associate of the dead girl, was arrested, and the circumstantial evidence against him appeared strong enough for conviction.

As a matter of fact, the Ripper was not in the least disconcerted by the additional police precautions against him. As if to show his contempt for their puny efforts, he distinguished himself on the next occasion by felling *two victims in one night!*

It was Saturday, September 30th. The International Workingmen's Educational Club, whose quarters were on a little court just off Berners Street, Whitechapel, always had its most enjoyable meetings on Saturday night, when the week's work was over, when everyone had a few pence for beer and sandwiches, and when there was no dread of next morning's alarm-clock. The little court was entered from Berners Street by a passage only about nine feet wide, with a dead wall on either side. Twenty feet back from the street the court widened a bit. One side of it was occupied by two-story tenements, the other mostly by the Workingmen's Club and a small stable.

The entrance passage at night was as dark as a cave. No light from Berners Street shone into it, and the one flickering gas lamp in the court was shut off from it by a shoulder of the wall.

THE club members, after their meeting, began to drift away about 11 P. M. and at intervals thereafter, but a few stayed on, discussing socialism and occasionally singing a song.

Almost precisely at 1 A. M., Louis Diemschutz, the club steward—by trade a salesman of cheap jewelry—returned from spending a day in the suburbs. He was driving a pony attached to a costermonger's "barrow" or cart. He turned from Berners Street into the narrow passage, for the horse and cart were kept in the stable before mentioned.

Suddenly the pony shied violently away from the right-hand wall and refused to go farther. Evidently its keen vision saw something there in the blackness which the man's eyes could not see. Finally, Diemschutz reached out, feeling about with his whip handle, and struck something soft. He sprang from the cart and touched it with his hand.

It was a human body!

Diemschutz at once ran into the club

and returned, bringing one of the members with him. They struck matches and saw that there, lying in the gutter against the wall, was another specimen of Jack's work, and that it had been done *within the past few minutes, for the body was still warm.* In fact, it seemed that the blood had scarcely stopped trickling from the severed throat, whence it ran for yards along the gutter! Doubtless Diemschutz's approach had frightened the man away, for he had not completed the job according to his usual custom.

Pathetically clutched in one of the dead hands was a bit of candy wrapped in tissue, which probably had been bought for the victim by her murderer.

As usual, no direct evidence could be discovered. The woman had been seen by acquaintances earlier in the evening in company with "a dark-complexioned man about five feet eight in height." Again that sinister description! But who had seen them in Berners Street? No one! Residents of the yard and club members had gone through the passage as late as 12:40, and saw no one of their description.

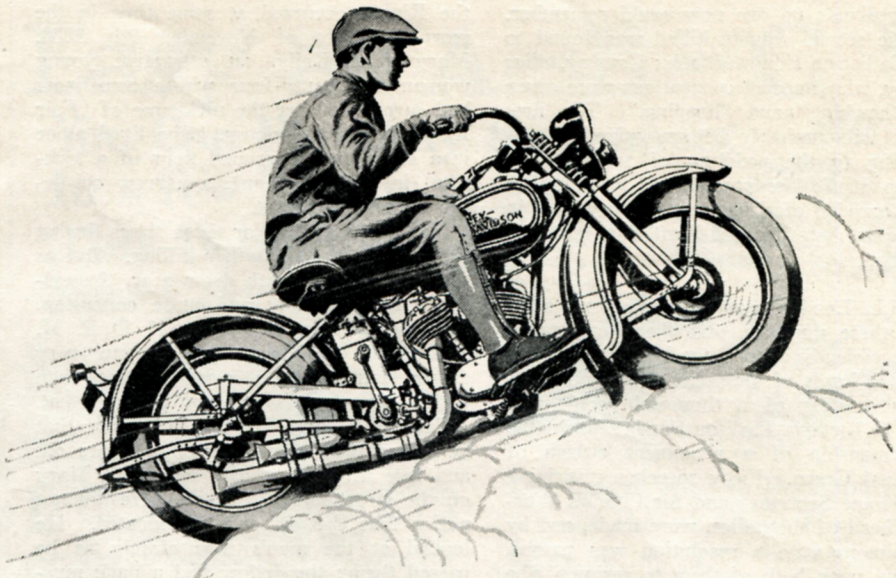
A WOMAN who lived four doors off in Berners Street said that as it was a mild evening and she could not sleep, she had lounged in her front doorway, looking up and down the street, from midnight until 1 o'clock, but did not see any couple at the entrance of the court and heard no untoward sounds.

At 1:45 A. M., almost exactly forty-five minutes later, Constable Watkins was doing his turn through Mitre Square, about half a mile distant from the Berners Street corner. Mitre Square was an irregular open space, about seventy-five by eighty feet in its greatest dimensions, occupied mainly by warehouses and small workshops, together with two old dwellings in which twenty or more people lodged. It was entered only by one small street and two narrow arched passages.

On the pavement in one corner, where he had passed *only fifteen minutes before* and seen nothing, the officer now found the body of a woman, mangled in the usual manner, with the addition that there was a vicious slash across the face, cutting off a part of one ear. She had been dead only a few minutes.

What keen eyes and ears the butcher must have had! He always sensed the approach of an observer in time, and no one ever caught sight of him stealing away from the body of a victim.

Strange things happen in Whitechapel! The first victim of the evening was identified by two or three persons as Elizabeth Stride, also known as Annie Fitzgerald and "Long Liz." Some said they had heard she was a Swede. But one Mrs. Malcolm, a seemingly respectable woman, positively identified the body as that of her sister, Elizabeth Watts, who, she said, had deserted her husband, Edward Watts, and two children, in Bath several years before. Mrs. Malcolm said she saw her sister from time to time and aided her with small sums of money. As against this, the clerk of a Swedish church in the neighborhood swore that the woman was originally Annie Gustafsdotter, born in Sweden and married in England to Thomas Stride, a ship's carpenter, whose



Like Floating on a Cloud

THAT tingling rush of air in your face, that lightning response to the throttle, the buoyant speed, and the feeling of perfect control of your mount

— they give to motorcycling the sense of glorious freedom that no other sport offers. Flying a plane is tame by comparison!

Motorcycling at its best is yours for small cost—in the Harley-Davidson "45". This newest Twin is a wonderful performer—smooth, quiet, speedy, economical—and bigger value than ever for 1930.

See the 1930 models at your local Harley-Davidson Dealer's — they are just out. Ask about his Pay-As-You-Ride Plan. Mail Coupon for literature.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON
Motorcycles

HARLEY-DAVIDSON MOTOR CO., Dept., T. M., Milwaukee, Wis.
Interested in your motorcycles. Send free literature.

Name.....

Address.....

whereabouts no one now could remember.

The second woman killed was found to be Catherine Eddowes, *alias* Conway, *alias* Kelly, whose recent occupations were given as "hawking" and "hopping." The first term will probably be recognized as referring to the peddling of trinkets and cheap stuff; the second, not so familiar to American ears, meant gathering hops in the great hop-fields of Kent, just south of London.

ALL London was in an uproar after these murders, and the storm raged most violently around the Home Secretary and the heads of the police department. A mass meeting of a thousand people was held in Victoria Park on Sunday, under the chairmanship of a prominent citizen of Bethnal Green. Fiery speeches criticizing the Home Secretary and Sir Charles Warren, head of the police, were made, and by unanimous vote a resolution was passed, calling upon both of them to resign. The same demand was made at other meetings and by some of the newspapers.

At the meeting of the Whitechapel District Board of Works, two nights later, it was reported that business in the East End had been greatly damaged by the murders. Many women feared to go on the streets at night even when escorted, and some were afraid even in the daytime! Whitechapel was indeed in a state of nerves.

Numerous persons, mostly women, told of having seen or been accosted by a stocky dark man (though sometimes he was light-complexioned) who usually carried a small, black bag. Sometimes he wore a silk hat, sometimes was more seedily dressed. Some of these tales may have been true, some the product of excited imagination, some pure prevarication for the sake of notoriety. There can, of course, be no doubt that many people saw, and perhaps talked to, the real murderer without knowing it.

At any rate, it became positively unsafe for a stocky, dark man to appear in the streets of Whitechapel. Three or four innocent men of that type, one of them a plain-clothes detective, had to be rescued from mobs by riot squads. A brawl or a woman's scream by night was sure to start a cry of *"Jack the Ripper!"*

A reward of £500 was offered by the Commissioner of Police for the murderer's arrest or information leading thereto; the Lord Mayor offered another £500. The officers of the Tower Hamlets Battalion of Royal Engineers offered £100 and the services of fifty men to aid in any way possible. Members of the vigilance committees patrolled the streets at night.

Four days after these last two murders, a workman on a large unfinished building on the Thames Embankment at Westminster found in one of the cellars a neatly wrapped parcel. When opened, there was disclosed the decomposed trunk of a woman, from which head, arms and legs had been removed. An arm which had been found floating in the Thames at Pimlico several days before proved to have been cut from this body. No more portions were found, and whether this was one of the Ripper's crimes was always a matter of conjecture.

What many believed to have been the last murder committed by the true Jack the Ripper occurred at some time in the morning hours of November 9th, 1888. Mary Jane Kelly, an attractive young woman of twenty-four whose comeliness had earned for her the nickname of "Fair Emma," was the victim. She lived alone in a room on the ground floor of a tenement in Miller's Court, a narrow cul-de-sac off Dorset Street.

She was seen two or three times during the evening preceding her killing. But as the time of her death drew near, the evidence became more and more confusing. One woman saw her about 11:30 P. M. standing at the door of her room, very drunk, talking to a rough-looking man with a shaggy mustache and billycock hat. A laborer, George Hutchinson, swore that he saw a man about thirty-five years old and five feet and a half tall, with Mary on the street about 2 A. M. He did not notice that the girl was intoxicated. He looked at the man's face closely as he passed them; the fellow had a dark mustache, wore a dark overcoat trimmed with astrakhan, and carried in his hand a package bound around with a strap.

Hutchinson spent days and nights thereafter walking the streets of Whitechapel in the hope of seeing the man again, but in vain.

MARY JANE paid eightpence a day for her room, but was several days in arrears. About 11 o'clock in the forenoon the landlord, who lived in the building, sent a porter to ask her to pay up.

The man could get no answer to his raps on the door.

Surmising that she might be out, he put his hand through a broken pane in the window and, pushing the shade aside, looked into the room. What he saw sent him out into Dorset Street, yelling for the police.

This murder was the most sickening of the whole series; the body was literally cut to pieces, and the room resembled an *abattoir*.

At the inquest, a woman living across the court testified that she had heard Mary singing "Sweet Violets," a popular song of the day, in her room about 1 A. M. Another said that she went home about 2:30 and saw a short, stocky man standing silently at Mary's door. About an hour later, before she had gone to sleep, she heard a cry of *"Murder!"* But that was not an uncommon cry in Whitechapel, and most folk took pains to ignore it. Still another woman living across the court said that she heard a low cry of *"Oh! Murder!"* from somewhere, about 3:30 or 4 o'clock.

All this sounds as if the bloody work might have been done in the small hours of the night. But then came a woman, Mrs. Maxwell, who lived at the end of the court, and affirmed that she went out to a grocer's shop just around the corner at 8 o'clock in the morning, and that *Mary Jane Kelly was standing at the door of her room when she passed!*

The witness joked her about being up so early, and Mary replied, "I can't sleep—got the horrors;" adding that it was from booze.

Mrs. Maxwell went to the grocer's, and when she came back, Mary was talking to a short, dark man in a corner of the court.

The grocer, when called, remembered that Mrs. Maxwell had actually visited his shop about 8 o'clock that morning. If her testimony was true, the assassin must have had the nerve to do that dreadful butchery *by daylight* with only the shades drawn and people awake all about, who might have heard any uncommon noise.

His almost unbelievable luck is shown by the fact that nobody saw him leave the house; and if he did it by daylight, how he could have got through the streets unnoticed, when his hands and clothing must have been reeking with blood, is beyond conception.

FOUR days after this murder, Sir Charles Warren resigned. Another reason was politely given, but the pressure on him because of the failure to catch Jack the Ripper was doubtless the chief cause.

The police had narrowed their suspicions to three men; one was Pizer, already mentioned; another was a Russian doctor of bad antecedents who was known to carry surgical instruments around with him. The third, also a doctor, was a man whose mind had for some time been thought to be affected. Detectives had him under surveillance, when suddenly he disappeared, shortly after the Kelly murder. On December 31st his body was found floating in the Thames, and all indications were that it had been in the water more than a month.

Mr. McNaghton, Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard, said in after years that he believed this doctor to have been "Jack the Ripper."

Pizer was put in an insane asylum, and nothing could ever be proved against the third man, the Russian.

But wait! The story is not done yet. Months passed, and everyone thought that the Whitechapel horror was over. The police, confident that the self-slain doctor was the criminal, regarded the appearance of Jack the Ripper as a thing of the past.

But in the following June, 1889, Albert Backert, chairman of the principal vigilance committee in Whitechapel, received an unsigned letter, warning him that the murders would begin again in July! And sure enough, there was at least one more!

At fifty minutes past midnight on Wednesday, July 17th, a constable was passing through Castle Alley, a curving thoroughfare which was really little more than a court, for the entrance to it at one end was a passage only a yard wide. The alley was bordered by workshops, and a number of wagons and carts were parked in it at night.

Constable Andrews passed through it every fifteen minutes. A check-up showed that a sergeant had passed through it only six minutes before Andrews came along and discovered the body; yet the sergeant, swinging his dark lantern this way and that, had seen nothing!

When Andrews bent over the body and saw the familiar slash of the throat and other mutilation, it was estimated that the woman could not have been dead more than *two or three minutes*. Doubtless his approach had frightened the killer away.

He at once blew his whistle. The sergeant was still standing at one end of the alley; another officer was just passing

on the street at the other end of the alley. More officers came running, the alley was blockaded, every nook and vehicle in it, and every building bordering it, was searched; but not a trace of the murderer was found. It was as if he had been an ancient magician and had dissolved into thin air.

The authorities insisted that this killing was not done by the real Jack the Ripper, but by an imitator; but if that were true, the imitator certainly had all of Jack's genius for vanishing, and all his uncanny luck!

This was the last murder known to have been committed in the Ripper's usual style. On September 10th the body of a woman, minus the head and legs, was found in a sack under the arch of a railway viaduct in Whitechapel. Apart from the fact that it was found in that blood-spattered region and that the author of the crime was never found, there was nothing to connect it with the former series.

To this day there is no definite proof as to the identity of the hideous assassin, nor whether he committed his final ghastly deed in November or in the following July. That he had trained surgical skill is pretty generally believed. He was undoubtedly suffering from an exaggerated form of dementia for which we have evolved a name since that time—*sadism.*

JUST after the double killing in September, the police received an exultant letter supposed to be from the killer, with two blood stains and a bloody thumb print on the paper.

Among the many letters written to the London *Times* during that period is one which gives us an interesting commentary on the advance in police methods since then. The writer told the *Times* that experts had discovered that the markings on no two human thumbs are exactly alike. He therefore urged that thumb prints of all suspected persons and everyone taken into custody be obtained and compared with the print on the supposed Ripper's letter and with every other one that could be found.

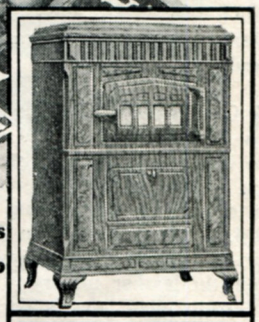
But that sort of thing had never been done before, and of course the police paid no attention to his suggestion! Had they done so, who knows but that the original Jack the Ripper might have been discovered and identified?

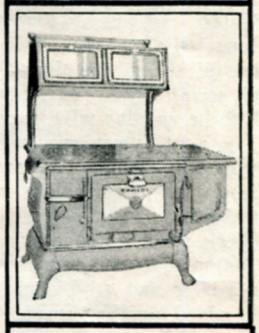
The Scourge of the South Sea Skies

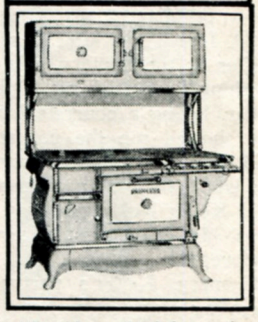
THE chase was on. Pelham thrilled to it. He would follow that plane to hell and back to find out who the Unknown was, the one who held the key to the mystery beyond! The sea was darkening. Night was falling fast. Fuel running low. Still the grim pursuit.

What deep mystery was this to lure on an air pilot? In the September issue of the Macfadden ace of air magazines, FLYING STORIES, you will read one of the greatest air tales ever written. It is called *The Scourge of the South Sea Skies.* Don't miss this splendid issue of FLYING STORIES, on the news stands August 23rd. Twenty-five cents. Thirty cents in Canada.

Mail Coupon
New, FREE Kalamazoo Book
SAVE ⅓ to ½







Factory Sale Prices

Cabinet Heaters $34.75 up

Furnaces $59.80 up

Ranges $37.75 up

Write today for this new book. It's FREE. It quotes Factory SALE PRICES. It saves you ⅓ to ½. It shows more stove, range and furnace Bargains than in 20 big stores.

200 Styles and Sizes

In this book are 200 styles and sizes—beautiful new Cabinet Heaters, improved Porcelain Enamel Ranges (choice of 5 colors), Oil Stoves, Gas Stoves, Electric Ranges and Furnaces.

750,000 Satisfied Customers

Mail the coupon Now! Buy Direct from Factory. Save the way 750,000 satisfied customers have saved from Kalamazoo in the last 29 years. Kalamazoo owners are everywhere—many in your town. Ask them about Kalamazoo quality. *Don't pay twice the price of a Kalamazoo for Quality not half so good!*

Beautiful New Cabinet Heaters

SALE Prices of New Cabinet Heaters—$34.75 up! Best Bargains Kalamazoo ever built. All made of extra heavy cast iron. Heat several rooms. Just like a furnace. Hold heat over night. Many exclusive Kalamazoo features.

Choice of 5 Colors in Ranges

New Porcelain Enamel Ranges and Combination Gas and Coal Ranges in Ivory Tan, Nile Green, Delft Blue, Pearl Gray, Ebony Black—trimmed in highly polished nickel. Always clean—always easy to clean. Porcelain enamel baked on in our own enameling plant—no chipping, flaking, or cracking. Write today for FREE Book.

Easy to Install Your Furnace

SALE prices on furnaces $59.80 up. FREE furnace plans. FREE service. Make a double saving by installing your own furnace. Thousands have. Exclusive Kalamazoo features include Hot Blast Fire Pot—new ring type radiators—easy shaking grates—upright shaker.

Kalamazoo is near you. 24-hour shipments. Orders filled same day as received. No waiting. Safe delivery guaranteed.

Cash or Easy Terms

You can buy on terms so small that you scarcely miss the money—as low as $3 down, $3 monthly. Year to Pay. Everything backed by a $100,000 bank guarantee. Satisfaction or money back. 5-year guarantee on Kalamazoo parts and workmanship.

30 Days' FREE Trial

Use whatever you choose for 30 days in your own home FREE. 360 days' approval test on everything.

Above All Else—Quality

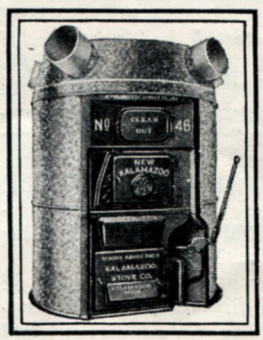
You simply can't get better quality. The reasons are: First, Kalamazoo specializes—Kalamazoo stoves and furnaces are built complete in one big 13-acre factory. We make nothing but stoves and furnaces. Second, Kalamazoo has tremendous buying power—that means purchasing the best raw materials at lowest prices. Third, big scale production enables us to manufacture efficiently at extremely low cost.

Household Goods

Also in this new Book—Refrigerators, Washing Machines, Vacuum Cleaners, Kitchen Cabinets, Cedar Chests and other Household Furnishings.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.
469 Rochester Avenue
Kalamazoo, Mich.

"I paid you $109 for my furnace and the best I could do here on one anywhere near as good was from $180 to $200. You certainly can put me down for a booster for Kalamazoo." Chas. Renstrom, Canton, Pa.



Coal and Wood Ranges	☐
Gas & Combination Ranges	☐
Gasoline Ranges	☐
Cabinet Heaters	☐
Pipe Furnaces	☐
Direct Heat Furnaces	☐
Oil Stoves	☐
Household Goods	☐

750,000 Satisfied Customers Have Saved Money by Mailing This Coupon

Important: Be sure to put an (X) in column at left to indicate articles in which you are interested.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.
469 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Sirs: Please send me your FREE Catalog.

Name.....
(Please print name plainly)

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
Trade Mark Registered

Philadelphia's Famous "Trunk Murder"

(*Continued from page 48*)

Norristown about ten o'clock to collect a bill," Bernard told me. "Later, when Marie called up to speak to Dan, he told her it was noon when he left.

"The next day I went back to the factory with Joseph Sutton, a friend of Dan's, and Thomas Hallman, a lawyer from Norristown. Keller was sitting with his feet propped up on a stove, complaining that Dan had 'deserted' him. He seemed unconcerned, but Young was staring moodily at the stove with his head in his hands. Keller seemed skeptical over Dan's absence, and said he might not have gone to Norristown after all, but might have gone to Detroit, or joined the Navy, or gone 'a thousand places where he had friends.' I didn't like his talk, and left. A few days later, he told me Dan was in Detroit, but would be back soon."

AGNES McNICHOL was the last member of the murdered man's family to see him alive. By a coincidence, she met him on the trolley-car which he took to go to work on the morning of March 30th, 1914, and rode with him to Twelfth and Spring Garden Streets, less than a block from the leather factory.

"Danny went to his death without the slightest suspicion that anything was wrong," she told me. "He was happy and cheerful up to the time I last saw him, and seemed most excited over the baby which he and his wife expected."

My next interviews were with Joseph Sutton and Thomas Hallman, Bernard McNichol's two companions when he visited the leather factory, and with Connery, Keller's partner in the laundry.

Sutton told me the same story of meeting Keller and Al Young at the factory, and added another incident which struck me as peculiar.

"A few weeks later, I stopped in to see Keller at the laundry, where he was then working," he told me. "He was in the cellar, laying a concrete base for a boiler. He showed me the concrete, which was still wet, and said he intended to cover the whole floor with concrete!"

If Keller had carried out that plan, perhaps his crime would never have been discovered!

Connery, Keller's partner, also told a revealing story of Keller's digging in the cellar to prepare the boiler foundation.

"He refused to allow workmen for the heating company to enter the cellar until he was through," he added. "Once, when I started down the cellar stairs to see him about something, he rushed over with an insane glare in his eyes and shouted, *'Get back, I'll come up!'* He had a shovel in his hand and brandished it at me. I went back up, and when he came up I asked him what was the matter, but he apologized and said, 'Nothing.' I thought it was peculiar, but decided it was none of my affair. I certainly never knew of his burying the trunk down there."

Hallman, whose office was at 535 Swede Street, Norristown, gave us our first clue as to the probable *motive* for the slaying of McNichol, although we already knew that the dead man had been robbed of a gold watch and several hundred dollars in money—how much more was guesswork.

"A short time before McNichol disappeared, he, together with his partners, Wade and Keller, visited me and arranged a second mortgage on their factory," he told me. "They were to receive fifteen hundred dollars for the mortgage from a Collegeville man, in return for which they were to remove their business to that place. [Collegeville is about twenty miles northwest of Philadelphia, on the Ridge pike.]

"They were to move on April first [two days after McNichol disappeared], and McNichol was to sign the papers and receive the money a few days before. On March thirtieth, no one had yet appeared to sign the papers, so I went to the factory. Keller told me McNichol had gone to Norristown to see a lawyer, and I thought that strange, because I was the lawyer he would have come to see.

"I WENT to the factory again a few days later, and Keller told me McNichol had gone to Chicago. That was the end of the matter, and the deal fell through."

This information convinced me that Keller plotted to murder McNichol to rob him of the $1,500 which he expected him to receive from Hallman!

We were tightening the net of evidence around Keller, but before going further, I decided to call in two witnesses to make sure of McNichol's identity, for the trial.

Doctor Moratta, his dentist, went with me to the Morgue and identified fillings in the dead man's teeth as work he had done for him about a year previous. The same day, the tailor who had made the dead man's suit, Jack Lipschutz, identified it as one he had made and sold to Daniel McNichol for $27.50 on December 10th, 1912.

With these routine details out of the way, I next tackled the problem of McNichol's watch, which his wife and relatives said had surely been taken from his pockets. Mr. Hepburn, the family attorney, turned over to me a diary containing the number of the watch. To trace it, I thought, would be like trying to find the proverbial needle in the haystack, but I was determined not to neglect anything that might weaken Keller's resistance.

Before beginning a general search through the records of all the pawnbrokers and jewelers in the city, I decided to visit first those in the vicinity of the Red Star Laundry.

Right at the start I had a stroke of luck!

Going along Kensington Avenue, south of the laundry, I walked into the pawnshop of H. Rosenthal, at No. 2629, near Huntingdon Street. The number of the missing watch, *958602*, was on his records! It had been pawned for $10 by a man giving the name of J. McNamee, 826 Wensley Street, on April 7th, 1914.

Looking further into Rosenthal's list of pawned articles, I discovered another startling fact. *On May 15th, 1915, Edward Keller pawned his own watch with Rosenthal, giving his correct name and the address, 3238 Lee Street.*

As I began to study these facts, they took on more and more significance. In the first place, the pawn-shop was only a short distance from the laundry and from 1818 Wensley Street, which had been Keller's home during most of 1914 and 1915. So, clearly, he had had the *opportunity* to pawn the watch.

That he knew of the shop was equally apparent from the fact that he had pawned his own watch there. And that nonexistent address on Wensley Street which had been given by the man who pawned McNichol's watch—that could hardly be merely a coincidence! The street ran only a few blocks and was little known.

Most significant of all, McNichol's watch had been pawned a week after his disappearance, and less than a mile from where his body was found!

I continued to trace the watch, but learned little of value. It had been sold at auction for $15 on July 23rd, 1915. We recovered the works with the number on them, for use as evidence, but the case had been sold for old gold. I also found that the watch had originally been bought in 1900 by the Reverend F. L. Wasel, a priest, who gave it as a reward for some school achievement to the then thirteen-year-old Danny McNichol.

IT was on the same day that I was investigating the history of the watch that I discovered a witness who was to become more important than any I had yet found. I had decided to question Keller's old neighbors along Wensley Street, in an effort to find out what unusual occurrences they had noticed at No. 1818.

Few of them recalled the Kellers, and none gave me any help until I called on Mrs. Annie Seaman, at No. 1834.

"Oh, the man in Eighteen-Eighteen," she said in answer to my question. "Why, yes, I recall something unusual that happened there one time. I was walking home late at night, it must have been one or two o'clock, and was passing in front of the house in the dark, when I walked directly into a big packing-box on the sidewalk!"

"How big was the box?" I asked, with suppressed excitement.

"Oh, about two feet high, and three and a half feet long," she answered. "I ought to remember that, because I tore my dress on the corner of the box! There was a horse and wagon at the curb, and the front door of the house was wide open, but I didn't see anyone."

This vital evidence considerably strengthened our case against Keller, and convinced me that McNichol had been shot and killed in the leather factory, and his body later kept for a time at the Wensley Street house. On the very night that Mrs. Seaman had so opportunely passed the house, the trunk was undoubtedly being taken to the laundry to be buried!

We had not yet been able to connect the trunk itself with Keller, and I decided that this angle of the investigation must be pushed intensively.

Inquiring among trunk manufacturers, I found that the one person in the city who could help us most was a man named J. H. Hand, a foreman employed by a firm near Fourth and Brown Streets. Hand

was unique in his own profession—a man who knew more about trunks than anyone in Philadelphia. From long experience in handling the articles put out by local manufacturers, he was able to tell at a glance which of Philadelphia's hundreds of small and large makers of trunks had made a particular one. We took him to the Morgue and showed him the murder trunk.

Without any hesitation, he told us what it would have probably taken us months of investigation to find out without his aid.

"That was made by old Adolph Fendelman, who has a place near Ninth and Vine Streets," he declared. "I know, because Fendelman is the only trunk maker in the city who uses that kind of bands."

He was right! Not only did Fendelman identify the trunk as made by him, but he told us he had sold it in the spring of 1914 to Edward Keller and Al Young!

"Did he tell you who Young was?" I asked Fendelman.

"He said he was his nephew, from New York," answered the trunk maker. "I knew Keller well—I had worked with him years ago, and had dealings with him since. We were talking about business when he bought the trunk."

This information convinced me more than ever that Al Young could tell us all about the murder, and we redoubled our efforts to locate him.

Fendelman's testimony gave us almost a complete case against Keller.

On January 7th, 1916, three weeks after the discovery of the body, a coroner's jury reported that McNichol had met death by gun-shot wounds "at the hands of Edward Keller," and recommended that the latter be committed to await the action of the Grand Jury.

The Grand Jury promptly indicted Keller on a charge of murder.

FOR a long time I had had a hunch that an investigation of Keller's activities in New York might reveal something interesting. We had communicated with the New York police, but he was not in their files. I pleaded with Captain Tate, then in command of the detective division, and finally, on January 18th, I received his permission to go to New York, together with Barrett and Tyson.

From the information which Keller had given us about his family, we quickly located his sister, Mrs. B. Young, at her home at 16 West Sixtieth Street. It was Mrs. Young who was the mother of Al Young, the missing witness.

"I haven't seen my son for more than two years, or my brother for three," she told us. "I don't know anything about their activities during that time."

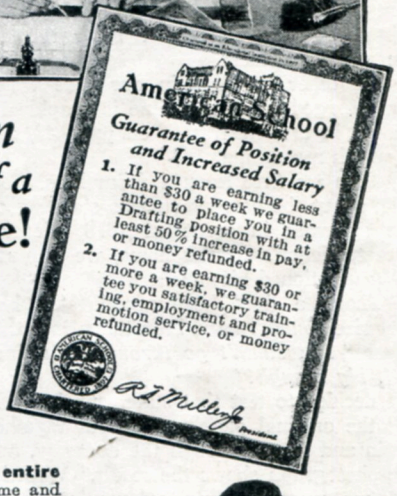
During the conversation, however, Mrs. Young let fall a name which gave us the clue to Keller's record in New York. Hearing her refer to her brother as "Keilblock," I asked her what she meant.

"That's his real name, and my maiden name, too," she replied. "He changed it to Keller after he got into some trouble here. That's all I know about it."

We rushed back to the New York police headquarters and quickly located "Keilblock" in their files. He had served fourteen years in Sing Sing, two for misdemeanors, four for burglary, and eight for grand larceny. The last conviction was obtained after it was found he had stolen

Men who work
with their HANDS . . . Make the BEST Draftsmen

and We'll Back Them with this GUARANTEE *of a* Drafting Job and Raise!



WE are looking for more ambitious young fellows with factory, building-trade or any other kind of mechanical experience to prepare for and place in well-paid Drafting positions. Such men, we find, are unusually successful as Draftsmen, because they know how things are done, and that's a priceless asset to the man who makes the blueprint plans. For there's a great deal more to Drafting than "mechanical drawing" and reading blueprints. The real jobs, those paying $50 to $100 a week, **give you a chance to cash in on your entire past mechanical experience.** Get in touch with me and I'll tell you how.

Drafting is Logically Your Next Move!

Of course you realize the biggest handicap to mechanical work is that you're limited in earning capacity to the output of your two hands, as long as you live. Even the skilled mechanic earning $50 to $60 a week has reached his limit. He can never earn more and when he gets old he will earn **less**. So I don't blame any man for wanting to get away from this futureless outlook. For wanting to get into something where he can use his **head** as well as his hands—where he will be paid for what he **knows** instead of only for what he **does**.

You know enough about blueprints to understand that PLANS govern every move in factory and construction job. The Draftsman who makes them is several jumps ahead of the workman who follows them. And so I want you to know that DRAFTING is a logical, natural PROMOTION from mechanical and building work—better-paid, more interesting—just the kind of work you'd enjoy doing.

Get My NO-RISK Plan

The way to a fine Drafting job for **you**—is easier than you think. It takes no "artistic talent" or advanced education. Thousands of men no smarter than you, with no more education or ability have learned it quickly and you can, too. With the cooperation of some of the biggest employers and engineers in the U. S. we have worked out a plan to prepare you for Drafting work in your spare time at home—to actually place you in a fine position and to raise your pay. **Backed by the guarantee shown above to refund the small cost, if we fail.** Mail the coupon and I'll be glad to tell you all about this life-time chance to get into Drafting.

"Only one other man and I, of six taking California State Board examination for Architect passed. Then I realized the thorough and practical training given by American School. In 18 months I have gone from tracer to Chief Draftsman, in charge of all architectural and engineering work in one of the oldest offices here." R. L. WARREN, Los Angeles, Calif.

"When I started American School training in the Spring of 1915 I was working 14 hours a night, seven nights a week. That Fall I got a job in the Engineering Dept. of a large firm near here. Today I work 5½ days a week and my salary is larger than I ever dreamed of when I began that course in Mechanical Drafting." B. H. SEAVERNS, South Bend, Ind.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL

DEPT. D-662, DREXEL AVE. AND 58th ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

American School, Dept. D-662
Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send free and without the slightest obligation 3 Drafting lessons, 36-page book about the opportunities in Drafting and your Guarantee to get me a Drafting Job and a Raise.

Name.....

St. No......

City.....*State*.....

Age.....*Occupation*.....

3 DRAFTING LESSONS ACTUALLY FREE

To Show You How Interesting and Simple Drafting Is . . .

I wish I had the room here to tell you all about DRAFTING—how it has become the most important branch of every kind of manufacturing and construction work—how fascinating the work is—what a fine bunch of fellows Draftsmen are, the big salaries paid—how while Drafting is white-collar office work, it is closely hooked-up with big projects and big men. All that takes a 36-page book to tell and I'll be glad to send it to you *free*, and in addition I want to send you the first three lessons of our home-training so you can see how you'll like the work and how simple it is to learn. Coupon brings everything—mail it right away.

several thousand dollars from a firemen's benefit fund of which he was trustee while a city fireman.

"A man who could rob the widows and orphans of his own pals who were killed fighting fires would surely not stop at murder!" I remarked to my companions, on our way home. "Information like this can't be used at the trial, but it shows that Keller was a double-dyed crook. I'm more convinced than ever that he did it."

During the weeks that followed, before Keller was placed on trial, our time was largely taken up tracing checks and financial transactions which showed Keller had been systematically robbing the leather company for months, both *before and after McNichol "disappeared"!* We obtained as evidence for the trial a number of canceled checks made out to the leather company and endorsed by Edward Keller. We knew that the authority to cash checks had been vested only in McNichol by agreement among the partners.

One other loophole in our case which was plugged up at this time is graphically shown in the illustration on page 48, and is worth recounting.

When we first learned from Mrs. Seaman about the box which was standing on the sidewalk in front of 1818 Wensley Street, Keller's former home, we immediately questioned him about it.

"That's a lie!" he snapped. "A box that size *couldn't* have been taken into that house. *It wouldn't go through—the door isn't big enough!*"

I decided to test that statement, by having the original packing-case put together again and taken through the doorway, and the photograph shows the result. With its aid we were able to substantiate Mrs. Seaman's evidence in court.

THE trial opened April 25th, 1916. Among the gruesome exhibits placed in evidence were bits of the hair and clothing and the teeth of the dead man. Keller himself was calm and collected throughout the trial, peering interestedly through his spectacles at the grim relics of the murdered man.

Once, when the little widow of the slain man took the stand, he appeared nervous. As she wept and told how his stories of McNichol's wanderings and dissipation had undermined her faith in her husband, he bit his lips and looked out of the window. But he quickly regained his composure, and up to the last few minutes of the trial, told newspaper men he expected to be acquitted.

He did not appear moved by the important testimony of Mrs. Seaman and Fendelman, which was not seriously challenged by the Defense. His attorney, Clarence Sterner, pinned his chief hope in freeing him on the fact that the *weapon* with which the slaying had been done was never recovered or connected with Keller.

Taking the stand in his own defense, he was severely cross-examined by Assistant District Attorney Joseph Taulane. He admitted defrauding the leather company, but accused the dead man of conspiring with him. He also admitted lying to Mrs. McNichol and the Jennings family about seeing McNichol in October, 1914.

"I don't know what put the thought in my head," he said, "but I thought I could raise a little money by telling them I had heard from Dan. I thought I could say he was shabby and badly needed clothes."

He declared that McNichol had left Philadelphia in March, 1914, to "get away from his wife," and that he had never seen him since. He said he had framed up the stories about McNichol's going to Norristown and Western cities at McNichol's suggestion.

Regarding the trunk, Keller readily admitted buying it, and declared it had been used as a sample case.

"The leather scraps were used as packing between samples during one of Dan's sales trips," he declared. "The Friday before he went away, he said he was going to use it for his clothes because he didn't want to get his own trunk from the Jennings house, and I said, 'All right.' He sent Al Young out for the expressman, and I believe they sent the trunk to the Reading Terminal.

"McNichol paid me and Al and then went away. I didn't meet him again until Monday morning, and he said, 'Well, Ed, I'm going. If anybody comes, tell them I'm going to Norristown, or anything you can think of. Don't tell them what I'm going to do.'

"AT four o'clock he telephoned and said, 'Meet me in the waiting-room of the Reading Terminal.' I took Al Young with me. I asked him if he was going, and he said yes, but he had to see some one. I told him if anyone saw him and heard me say he had gone to Norristown, they would say I was a liar. I went to Thirteenth Street and took a car home. I left him at Twelfth and Filbert Streets.

"Next morning I went to the shop and found Al Young there. Al said he had gone to a theater with McNichol and the two later went to a cabaret.

"'Dan is in my room,' Al told me. McNichol telephoned later, and wanted to know if any money had come in. I told him his wife had telephoned. He wanted me to meet him again that night. 'I'm going away, sure, this time,' he said.

"I met him again on Tuesday evening, and he said he was either going to New York or to friends in Indiana. I never saw him again."

A study of the remarkable testimony offered by Keller makes two things clear.

First, he branded himself a liar and thief, and admitted all the actions which had pointed suspicion in his direction. Second, his alibi could be substantiated only by two men, one of whom he was on trial for murdering, and the other of whom has never been seen alive since! The whole thing was obviously an elaborate fake.

The only other two witnesses who testified in Keller's behalf were his common-law wife, whose real name was Mrs. Lurena Lennox, and her employer, John Norris. Their testimony dealt with Keller's actions, which they declared were not suspicious. Mrs. Keller denied that the packing-box had been brought to the house at 1818 Wensley Street. Taulane's cross-examination, however, which elicited her true relationship with Keller, did much to discount her evidence.

On April 28th, 1916, after being out two hours, the jury returned to the court-room, and the foreman announced:

"We have found this man, Edward Keller, guilty of voluntary manslaughter."

The verdict was not a satisfactory one to the Prosecution, as the evidence had undoubtedly called for a conviction for murder; but Keller immediately accepted it. On May 2nd, he was sentenced to from ten to twelve years in prison by Judge Bregy, and the following day the high, barred doors of the old Eastern State Penitentiary at Twenty-First Street and Fairmount Avenue clanged behind him.

AS I watched Keller leaving the court-room after his sentence, and caught a glimpse of his twisted lips and cruel eyes, I had a premonition that I had not seen the last of him.

I was to wait nine years before finding out how right I was!

Edward Keller went into prison a convicted slayer, a man with the weight of two unconfessed murders on his conscience; but he came out eight years later a greater menace to mankind than ever!

If Fate had not taken a hand, he might have continued to vent his bitterness on society for years, for prison had made him crafty—an oily-tongued hypocrite. It also had made him a vindictive, brooding misanthrope—a figure capable of becoming the greatest criminal of our age.

Soon after Keller entered the penitentiary, Mrs. Lennox disappeared. (She re-entered the story for a few moments at the inquest after Keller's death, nine years later.) Another woman, Jennie Flanagan, middle-aged and sympathetic, began to visit him in prison. They decided to be married when he was released, and for nearly the entire eight years that he was in jail she waited for him.

In 1920 he made his first attempt to gain freedom, in an application to the State Board of Pardons at Harrisburg. To oppose it, Mrs. McNichol, the murdered man's widow, went before the Board and asked that Keller be made to serve his full term. The pardon was refused.

On October 14th, 1924, Keller made his second, and successful application. Miss Flanagan appeared before the Board and told of her plans to marry Keller and care for him if he was released. Her beautiful, spiritual face and her earnest and sincere faith in the convict made a strong impression on the members of the Board.

Keller's record in prison was also in his favor. He had been a quiet, obedient convict, and soon after he entered the penitentiary, he had been granted a concession to make the leather novelties and bags at which he was skilled. He hired other convicts, and made large profits. Although he had only $17 when he entered the prison in 1916, he had $5,700 deposited in various banks at the time of his second application for pardon.

After several days' consideration, the pardon was granted, and Keller became a free man on October 23rd, 1924.

The next day he appeared in the court-room where he had been sentenced more than eight years before, and was married to Miss Flanagan by Judge McDevitt.

On her arm was a beaded bag made as a wedding gift by other convicts who had heard of the forthcoming pardon.

After the wedding, in answer to questions by reporters, Keller dramatically declared his innocence of the trunk murder. Raising his right hand above his head, he declared, "There is not a single man who can come forward to-day and point his

finger at me, and say that I killed Daniel J. McNichol, my friend!"

That was true. The only man who *could* have come forward and made such an accusation was Al Young; and I have never had any doubts about *his* fate at Keller's hands!

FOR more than a year, I heard nothing more of Edward Keller.

Then, early one morning a few days before Christmas, 1925, a man whose face was deeply marked with lines of bitterness and hatred hailed a taxicab in front of the Hotel Lorraine, at Broad Street and Fairmount Avenue.

"Drive to Germantown and Chelten Avenues," he ordered, as he seated himself, a large satchel between his knees.

The driver turned his cab up Broad Street to Erie Avenue, where he swung into Germantown Avenue and north into the heart of that fashionable suburb. He drew up to the busy intersection which was his goal, and stopped. There was no movement in the back seat, and he got out and opened the door.

There on the floor lay his passenger—dead—with his fingers plunged into a mass of bank-notes which filled the suit-case!

The driver gasped, and raced to the Germantown police station, a few blocks away. The body was taken to a hospital, where I was one of the first to view it.

The dead man was Edward Keller, arch-hypocrite and criminal. Death had come to him at the moment when he was fleeing with a fortune stolen from the Corn Exchange National Bank, where he had been employed as a night floorman.

It was a different Edward Keller who lay dead upon the hospital table, however. Just ten years before, almost to the day, I had arrested him and charged him with the murder of Dan McNichol. At that time he had been a youthful-appearing, debonair man of not much more than forty.

The man who lay dead before me that early December morning was old and gray, his face bitten deep with lines of brooding and fear, and in his staring eyes a terror which we came to understand better when we had talked to the woman who had married him after his release.

She was located, and told one of the most amazing stories I have ever listened to.

After waiting eight years to marry the pardoned slayer, she had had to leave him after a few weeks, because of his strange fears and his plots for revenge.

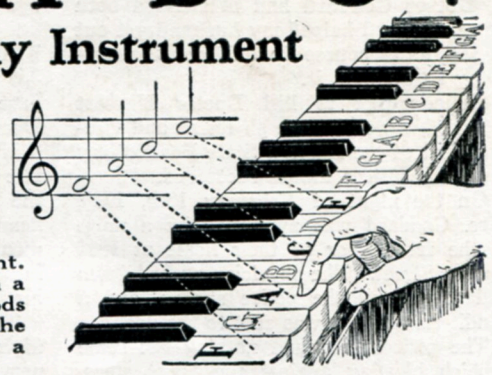
"He couldn't sleep with the lights out, and insisted that I leave them on," she told us. "He wanted me to stay awake, too, and to watch while he slept. Sometimes he would awake in the middle of the night, terribly frightened by nightmares, and would demand that I make him tea or coffee to quiet his nerves.

"I began to fear him, because he was always reading clippings about the McNichol murder and about a girl who disappeared. One of the clippings was about a bushel of lime. I was afraid, and left him.

"The thing that frightened me most was his determination to murder Doctor Goddard. He commanded me to get him a policeman's or a fireman's uniform, and said it would be easy to get into Doctor Goddard's home and 'knock him off.' He

Easy as A-B-C!

You Can Play Any Instrument In a Few Months This Delightful New Easy Way!



Quickest because natural and pleasant. Grateful students say they learn in a fraction of the time old dull methods required. You play direct from the notes. And the cost averages only a few cents a day.

LEARNING music is no longer a difficult task. If you can read the alphabet you can now quickly learn to play your favorite instrument! A delightful new method has made it positively easy to become a capable performer within just a few months. And the cost is only a fraction of what people used to spend on the old, slow methods!

You don't need a private teacher, this new way. You study entirely at home, in the privacy of your own room, with no one to interrupt or embarrass you. And, strange as it may seem, you'll enjoy every minute of it—because the new method is *agreeable* as well as *rapid*.

No Tricks or Stunts—You Learn from "Regular" Music

You don't have to know the first thing about music in order to begin. You learn to play from actual notes, just like the best musicians do. And almost before you realize your progress, you begin playing real tunes and melodies instead of just scales. There are no trick "numbers," no "memory stunts." When you finish the U. S. School of Music course, you can pick up any piece of regular printed music and understand it! You'll be able to read music, popular and classic, and play it from the notes. You'll acquire a life-long ability to please your friends, amuse yourself, and, if you like, make money (musicians are highly paid for their pleasant work).

Whether you like the piano, violin, 'cello, organ, saxophone, or any other instrument, you can now learn to play it in an amazingly short time. By means of this newly perfected method reading and playing music is made almost as simple as reading aloud from a book. You simply can't go wrong. First, you are told how a thing is done, then a picture shows you how, then you do it yourself and hear it. No private teacher could make it any clearer. The lessons come to you by mail at regular intervals. They consist of complete printed instructions, diagrams, all the music you need, and music paper for writing out test exercises. And if anything comes up which is not *entirely plain*, you can write to your instructor and get a full, prompt, personal reply!

The Surest Way to Be Popular and Have a Good Time

Do you sit "on the sidelines" at a party? Are you out of it because you can't play? Many, many people are! It's the musician who claims attention. If you play you are always in demand. Many invitations come to you. Amateur orchestras offer you wonderful afternoons and evenings. And you meet the kind of people you have always wanted to know. So don't miss this exceptional opportunity.

Pick Your Course

Piano	Violin
Organ	Clarinet
Ukulele	Flute
Cornet	Saxophone
Trombone	Harp
Piccolo	Mandolin
Guitar	'Cello

Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Sight Singing
Voice and Speech Culture
Drums and Traps
Automatic Finger Control
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)
Piano Accordion

Free Book and Demonstration Lesson

The whole interesting story about the U. S. School course cannot be told on this page. So a booklet has been printed—"Music Lessons in Your Own Home." You can have a copy absolutely free by mailing the coupon below. In the booklet you will find an offer that makes the U. S. course available to you at a very low price. With it will be sent a Free Demonstration Lesson which shows better than words how delightfully quick and easy this wonderful new method is. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new *Automatic Finger Control*. If you are really anxious to become a good player on your favorite instrument, mail the coupon now—today. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. **U. S. School of Music, 3069 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.**

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC,
3069 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following Course:

.....

Have you above instrument?.....

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

$5,000.00 Worth of Prizes

I am going to give away, **absolutely free,** an 8 cyl. Studebaker Sedan to someone who answers this ad. It will be delivered thru the nearest Studebaker dealer, or winner may have its full value in cash, **$2,250.00.** This offer is open to anyone in the U. S. outside of Chicago, and is backed by a Big Reliable Company, which has already given away thousands of dollars in cash and prizes to advertise its business.

Solve This Puzzle

There are many objects in the picture of the circus to the left. See if you can find 5 that start with the letter "C." When you do this, write them on a piece of paper together with your name and address and send it to me right away.

$550.00 Given for Promptness

I am also giving away a Chevrolet Sedan; Victrola; Shetland Pony; Seven Tube Radio; Gold Watches and many other valuable prizes and Hundreds of Dollars in Cash, including $550.00 for promptness. First prize winner will receive the Studebaker Sedan and $550.00 cash, or $2,800.00 cash. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be awarded. Find 5 objects in the picture above starting with the letter "C" and send them to me right away with your name and address plainly written. **$5,000.00 worth of prizes.** Everybody rewarded.

L. E. WILFERD, Mgr. **Dept. 3966** **315 South Peoria Street, Chicago, Illinois**

used to gloat over how easy it would be, and how much money and jewelry he would steal from Doctor Goddard's home.

"Doctor Goddard had befriended both of us, and had helped my husband get out of jail, so of course I wouldn't have anything to do with it."

Keller's plot to kill Doctor Herbert Goddard, a well-known physician and vice-president of the Eastern State Penitentiary board of trustees, almost succeeded.

On the night of February 18th, 1925, Mrs. Goddard was awakened by a noise at the front door of their home at 1531 Spruce Street. The physician rushed down and telephoned the police station, and a bandit-chasing car was sent to the door.

The policemen found nothing but some rubbish blowing against the front steps. Keller's attempt to enter the house was thwarted, but he had not given up his terrible plan. He had only postponed it.

By means of cleverly juggled letters of recommendation given him by various employers, Keller managed to obtain a position at the Central office of the Corn Exchange National Bank, 1510 Chestnut Street, a month after his release from prison. Together with eight other floormen, he was on duty all night, being required to ring the bell of a protective agency every hour.

FOR months which stretched into more than a year, he watched his chance. Just after midnight, on the morning of December 20th, 1925, it came.

He had been placed in charge of the late deposits slipped through the door of the bank by merchants, which totaled nearly $20,000 that night. Thrusting the money into a bank satchel, he slipped out into the deserted street just after ringing his bell at 1 o'clock, and hailed a taxicab.

Then began a night of terror and mad flight which ended only when Keller's iron nerves cracked under the strain. There was something of poetic justice in his wild ride through the dark streets of the city where he had caused so much suffering, cringing fearfully in the corner of the taxicab.

His first stop was at his lodging-house on Kensington Avenue, where he stayed more than an hour. We found the next morning that he had evidently tried to sleep, but, impelled by fear, had only tossed restlessly on the bed and finally gone out again. In the room we discovered the torn paper wrappers from the packages of bank-notes, and the bank satchel, which he had discarded for a suit-case of his own.

Out once more into the night, Keller hailed another cab, and rode to the Lorraine, where he registered. Here, too, he found sleep impossible, for he left a half-hour later. *From the expression in his eyes when I saw him dead a few hours later, I know that he suffered all the torments of hell during those sleepless moments in his room and at the hotel—a punishment inflicted by his own conscience, his own better self.*

His fear of being captured with the stolen money had awakened those other, nameless, fears which he had ruthlessly suppressed, and to which his weakened will was now surrendering.

The ghosts of Danny McNichol and of his own sister's son must have risen often to confront him during that terrible night, until that moment when the sight of them was too awful to bear—and he dropped dead on the floor of the speeding cab.

The Clue of the Crumpled Coat

(*Continued from page* 64)

them! It takes a good deal more than that to bring a man of that type to the exploding point."

"That's so, and I'm looking for another reason that caused the fatal flare-up. Nobody can guess how those quiet fellows are going to jump! Anyway, we'll shop around for a while and see if we can pick up any other suspects before we question Miller."

Arriving at the lumber-yard, I explained our business to the manager. I figured that we would get an unbiased opinion of the character of Eckroth from the foreman. The manager sent for him at once.

J. T. Van Villard, the foreman, turned out to be a typical clean-cut, honest-looking workman, early middle-aged and rather taciturn. Before we had talked for many minutes, however, I realized that I had before me a staunch champion of Eckroth.

WHEN I questioned him about the likelihood of the dead man's having killed Mrs. Miller and himself, Villard answered without a moment's hesitation:

"I have known Mr. Eckroth for a good many years, and he was *not* the kind of a man to kill anybody or kill himself!"

When pressed to discuss the affair between Eckroth and the dead girl, he reluctantly admitted that he knew of the friendship between the two, as indeed everybody seemed to. He said Eckroth had told him that Mrs. Miller had once pulled a gun on him, and that he had seen Eckroth give her some money about three weeks before.

"Mrs. Miller used often to come here looking for Eckroth," he declared.

"Do you think that Miller killed them?" I asked.

"I don't know Mr. Miller sufficiently well, nor enough about the case to answer that," he said with canny caution. "But I am of the opinion that it was no suicide and murder affair, but that both were murdered by some unknown person."

Though we questioned many others of Eckroth's former coworkers before leaving, we found none who would admit any knowledge of the "party" to which the dead man had referred in Mrs. Glassmire's hearing.

Snyder and I put in two days, altogether, closely questioning friends of the two deceased persons, without obtaining any definite clue.

Miller's acquaintances and business associates spoke very highly of him, and seemed to regard Mamie as an unfortunate mistake in an otherwise successful life. His patience and devotion toward her were what they never had been able to understand, they all said.

So far as tracing the whereabouts of Eckroth and Mamie on the fatal evening went, we were up a blind alley; they seemed to have vanished completely out of human ken from the moment, around 9 o'clock, when they drove out of Mrs. Glassmire's sight.

When we called at Eckroth's home, we found his son, Floyd, and his daughter, Lila, naturally feeling very bitter toward the murdered girl, who was, after all, only a few years older than themselves. Both blamed Mrs. Miller for the breaking-up of their home and the alienation of their father's affections.

Floyd, a young fellow about nineteen years old, told us that the last time he had seen his father alive was *on the Sunday evening previous to the Wednesday night on which he died.* He, too, could give no information regarding the mysterious "party." He bluntly stated that he believed Miller had murdered the pair, and emphatically declared that he had once heard the husband of the dead girl say he would "get his father." Unfortunately, he had no corroborating witness to this threat. Lila, a pretty young girl of the flapper type, was even more outspoken in discussing her father's friendship with Mrs. Miller. She said that Mrs. Miller had come to her father's home some time in September, 1927, and had kept house for him until he "put her out" shortly before Christmas. She had come after him later, and he had told his daughter he was afraid he would get into trouble and wanted the woman to keep away. She "treated everybody awful mean," was the way the girl put it.

"When did *you* last see your father alive?" I asked her.

"About six-thirty on Wednesday evening, May twenty-third," she answered readily. "He was driving his car, a Chevrolet touring-car. He did not say where he was going or when we should expect him back."

"Your father owned a revolver?"

SHE hesitated, colored deeply, and then nodded: "Yes. The officers asked me that, and I told them. I've gone all through my father's things, but haven't found it . . . But I answered all those questions before."

Though we questioned her and her brother for quite a while, we learned very little more from them.

"Eckroth doesn't seem to have been exactly a home-loving papa," Snyder remarked to me as we again entered our flivver.

I agreed with him. "No. But we seem to be getting one-sided stories. Everyone except Mrs. Miller's mother pictures her as a pursuing vamp, but the evidence points the other way. It's quite obvious that Eckroth knew where she and her mother were going when they went to Bethlehem and he *happened along* to pick them up;

also, that he insisted on keeping a date with her that evening . . . Unless we find something definite to pin onto Miller soon, I'm going to have a lengthy chat with Floyd Eckroth and find out exactly where *he* was that evening . . . Both he and Lila might be said to have had a *motive,* if it comes to that!"

"Time to call it a day yet?" Snyder asked, consulting his watch. Its hands pointed to 9 o'clock.

"No. One more call. Now that we have a line on all possible suspects, I want to tackle their alibis, and we'll start off with the first and most important one to-night—that of Miller. If he went straight home to bed, it's possible that the watchman in Croft & Allen's candy factory, which, you remember, is directly across from Miller's house, may have seen him arrive home."

We had a bite to eat, then drove to the candy factory. Little did we anticipate the "break" we were to get on this trip!

Leaving our car parked some distance away, we walked up to the back entrance of the long, white building which formed the main structure of the Croft & Allen plant.

This and the Miller home are situated on the outskirts of Bethlehem in a sparsely settled district called Pembrook. Everything was as still as the grave when we arrived and knocked on the panels of a door marked *"Employees."* In that dead silence, sounds carry far, and we took the precaution of making our *rat-tat-tat* very soft. It was several minutes before we received any response.

Finally the door was opened cautiously, and the face of a man, well on in middle age, peered at us through a small aperture.

"What do you want?" he demanded grumpily.

"We're from the State Police and want to ask you a few questions about the Eckroth-Miller case," I explained.

EVEN in that uncertain light, I could see the watchman start and shrink back. He seemed to stare rather wildly over our shoulders for a second or two, then opened the door wide and invited us in. Before closing it again, I saw him peer fearfully out into the dark.

"I don't know anything about it, and you're only wasting your time coming here to question me," he said in a voice that betrayed suppressed emotion. "I . . . I warn't *near* the old Ore Mine that night!" I noted a cunning glint that accompanied this explanation, for it is the voice, the manner, the eyes and the gestures of a man being questioned which tell an investigator far more than the words convey.

"What is your name?" I asked him.

"Lewis Reber." Though he had to some extent got command of his voice, his hands spasmodically clasped and unclasped themselves.

"Well, Reber, you had better tell us the truth! If we find you out in one single lie, it's the cooler for *you,* and maybe a charge of conspiracy for murder! We know you weren't at the Ore Mine. You were here. Did you see James O. Miller when he returned home shortly after nine o'clock last Wednesday night?"

Fear, unmistakably, lurked in the apparently honest old eyes, but with a breath-

REPRESENT A Million Dollar STOCK!

SHIRTS UNDERWEAR & NECKWEAR

SELL FOR THE DIRECT SELLING FIELD'S Biggest Manufacturer of

DRESS SHIRTS
SILKS RAYONS MADRASES BROADCLOTHS PERCALES CREPE DE CHINES NOVELTIES

SPORT SHIRTS
WORK SHIRTS
SUEDE SHIRTS
FLANNEL SHIRTS
LUMBER JACKETS
SILK NECKWEAR
UNDERWEAR
ATHLETIC UNION SUITS
TWO PIECE UNDERWEAR
Knitted Shirts Fancy Shorts
Rayon Shirts Rayon Shorts
Running Pants

BE serious with yourself—and figure what it means to represent *the Industry's Giant!*

Consider what you, yourself, can earn with such a company's line—even without any selling experience—and, even, if only in your spare time!

From the competition-proof prices of the several hundred custom-quality selections in your sample book Carlton Mills retains only one small share of the business profit . . . *the manufacturing profit!*

The rest is yours—*the lion's share*—in the form of immediate Big Cash Commissions—Double Weekly Convertible Cash Bonuses—Semi-Annual 40% Cash Profit Sharing... A limitless opportunity. Little wonder that Carlton gets the business and *holds* its representatives.

$1,000 Prudential Life Policy for You
NO COST TO YOU—NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION

Carlton Mills, alone, makes such an offer. Your very first sales activity as a Carlton representative wins you this *almost priceless* reward. Policies written by *The Prudential*—Premiums paid by Carlton Mills. No red tape, no "ifs"... Just another outstanding example of Carlton Mills' leadership. Thru this $1,000 Prudential Life Insurance Policy Carlton Mills guarantees you *"A Protected Future as Well as a Prosperous Present!"*

What This Enormous Stock Means to You and Your Customers

4 HOUR SHIPPING SERVICE
Two Outgoing Deliveries Daily

NO Substitutions—Every Style Carried in Every Size. It Takes a Million Dollar Stock To Guarantee This Rigid No Substitution Policy.

Lowest Competition-Proof Prices through Gigantic Volume Sales.

Tremendous Variety Assures Perfect Selection and Genuine Satisfaction.

DISTRICT MANAGERS
Territories Open for You—Write for Plan To-day!

Sell with the Nation's FINEST SAMPLE BOOK

Carry America's Biggest and Most Complete Line—in Your Pocket

When opened out—*cover to cover*—Your Carlton Custom-Quality Line Measures 30 Feet! Contains hundreds of Fifth Avenue's choicest and newest selections. Beautifully sampled. Handsomely illustrated. A pleasure to buy *from* and to *sell with.* Elaborate! Distinctive! Convincing! A book that gives you a big paying business of your own—immediately—*and at no cost.* Carlton furnishes everything, including the coupon that *starts you off at once!*

MAIL COUPON TODAY

Coupon Brings New Line by Return Mail

FREE Dept. 700-P
CARLTON MILLS, Inc.
114 Fifth Avenue, New York

I'm Ready for Real Business—Send Me the Complete New Carlton Sample Outfit.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____
State_____

CARLTON MILLS, INC.
114 FIFTH AVENUE—NEW YORK

"You Can Get Rid of CATARRH"

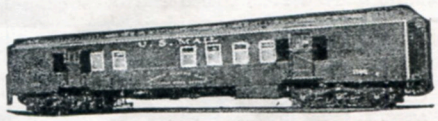
Get directly at the cause. Hall's Catarrh Medicine clears up the inflammation of the delicate linings of nose, throat and ear passages. If you have nasal catarrh, catarrhal deafness, catarrhal bad breath or frequent colds, start taking Hall's now.

Hall's Catarrh Medicine

Ask for the two-in-one Combined Treatment at your Druggist's. If he hasn't it, send 85c to F. J. Cheney & Co., Dept. 239, Toledo, Ohio.

New Radio Log Book Mailed Free to Catarrh Sufferers.

Travel On "Uncle Sam's" Payroll



RAILWAY POSTAL CLERKS, MAIL CARRIERS, CLERKS
$1700 to $3300 Year
Many U. S. Government Jobs obtainable
MEN—BOYS, 17 UP SHOULD MAIL COUPON IMMEDIATELY
Steady Work No Layoffs Paid Vacations

COUPON

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. W279, Rochester, N. Y.

Sirs: Rush to me WITHOUT CHARGE FREE 32-page book with list of U. S. Government positons open to men and women; and full particulars telling how to get a position.

Name.....
Address.....

Finer OLSON RUGS

Any Size You Want

Made From Your OLD Rugs and clothing!

MODERN women don't throw away old carpets, rugs and clothing when they know this material will make lovely new *Olson Duo-Velvety Rugs* that rival the fine Axminsters and Wiltons. Customers write: "Prettiest rugs we ever had" . . . "My husband admired my clever economy" . . . "I saved $30." . . . "Colors are lovely."

☞ *We Pay Transportation from All States.*

Write for SAMPLES, and CATALOG (30 Model Rooms in Color) describing our scientific new Process that has helped a million women to

Save ½ on Rugs

Every rug is woven *Seamless* and *Reversible* with the same deep, close, firm wool nap on *both sides* to give double wear. *Oriental, Two-tone, Modernistic, Oval* and *Hook* designs, woven *clear through*. Any size in One Week. WE GUARANTEE to satisfy or pay for materials. All rugs sent On Trial. (*Our 55th Year.*)

OLSON RUG CO.

Write Dept. E-24 Laflin St., Chicago
Branches in New York, 'Frisco and other cities

Free Book

OLSON RUG CO.
Dept. E-24 Laflin St.,
Chicago, Ill.

© ORC 1929

Please send FREE and postpaid, Book, Samples, Trial Offer and New Low Prices.

NAME.....

Street (R.F.D.).....

City.....State.....

less sort of bravado he attempted to evade again: "I'm the watchman and fireman here, and I've got something better to do than spy on my neighbor!"

"He won't answer," I snapped, addressing Snyder. "We'd better take him along!" So saying, I put my hand on the watchman's shoulder. It was probably the first time he had felt the touch of the law. He shrank back in fear.

"I guess you're right," he mumbled, "but I don't want to talk about *it*. Because if I talk . . . *Miller may come and do the same thing to me. . . .*"

"You needn't be scared. We'll protect you," I reassured him. "Where can we all sit down while you tell your story?"

Without a word, he led the way to a little cubby-hole which was his rest room and office. Snyder brought a couple of chairs in from another part of the building. As soon as we were seated, a convulsive shudder racked Reber's whole body.

We waited patiently without saying a word. When the trembling fit had passed, he started off on his story—a story that far surpassed my most optimistic hopes of reaching an early solution of the mystery:

"*That* night, about nine-fifteen, after I had made my rounds, I came out of the factory and stood on the front porch of the building—a thing I never did before, but it was muggy and warm inside. While I was standing there in the shadow, I noticed a car coming up Newton Avenue without any head-lights. I watched this car turn in towards Miller's garage, and a man gets out of the car and walks around the building . . . and I notice it's James Miller.

"He enters the house by the back and comes out through the front door, opens the garage doors, walks over to his car and turns on the head-lights, and drives into the garage. Then he comes out of the garage, closes the doors and goes back to the house, and enters by the back door. At this time I notice the kitchen light is turned on, and again he comes out the front door and walks up alongside of the house. I wondered what he was up to. . .

"Then I hears somebody talking . . . it's awful still here at night, and voices carry . . . I recognize Mrs. Miller's voice, and she is saying something about her clothes—she'd come to get her clothes. Miller says, clear and awful sirupy:

"'Come on into the house and get 'em—sure, you can have your clothes!'

"Mrs. Miller says she wouldn't go in, but asks him to bring 'em out to her. Then I hears Miller say, coaxing-like, 'Come on in, Mom, you can have your clothes,' and then I can't hear what they say. They're somewhere in the rear of the house. But then I hear Miller say in a very clear voice:

"'I'll fix your feet all right!'

"THEN Miller goes into the house by the back door and comes out of the front door. and walks very quiet and sneaky alongside of the house again to where I had heard the talking in the rear of the house.

"Then there is silence, and the next thing I see is two shots being fired on Walter Street, near the house. I can see the flash and hear the reports. I hear Mrs. Miller scream, 'Oh, oh, Papa, Papa!' and I hear Mr. Miller snarl, savagelike, 'Ya! Ya!' Then there's two or three more shots fired, and I can see the flashes from the shots. Then the next thing I hears is Mrs. Miller moaning.

"Then I got kinda scared that a bullet might come over and hit me. I went inside and looked at my boilers. Then after I seen that everything was all right in the factory, I came back to the front porch again . . . and everything was dead quiet and there was a light in the kitchen. Shortly after, the front room was lighted up for about a minute, and then the lights was turned out. I stood on the front porch for about five minutes and everything was still, so I went back into the factory and didn't come out no more that night. This was 'round nine-fifty.

"Next morning I came out of the factory 'round seven to go home, and when I was waiting for the street-car I seen Mr. Miller over in his yard. I said to him:

"'Did you get your rabbit, Mr. Miller?'

"'I don't know what you mean,' he says.

"'*You know!*' I said.

"Then he went into the house and came right out again. And I said to him:

"'Maybe it didn't scare her after all!'

"'Maybe not,' he says. 'I expected her home last night or this morning for breakfast!'

"That was all the conversation I had with him then, 'cause my car came and I left for home."

"WHY on earth didn't you make a report to the police when you read about the murder?" I demanded, when the watchman's ghastly story, which had gushed out like a torrent that's swept away flood-gates, came to an end.

With a crumpled handkerchief, he wiped away the perspiration from his brow as he answered, somewhat dazedly: "I didn't read the papers in the morning. I sleep all day. The Millers scrapped a lot, and I never paid much attention to 'em. The first I knew was when I was out in front of the factory that night about seven, and Miller came over and told me his wife was dead. I was going to say, 'That's too bad,' or something like that, when Miller said, 'You better be quiet, or you'll find yourself in a sling!' Then he went back home and I went into the factory. He looked at me terrible, and scared me so I held my tongue. You see, I'd read as how the police don't always arrest a man they suspect for days. And I thought Miller might do the same thing to me he did for Mame and Eckroth!"

"Was that the last time you spoke with Miller?"

"No-o-o. On Saturday night around ten o'clock the telephone in the boiler room rang, and I answered it. 'Twas Mr. Miller. He asked me if I wasn't coming over to see Mom—meaning his wife, to view the remains—and I said, 'I'll look at the boilers and then I'll come over.' When I went over there, there was no one in the house but him. He looked queer at me. I stayed there for about ten minutes and left."

At first, Reber's entire story sounded almost incredible to me, and by the expression on Snyder's face I knew that he

shared my skepticism. All night long we questioned and cross-questioned the watchman on every point, without succeeding in detecting the slightest variation.

By morning we had written down his statement, and shortly before his relief came he expressed himself as being perfectly willing to accompany us at once to the office of the Highway Patrol. There we left him in charge of Corporal Fleming, who promptly placed Miller under surveillance until such time as we could have him brought to the District Attorney's office.

Though Reber's story had stood up well under our cross-examination, it was uncorroborated. One overhasty move has ruined many cases. Had we arrested Miller on Reber's statement alone, and it later developed that the watchman had concocted his yarn out of a spirit of animosity toward the dead woman's husband or from pure imagination, not only would Snyder and I have laid ourselves open to a charge of false arrest but it would have reflected seriously upon our whole Troop.

There was nothing to gain at this point by rushing matters, so after leaving the Highway Patrol quarters we proceeded to the barracks for a couple of hours' sleep.

EARLY that afternoon, we had Miller brought to District Attorney Mauch's office at Bethlehem. He came willingly enough, but without a word. I had had previous experience with this type of suspect. He was the sort of man you could kill before he would say anything. His thin, bloodless lips were clamped together as tight as a door-jamb, and his blue eyes shone bright and hard as agate marbles.

It was our plan to flash the watchman unexpectedly on Miller, in the hope that he would betray himself. Reber shrank from this ordeal. He and Miller had been cronies at one time, he explained. But, realizing that he would eventually have to confront the man when he went on the witness-stand, he finally declared he would be "glad to get the matter over with."

So it was that when Miller was brought before the District Attorney, he found his old friend, the watchman, sitting uncomfortably on a chair alongside that official's desk—rather flustered, to be sure, but with a determined look in his eyes.

Miller looked at him with an unreadable expression. If he had the slightest inkling of why Reber was there, he did not betray himself by the twitch of an eye muscle. Of the two, Reber was by far the more nervous.

"I don't like to tell this story, Miller," he said in a voice that trembled and with tears in his eyes. "Somehow, they got wind that I knew—and they came after me. . . ."

"I don't know what you're talking about," Miller snorted contemptuously.

"Oh, yes, you do know, Miller, my boy," Reber almost whined then. "You know, all right, all right!"

He began, then. From start to finish he repeated the same tale he had told Snyder and me the night before. It took much longer in this telling, however. We saw plainly that he was suffering agonies, and frequently he broke down completely and wept.

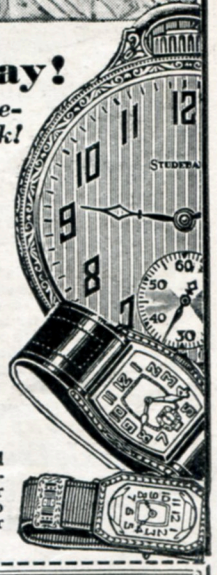
"I can sell you a watch at a much higher Price That Cannot Compare with It!

***—my Jeweler declared when I told him How Much I Paid for my* STUDEBAKER WATCH."**

"When I showed my Studebaker Watch to a jeweler and watchmaker here, he declared it a remarkably fine watch and when I told him how much I paid for it, he was surprised and said, 'I can sell you a watch at a much higher price that can't compare with it. It's a beauty!' He knew when he said it that Studebaker watches are sold DIRECT and in competition to him."—from a letter from T. J. F., Springfield, Mass., a letter typical of thousands we receive.

Buy Watches This Modern Way!

Obtain Factory Prices On Famous 21-Jewel Studebaker Watches—Send Coupon for Free Book!



This new method of selling watches **at factory prices** direct-to-the-customer has merited remarkable popularity everywhere! Imagine being able to purchase the magnificent 21-Jewel, 8-Adjustment, thin-model Studebaker Watch **at factory prices**—by far the lowest prices for similar quality! The Studebaker Watch Company, directed by members of the Studebaker family whose name has meant square dealing for three-quarters of a century, manufactures and sells DIRECT to the customer. **You can buy on very liberal credit terms or for cash.** You can actually own a Studebaker watch out of your present income. **The Studebaker Watch is insured for the lifetime of the purchaser.** 100 exquisite styles in Pocket watches, Strap watches and Bracelet watches. A beautiful 6-color catalog giving particulars of this unusual watch-buying opportunity will be sent FREE and **without obligation.** Simply mail the coupon to us TODAY!

Cash or Easy Monthly Payments!

By eliminating jobbers' and dealers' profits you obtain **factory** prices. You have the manufacturer's own guarantee of satisfaction. Let us send you one of these remarkable watches—you are under no obligation to keep it. If you like it pay for it in cash or small monthly installments. The coupon below will bring you details of this interesting money-saving offer. It will bring you our colorful book of newest watch styles FREE and will show you how to own the watch you select in easy monthly payments. Investigate! Mail the coupon TODAY!

STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY

Watches :: Diamonds :: Jewelry

Dept. NQ-68 South Bend, Indiana

Canadian Address: Windsor, Ontario

FREE!

6-Color Book!

Luxurious Strap and Bracelet watches at remarkably low prices! Your greatest opportunity to save! Send coupon for FREE style book.

STUDEBAKER WATCH COMPANY
Dept. NQ-68 South Bend, Indiana

☐ Please send me your free catalog of Advance Watch Styles and details of your offer.

☐ Please send me free catalog of Jewelry and Diamonds.

Name.....

Street or R. F. D.....

City.....State.....

Sell 3 Dresses for $5.50

and Earn $30, $40 or $50 Every Week

Yes, three beautiful dresses for only $5.50. This amazing offer is just one of the remarkable Fashion Frocks values that are helping hundreds of women earn $30, $40 and $50 a week, besides getting their own dresses without paying one cent. We need more home service representatives at once. Mail coupon for FREE starting outfit.

Beautiful Dresses—Factory Prices

You take orders from friends and neighbors for stunning Paris, London and New York frocks. Also for girls' dresses and little boys' suits. Every garment made in our own big style shops of finest quality materials and workmanship. Offered direct at low factory prices, far below stores. Women order as soon as they see styles.

No Experience or Cash Required

You can earn big money, full or spare time, no matter who you are. We furnish everything you need to start FREE. You collect big commissions daily. We deliver for you and guarantee satisfaction, or money back.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc.

Dept. M-2

CINCINNATI, OHIO

STRAIGHT-LINE

FREE OUTFIT

and Sample Dresses Given

Mail coupon at once for latest style book, samples, and amazing offer whereby you not only earn big money at once, but also get your own dresses without cost.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc.,
Dept. M-2, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Gentlemen: Please rush new style outfit, samples, etc., ABSOLUTELY FREE, and send amazing offer whereby I can get my own dresses without cost.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

Freckles

Can be Secretly Removed!

YOU can remove those annoying, embarrassing freckles, secretly and quickly, in the privacy of your own home. Your friends will wonder how you did it.

Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring. The first jar proves its magic worth. At all druggists.

Stillman's Freckle Cream 50¢

Removes Freckles | Whitens The Skin

FREE new BOOKLET "GOOD-BYE FRECKLES"

STILLMAN CO.
20A Rosemary Lane
Aurora, Illinois

Please send me Free booklet "Goodbye Freckles".

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Maybelline
Eyelash Beautifier

Instantly transforms lashes into a dark, rich luxuriant fringe of loveliness. Lends sparkling brilliance and shadowy, inviting depth to the eyes. The easiest eyelash beautifier to apply... Perfectly harmless. Used by thousands. Try it. Solid or waterproof Liquid Maybelline, Black or Brown, 75c at all toilet goods counters.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

New beauty for BLONDE HAIR

in 10 minutes!

TEN magic minutes with Blondex, the special new shampoo for blondes only, leaves hair gleaming with new life and lustre. Blondex brings out all the natural golden beauty of blonde hair —prevents darkening— coaxes back the youthful sheen and sparkle to dull faded hair. Not a dye or harsh bleach, just a safe gentle shampoo used by a million blondes. At all leading drug and department stores.

He would go so far and then stop. "Miller," he would say, "ain't that the truth I'm tellin'?" Miller would transfix him with a blank stare and reply flatly and unemotionally, *"No!"*

"You *know* it *is!* Come on, Miller, it ain't goin' to do you a bit o' good to say it ain't, when you know it is," Reber would almost plead.

During the entire recital, Miller sat with a twisted smile on his lips; he transfixed the watchman with an unblinking stare that almost drove our witness into a frenzy of shattered nerves. Reber faltered often, but never once did he deviate from his original story, which was being checked up as he went along.

From the beginning I don't think there was a scrap of doubt in the District Attorney's mind that Reber was telling the truth. However, he, too, realized that the watchman's story *alone* would not stand up.

Miller was then taken into custody, and walked off with the guard as calmly and indifferently as if he had been arrested for bootlegging. He was as responsive to questions as a tailor's dummy.

THE search for the missing shells from the murder gun now became a matter of prime importance. To corroborate Reber's story, we *must* find those shells in the vicinity of Miller's house! Miller was not under arrest at that time, but was merely being held on suspicion. Therefore, we did not wish to search his home except in his presence.

The following morning, which fell on Decoration Day, he was taken under guard to his house. Our object was to look for clues and if possible find the missing empty shells.

Miller's appearance of utter confidence, his grimly amused expression as he stubbornly refused to speak, and his indifference as we searched every inch of the house, were a bit disconcerting. We were convinced that he had committed the double murder, but the murderers of most "unsolved" crimes are known to the police—and the knowledge helps the authorities not at all, since they haven't the necessary evidence to prove them guilty beyond a *reasonable* doubt.

The interior of the humble-looking little building that had been Mamie Miller's home was a revelation. Its furnishings were of the best, and Glassmire had evidently not exaggerated when he told us that Miller had bought his wife everything she desired. The wardrobe was packed with smart gowns and wraps, and on rows of trees were shoes and slippers for all occasions. Nor had Glassmire exaggerated the dead girl's housewifely abilities; evidence of her needlecraft was seen in delicate draperies, monogrammed linen and bits of unfinished fine embroidery still lying in a work-basket on the sewing-machine.

"Doesn't seem to be anything *here,*" Corporal Fleming said to me at last. "Let's go out and see if we can find the shells in the yard near where Reber imagined the shooting was done."

With Snyder and me that afternoon were Corporal Fleming and a county detective.

Behind the house, our eyes first fell on a huge heap of rubbish and garbage. It looked like an impossible task to hunt for an object something less than three-fourths of an inch in length and about an eighth of an inch deep in this mess of débris which covered about fourteen square feet of ground and stood several feet high!

"I'd rather hunt a needle in a nice, clean haystack," Snyder remarked as we pitched in to demolish the miscellaneous collection of old shoes, rags, garbage, scrapped bits of automobile accessories, empty tin cans, pieces of bread and cardboard lunch boxes. It was obvious that the candy factory workers as well as the Miller family used this as their dumping-ground.

For an hour and a half we examined carefully every scrap of waste. It was a nauseating and back-breaking job. Fleming was working on one side of the pile and I on the other. Snyder and the county detective had joined the guard inside and were attempting to break down the silence of the uncommunicative Miller.

Finally I straightened up and decided to do a few setting-up exercises to take the crick out of my back.

Stretching my arms at full length above my head, I bent down to touch my toes—when I just about collapsed.

So close it could have stung my nose had it been a wasp, was a .38 empty shell! Lying there, it looked to me to be about nine feet long!

"I've got one!" I yelled to Fleming. *"Look!"*—holding it up between my finger and thumb.

For a full half-minute we both regarded it with all the awe and fascination which a gold-miner probably feels on seeing his first pay-dirt.

Then—the discovery acting as a fillip to our aching muscles and knowing that the empty shells *were* there—we renewed our attack vigorously, and succeeded in locating three more.

So intense was our concentration on the search that the time had flown, and we were astonished to hear the noon hour striking as we entered the house.

THE county detective, Miller and Snyder were sitting in the parlor listlessly, like people in the waiting-room of a railroad depot, when we came in. By referring to the sketch of the scene of the murder reproduced on page 60, the reader will see that the rubbish heap was some distance from the house, facing on Walter Street, and that the window of the parlor faced Newton Avenue. For this reason it was impossible for Miller to know where we had spent the two-and-a-half hours consumed in our absence—and we did not tell him now.

Not by a flicker of an eyelash did he betray anxiety or curiosity. After all, he had probably never heard of the science of ballistics, which would prove that the empty shells he had so carelessly discarded on the night of his crime *came from the gun found near the corpses of his victims.*

For a half-hour or so we made a bluff of questioning our prisoner, and then escorted him back to jail.

I showed the empty shells to District Attorney Mauch and told him of certain cases in which Major Calvin Goddard, pistol expert of New York City, had examined fatal bullets and identified them

with test cartridges shot from the gun of a suspect.

If Goddard could identify the shells found by Fleming and myself in the rubbish heap, I suggested, that would clinch Reber's story.

To make a long story short, the District Attorney obtained the fatal weapon from the coroner and turned it over to me, instructing me to seek the Major's expert opinion. Snyder and I proceeded to Major Goddard's laboratory in New York City and submitted to him the empty shells, the fatal bullets and the revolver found where the bodies were discovered. The expert proved that the fatal bullets were positively fired from the Iver-Johnson revolver, basing his opinion on a slight defect in the breech-block of the arm which turns over a small lip on the priming-cap of any shell that is discharged through it. *This lip was on each of the shells found in the rubbish heap at the rear of James O. Miller's home.*

On June 2nd we returned from New York to Bethlehem with our proof.

AT the direction of the District Attorney, James O. Miller was then arraigned before Alderman Paul Kempsmith in Bethlehem, where I placed a charge of murder against him, and he was committed to the Northampton County prison without bail for a hearing at a later date.

There Miller lived in a fool's paradise until September, when he was arraigned before Judge Stotz and entered a plea of not guilty. He had lived a clean, temperate life and his confinement had had little effect upon his appearance. As he entered the dock, he looked like a man confident of acquittal.

The finding of the empty shells and their examination by experts had been kept a profound secret. We wanted to spring that damning evidence for the first time while the trial was going on, so that the truth would be surprised out of the prisoner himself.

And the surprise burst like a bombshell at the psychological moment! It shattered the defense testimony to shreds. Photographs of the fatal bullets and the empty shells found in the rubbish heap, magnifying them to fifteen times their original size, together with similarly magnified test cartridges fired from the murder weapon, were shown to the jury. Marks and scratches, peculiar to all shots fired from that particular gun, stood out in the pictures like fissures in a crater! As every juryman knows now, the identifying marks made on shells in the barrel of a gun are as individual and unparalleled by the scratches and marks made in the barrels of any other arms, as are the loops and whorls which nature weaves into the finger-tips of human beings.

It "broke" Miller.

Taking the stand, he admitted he had killed his wife and David Eckroth.

He claimed self-defense.

While the court sat breathless, hanging on every word, he told his story in a hoarse, colorless voice that at frequent intervals cracked and uncovered the hardly repressed hysteria beneath. Briefly, it was as follows:

He said that when he arrived home the fatal night, he had found his wife trying to get in the back door of their house.

YOU CAN NOW **Pay Your Bills**

AND HAVE MONEY TO SPARE

You can have a steady income for the rest of your life if you take care of my business in your locality. No experience needed. Pleasant, easy work can be handled in spare or full time.

No Investment Needed

I furnish all capital—I set you up in business, advertise you, and do everything to make you my successful and respected partner in your locality. Partner may be either man or woman. All I ask is that you have ambition and can devote a few hours each day to distributing my famous products to friends and a list of established customers. High grade food products, teas, coffees, spices, extracts, things people must have to live.

Your Groceries at Wholesale

As my partner I furnish your groceries at wholesale. Big FREE supply contains over 32 full size packages of highest quality products. Quality backed by $25,000.00 bond.

I Show You Easy Way to Have $15 a DAY Steady Income

I don't want you to take any chances. **I guarantee** your income. Send coupon at once for my signed guarantee of $100.00 a week for full time or $3.50 per hour for spare time work. I go 50-50 with my partners and give valuable premiums.

Chrysler Coach At No Cost To You

As soon as you come with me I offer you a brand new Chrysler Coach without one cent of cost or deposit. It is yours to keep—not a contest.

C. W. VAN DE MARK,
Pres. and Gen. Mgr.
Health-O Quality Products Co.
Dept. 2003-JJ Health-O Bldg.
Cincinnati, Ohio

©1929 by C.W.V.D.M.

Easy for you to make big money.
I look out for welfare of my partners.

$36.47 in Hour and a Half

Mrs. S. M. Jones, mother of four, took in $36.47 first 1½ hours—made $2,000 profit in few months spare time. C. C. Miner made $200 first 15 days. Wilbur Skiles says: "Besides big commissions you gave me $1,457 in gifts and prizes." Hundreds of others doing as well.

SEND COUPON AT ONCE for APPLICATION

FREE FOOD PRODUCTS COUPON

C. W. Van De Mark
Health-O Quality Products Co.,
Dept. 2003-JJ
Health-O Bldg.,
Cincinnati, O.

Without obligation on my part, send at once, application for territory and details of partnership offer, free food products.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____

Kill The Hair Root

My method is the best way to prevent the hair from growing again Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today enclosing 3 red stamps. We teach beauty culture.

D. J. MAHLER, 709-A Mahler Park, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Learn ADVERTISING at Home

Greater opportunities now in advertising. Learn easily and quickly in spare time. Practical work. No text books. Old established school. Low tuition—Easy terms. *Send for free booklet of interesting information.*

Page-Davis School of Advertising
Dept. 1346, 3601 Mich. Av., Chicago

Money Making Opportunities

I'll Start You Without a Dollar. You'll make $85 weekly, taking orders for finest shirts, ties. Free Outfit. Dept. PC 9, Rosecliff, 1237 Broadway, N.Y.

Big Money Maker Tailoring Line. Pays $4 to $7 an order. Quality Suits, Topcoats, Overcoats. Free suits to producers. Giant outfit free. Dept. PC-9, Olympic, 5th Avenue, cor. 19th Street, New York.

Win Big Pay with New Shorthand. Written in ordinary A-B-C's. Learn its fundamentals first evening. Write shorthand in few hours. Send for Free book! Speedwriting, Inc., 200 Madison Ave., Dept. BM-5242, New York, N. Y.

We Put You in Hosiery and Lingerie business! Make $95 weekly. You don't need experience or money—we furnish everything—$40 worth actual samples. Noe-Equi, Dept. 113, Reading, Pa.

If You Are 40 or More, and Want $35 weekly for dignified spare time work, with splendid Guaranteed Household Products Line, Write Blair Laboratories, 12-M-14 Lynchburg, Va.

Agents sell personal Christmas Cards. Full comm. in advance. We deliver and collect. Samples Free. Hill Studio, 272 Lafayette St., New York.

America's Greatest Tailoring line free; 175 samples; guaranteed pure virgin wool; tailored to order; low price; big commissions daily; also cash bonus; get outfit now. Address Dept. 201, Goodwear, 844 Adams, Chicago.

Sell Three Beautiful Dresses for $5.00 with dollar profit for yourself. Amazing proposition—workers earn $35 to $75 weekly. Your own clothing Free. Malloch Frocks, Dept. 9-P, Grand Rapids, Mich.

A Paying Position Open to Repr. of character. Take orders Shoes-Hosiery direct to wearer. Good Income. Permanent. Book "Getting Ahead" Free. Tanners Shoe Mfg. Co. 2149 C St. Boston.

Sell 2 suits for $34.50. Big Advance commissions. Build permanent business. Become dist. mgr. Liberal guarantee means 100% repeats. Rex Woolen Corp., Grand Rapids, Michigan.

We Start You Without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes, Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., Dept. 670, St. Louis, Mo.

Sell all wool highest value $19.95 suits. $4.00 Commission. 9 x 13 big samples, Line free. Davis-Rogers Tailoring, 901 W. Adams, Chicago.

Without one cent investment make $65.00 every week selling finest work pants made. Every man buys 3 pair for $5.50. Outfit Free. Dept. L.C.S. 9, Longwear, 489 Broome St., New York.

Make Big Money. Sell shirts and ties. Tailored broadcloth, 3 for $6.95, commission $1.50. Beautiful Rayon lined ties. Outfit Free. Dept. BC89, Big Bob, 489 Broome St., New York.

Make big Weekly Earnings. Be a children's wear specialist. Mothers buy on sight. Free outfit. Dept. PC-9, Bobby & Jane, 303 4th Ave. New York.

Hotels Need Trained Executives—Nationwide demand for trained men and women; past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Write at once for particulars. Lewis Hotel Training Schools; Room BR-W637, Washington, D. C.

$8 Daily showing friends, neighbors our all wool made-to-measure clothes $23.75. Everything furnished Free. Your profit in advance. Write for details, Fairbanks, 2307 Wabansia, Chicago.

Agents earn big money taking orders beautiful Dress Goods, Silks, Wash Fabrics, Hosiery, Fancy Goods. 1000 samples furnished. National Importing Co., Dept. V 89, 573 Broadway, N. Y.

If you want to make $15 profit a day and get a new Ford Tudor Sedan free of cost, send me your name immediately. No experience necessary. Particulars free. Albert Mills, 3786 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

Big Pay Daily, selling Shirts, Pants, Overalls, Sweaters, Leather Coats, Lumberjacks, Underwear, Hosiery, Playsuits! Outfit Free. Nimrod Co., Dept. 85, 4922-28 Lincoln Ave., Chicago.

Make $12 a Day and get new Ford sedan Free, taking orders for fine, all-wool, union-made, made-to-measure suits at $23.50up. Biggest commissions paid. We train the inexperienced. Fine carrying-case outfit of large real cloth samples free. Spencer Mead Co., Harrison & Throop Sts., D't. J-972, Chicago

You Don't Need Money or experience. We put you in Men's Shirt—Tie—Underwear Business. You make $4.50 every hour easy. Spare time or full. Write Now! Vanderbilt Mills, Dept 134-P, 29 W. 32nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Earn $100 Weekly Selling Banks, business, professional and society people. America's greatest Xmas Greeting Cards. Large cash commissions daily, liberal monthly bonus and samples together with full instructions sent Free. If you want to earn $2,000 before Xmas apply now to Mgr., Dept. M-1, Process Corporation, Troy at 21st Chicago.

$100 weekly selling all-wool union made-to measure suits and overcoats at $23.50 up. Build big repeat business. Big pay daily—monthly bonus extra. Large samples Free. W. Z. Gibson, Inc., 500 S. Throop, Dept. J-672, Chicago.

Something New
No house to house canvassing. A proposition in which you can build up real business. No investment. Badger Company, Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin.

$95.00 weekly selling union made-to-measure, all-wool suits and overcoats at $25, $30, $35. Biggest commissions paid daily. Extra bonus besides. Write for details. Nearly 200 pure-wool fabrics Free. Pioneer Tailoring Co., Congress & Throop, Dept. J-1272, Chicago.

Forest Ranger jobs pay $125—$200 mo. Home furnished; plenty hunting, fishing, trapping. Write Norton Institute, 1523 Temple Court, Denver, Colo.

A Business of Your Own, Bankrupt and Bargain Sales. Big Profits. We start you, furnishing everything. Distributors, Dept. 279, 429 W. Superior, Chicago.

Women 18 to 45 wanting to increase their income. Pleasant work. Will not interfere with present duties. Write Brown Co., Dept. A, Paducah, Ky.

W't'd immediately. Men-Women, 18-55, qualify for Gov't. jobs; $125-$250 mth. Paid vacations. Thousands needed. Instruction Bureau, 137, St. Louis.

Free Suits earned by 67 men plus cash profits of $75.00 to $425.00. Nationally known line. Great Western Tailoring Co., Dept. 305. Chicago.

makes eyes dance

An application of *Murine* before going out in the evening gives the touch that charms. It adds sparkle and radiance to the eyes, and causes them to look larger than they are.

***Murine* is used by millions to beautify their eyes and to relieve irritation and strain caused by exposure to sun, wind and dust. Use it night and morning and have clear, bright, healthy eyes.**

FREE *Ask at any beauty parlor or barber shop for a free application of Murine.*

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

"It's the Prettiest Dress I Ever Had"

"And I made it all myself! Thanks to the Woman's Institute, I can now make all my own clothes and have two or three dresses for the money I used to spend on *one!* For the first time in my life, I know that my clothes have *style!*"

No matter where you live, you, too, can learn at home to make stylish, becoming clothes and hats at great savings, and earn $20 to $40 a week besides.

Just mail the coupon and let us tell you all about the Woman's Institute and its wonderful new courses in Dressmaking and Millinery.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE, Dept. 91-W, Scranton, Pa.

Please send me your Free Booklet, "Making Beautiful Clothes," and full details of your home-study course in the subject I have checked below. I am most interested in—

- ☐ How to Make Smart Clothes for Myself
- ☐ How to Become a Successful Dressmaker
- ☐ How to Make Distinctive, Becoming Hats
- ☐ How to Earn Money at Home
- ☐ How to Prepare Tempting, Well-balanced Meals

Name.....

(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

She told him she wanted to get her clothes, and that she wasn't coming back as she had promised. He invited her in, but she refused to enter the house. During the argument, Miller said, Eckroth jumped from behind the chicken-coop and said: "Ain't you goin' to give her her clothing?" And Miller said this "scared" him so, that he ran into the house and got his revolver.

He came out again and ordered Eckroth from the premises, threatening him with the gun. The interloper, backing away from the weapon into Walter Street, made a sudden lunge for Mamie and said, "Ain't you coming with me? You know what you promised!" And at this point, according to Miller, Mamie cried, "Help! Help! Pop! Pop!"

(Almost word for word it was Reber's story, but so different now were the intonations and phrasing that Miller managed to change it almost entirely!)

Then, according to the defendant's version, he fired three shots, intending them for Eckroth, but they killed his wife. Eckroth, he said, then grabbed him by the neck. He managed to struggle free, and fired two more shots into his rival's body.

"I then went over and picked up my wife,"—he managed to keep on, though his voice had sunk to little more than a hoarse whisper. "I kissed her and took off her slippers, because she had said that they were hurting her feet. Then I threw away the empty shells, went into the house and reloaded the revolver and pointed it at my head, intending to kill myself, but the bullet did not go off when I pulled the trigger . . . So I came back out of the house and got Eckroth's automobile, which was standing without lights around the curve on Walter Street."

IN detail, Miller then described brokenly his grisly task of loading Eckroth and his wife into the car and propping them up so that they would look "natural;" placing Mamie's slippers, bag and hat on the front seat; the drive through several sleeping villages to Friedensville; his vigil with the dead until two protracted petting parties finally ended and the participants departed; his removal of Eckroth's body from its place by his wife's side; and his return home.

It was, altogether, a tale that would have swayed a more easily moved jury than the average one which is found in the Pennsylvania courts. The murderer who attempts suicide but fails because the trigger does not work, is discredited by these skeptical individuals. After a deliberation of a little more than an hour, a verdict of "guilty of second degree murder" was returned.

Miller was subsequently sentenced to life imprisonment.

"That was one of the clumsiest murders I've ever handled," Snyder remarked after we left the court, "but, gee, if Miller hadn't stopped and thrown away the empty shells before he carted away his victims, I don't believe we would ever have gotten a conviction!"

"In the most carefully planned murders, there's usually an 'if' that lassoes the murderer, *if* that is any consolation to the efficient Miller, who was not so efficient at crime," I added, as we mounted our horses and galloped back to the barracks.

This Month's Contributors

(*Continued from page 4*)

as he had died under mysterious circumstances a few months before. But this could never be verified, and the poisoner was convicted in the second death and sentenced to life imprisonment. She is now in Moyamensing Prison, in South Philadelphia.

Another case in which Lieutenant Belshaw early displayed his ability in tracking down slayers was one in which the principals, oddly enough, were named Kane and Abel!

In this case, however, the guilty person and the victim were the reverse of those of whom we are told in the world's first murder story.

THOMAS KANE, a twelve year old boy, had been to the circus, in an unsettled part of the city near Falls of Schuylkill, in May, 1913. On his way home he was lured into the woods by a man, who mistreated him and then critically wounded him with a revolver.

Before the boy died in St. Luke's Hospital, Belshaw and other detectives rounded up more than 100 tramps and loafers in the vicinity of the circus grounds, and had the boy view them from his hospital cot.

He failed to identify any of them definitely, but he did pick out one who he said resembled his assailant. A few hours later he died in terrible agony.

With this slender clue, Belshaw returned to City Hall and searched the Rogues' Gallery files to find a face like the one the dying lad had picked out. He found several, but one of them, William Abel, had been arrested in connection with similar attacks before. He was taken into custody, and on his hand Belshaw found deep gashes corresponding to the bites the boy had told of inflicting in struggling with his assailant.

Abel maintained that the wounds had been received in a cog-wheel in the factory where he worked, but Belshaw went to the place and found there wasn't a cog-wheel in the entire plant. A pawn ticket found in Abel's rooms led to a blood-stained revolver in a pawn-shop on Ridge Avenue. Abel confessed, was convicted of the revolting crime, and was the second last man hung publicly at Moyamensing Prison. The trap was sprung at 10 A.M., December 3rd, 1914.

The slaying of George Eppley, Philadelphia policeman, during primary riots on September 20th, 1917, was another exciting case in which Belshaw was prominent. The crime, committed by New York gunmen, was revealed as part of a plot which convulsed the political life of the city.

Lieutenant Belshaw's work on the killing of Henry Pierce, Shriner and clubman, in Pierce's Market Street apartments on November 23rd, 1920, won him public commendation from Director of Public Safety Cortelyou, an honor rarely extended to a policeman on active duty.

A few hours after the crime, "Boots"

Rogers, New York chorus girl, and her boy friend, Peter Treadway, a boxer, were arrested speeding through West Virginia in Pierce's big red roadster. The other two participants in the crime were arrested at different times, one of them six years later in Detroit. He was brought to Philadelphia and sentenced to life imprisonment.

To tell of the extinction of the "Gold Coast" gang, the murder of Leo Brown, "King of the Greeks," and dozens of other fascinating cases which Lieutenant Belshaw investigated, would fill several issues of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES. Some of them he hopes to describe to its readers in the future.

Meanwhile, the veteran man-hunter is resting and taking things easy after his thirty-six years of strenuous police duty. His friends, however, doubt if he will consent to remain idle long, and expect to see him getting back into harness soon, on active detective work.

ROBERT CONSIDINE, WHOSE STORY, *"Elbows Across the Street!"* STARTS ON page 49, this issue (also see photos, page 50), is no stranger to readers of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES. Thousands will remember *Why I Shot Eddie Guerin, Under the Convict Lash, Chicago May's Cleverest Job, Slippery "Ice,"* and others of his, appearing in 1927 and 1928, that brought as favorable comment as any series of true crime stories ever published in this magazine—stories, every one of which taught the lesson better than any sermon ever could, that crime *never has paid, and never can pay.*

Just why Considine (who is now 48 and has spent more than 22 years of that time in prisons on three continents) ever took up crime as a profession, is a matter that has puzzled most of those who have known him, the writer among that number. There is, of course, a reason—a cruel, heartless, violent streak in his nature. It could not be otherwise. But in talking with him, the casual observer would never guess it. Knowing his long criminal record in England, France, British South Africa and the U. S., a person naturally looks for hardness in the man, and then he can detect it—occasionally. One's impression, as a whole, is that of kindness, consideration for others—a charming personality. This other streak is like the sudden lightning across a black sky—it shows the possibilities beneath. But it passes quickly and is not the man's natural bent.

When Considine was released from Folsom Penitentiary, at Represa, California, on April 1st, of this year, he had served out what probably will prove to be his last prison term. Chicago May, recuperating from a serious illness, was awaiting him with eager longing in Philadelphia. More than twenty years before, they had been separated in a London courtroom, he dragged away, fighting violently with his guards just after hearing a life sentence at hard labor pronounced upon him for the shooting of Eddie Guerin, she led to a cell facing a term of 15 years. From that hour of the darkest defeat in their lives, up to their meeting in Philadelphia on April 5th of this year, they had not seen each other. Considine wrote many letters to her. They never reached her. One did seem suitable for delivery—but it was held, not delivered. It was handed to him upon his release, so he could deliver it personally—*eight years after he had written it!* Such, in the old days,

I Offer You GROCERIES at Wholesale~and $15 a Day besides!

Think of getting your own groceries at wholesale—and **$15 a day besides!** That's my amazing offer to you! It's the most fair, liberal, generous offer you ever heard of. **And so easy!** You won't have to work half as hard or half as long as you do now. Van Allan reports profits of more than $100 a week with my Plan. Gustav Karnath, $20.35 **the first 5 hours!** Mrs. Hodges, $18 to $20 a day. They had no experience—took no course of training. You don't need any either. And think of the extra money you'll **save** with **groceries at wholesale!**

$15 a Day is Easy

You don't need any capital. It makes no difference where you live. Your own home will be your headquarters. You set your own hours and work as you please. You simply act as my Representative in your locality and look after my interests there. Eugene Ducat did this and made $45 the first two days. Mrs. Pearl Kelly has cleared as high as $26.23 in **one** day!

No Course of Training Necessary

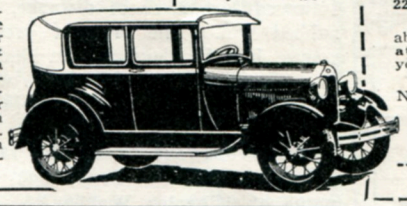
Nothing to do but follow a few easy instructions and take care of orders in your locality for my line of Groceries and other Household Necessities. My customers **must** order from you because I never sell through stores. You alone get the profits on all business from your territory. You positively don't risk a penny. Keep your present job and start in spare time if you want to. Stuart made $18 in 2½ hours' spare time!

Send No Money

Just send me your name—that's all. **You have everything to gain—nothing to lose.** If you want to get groceries at rock-bottom, wholesale prices—and $10 to $15 a day besides—mail coupon today for these amazing new facts. Tomorrow may be too late. Do it now—**today**—**SURE.**

GIVEN NOT a contest. I give you this car **free of cost** as an extra reward or bonus **in addition** to your large cash profits. Mail coupon for particulars.

NEW FORD TUDOR SEDAN



Mail This NOW

Albert Mills, Pres., American Products Co., 2226 Monmouth Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Send me, without cost or obligation, all the facts about your new proposition that offers **Groceries at Wholesale** and $15 a day besides. Also explain your FREE Ford Offer.

Name.....

Address.....

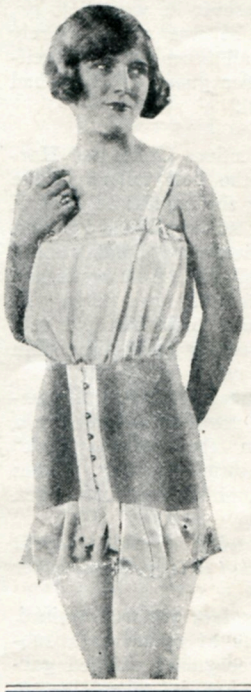
© A. P. Co. (Print or Write Plainly)

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home Make money taking pictures. Photographs in big demand. Commercial Photography also pays big money. Learn quickly at home in spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for new free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography.* **American School of Photography, Dept. 1346 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.**

Learn Public Speaking At home—in spare time—20 minutes a day. Increase your salary. Gain self-confidence, through ability to sway others by effective speech. **Write today** for free booklet, *How to Work Wonders With Words.* **North American Institute 3601 Michigan Av., Dept. 1346, Chicago**

New ~~Ventilated~~ girdle reduces waist and hips

—Two to Four Inches in TEN DAYS



HERE'S a wonderful new *ventilated* girdle that makes you look slimmer instantly and actually reduces your bulky hips and waist—often from 2 to 4 inches in 10 days.

Perfolastic is a cool, comfortable, light-weight girdle made of finest quality, pure live, fresh plantation rubber—a product of the famous Goodrich Rubber Company. It fits with glove-like smoothness, closely encircling waist, hips and thighs, so that your figure takes on—instantly—straight, slender, youthful lines. And with every breath you draw—every step you take—its constant, gentle massage-like pressure breaks down the fat cells—which are 85% water—and moulds away unwanted flesh just as a skilled masseuse would.

If you want to regain a slender figure—to wear the smart new styles effectively—*find out more about this marvelous Perfolastic Girdle.* FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET gives full details and special 5-day trial offer with money-back guarantee that protects you from all risks. Send for it *today.* No cost or obligation. Simply mail coupon below to **Perfolastic, Inc., Dept. 289, 79 Madison Ave., New York City.**

Send for Special 5-Day Trial Offer

PERFOLASTIC, Inc., Dept. 289, 79 Madison Ave., N. Y. City.

Without obligation, please send me FREE Booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle—also special 5-day trial offer.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Charming Hair!

Now you can have it and keep it!

Your hair, soft, fragrant—*lustrous!* Alive with that youthful sparkle everyone admires. Having it and keeping it is largely a matter of proper shampooing. Not just soap-and-water "washings", but the regular use of a shampoo that really *beautifies*—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking!

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it. Does more than merely *cleanse.* It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—*a wee little bit*—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance; that exquisite softness of tone that everyone admires! Millions use regularly! You'll like it! There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample.

J. W. KOBI CO.
624 Rainier Ave., Dept. J, Seattle, Wash.
Please send a free sample.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Color of my hair _____

DEL-A-TONE

Removes Hair in 3 Minutes

Adds that touch of daintiness so essential to feminine charm. The standard depilatory for 20 years. Del-a-tone Cream is snow-white, fragrant, and ready for immediate use.

Under-arm daintiness

Hair-Free Legs

Removes hair **in only 3 minutes** from arms, under arms, legs, back of neck or face. Leaves skin smooth, white, dainty.

Del-a-tone Cream or Powder is sold by drug and dept. stores, or sent prepaid, in plain wrapper, in U. S. for $1.00. Money back if desired. For generous sample send 10c to Miss Mildred Hadley, c/o The Delatone Co., Dept. 49 233 E. Ontario St., Chicago, Illinois

PILES RELIEVED

End dreadful pain this safe way

Why suffer another minute with the agony of piles? You can have quick relief with UNGUENTINE RECTAL CONES. They end pain quickly, safely. Many say they have avoided a surgical operation this easy way. At all druggists—75¢. Write for FREE trial. For cases needing a laxative, doctors urge also the use of NOROL-AGAR. Its gentle lubrication is so safe doctors even recommend it for children. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. TD-9, Norwich, N. Y.

was the mail delivery system at Dartmoor.

The writer spent three days with Considine in Philadelphia at the time of Chicago May's death on Decoration Day, this year. Here was a genuine love in the underworld, if ever there was one! Whatever their sins were—and they were many—these two, throughout the years, loved each other devotedly. We bunked together, and seldom left his room, except to go to a restaurant, for he seemed to have the feeling that the police might pick him up at any time and cause him trouble. And in the long hours of conversation he opened up his heart. It seemed a tough thing to him—he who had been through 30 years of nothing but tough things—that the one person in the world he loved should die right when they both were sincerely planning and looking forward to a better way of life. And, after waiting over twenty years for it, that the end should come in less than 60 days after their reunion.

The world has—and rightly—little sympathy for the criminal. Considine is a man who neither seeks nor wants sympathy. He says he is through with the criminal life if he can earn an honest living without being an industrial slave, eking out a hand-to-mouth existence. Ready to face death at the drop of the hat, as he is, equally quick to do a kind act to some unfortunate—such courage and such gentleness of heart are worthy of a better way of life than has been his lot in the past.

Here's hoping he "makes the grade," as he expressed it, at our parting.

Dope—Scourge of the Underworld

(*Continued from page* 33)

Vachuda was then taken down and directed to meet his man. He failed to indicate the individual, and, no doubt, though closely watched, in some way or by his manner signaled a warning.

However, Jim Lynch, one of the customs men, was his superior in astuteness. He had gone ahead and spotted his man, followed him a short distance, and then nabbed him. The prisoner protested, of course, but the elevator man identified him as a visitor to the loft, who, Vachuda had told him, was "the boss"—William J. Kern!

He turned out to be the famous, or infamous Charlie Cook, but gave the name of "Charles Webber."

But—while they had Cook—how connect him with the dope-smuggling transaction? All they had on him was the identification of the elevator man as a visitor, who Vachuda had once said was the boss.

Here is where the New York Police Narcotic Bureau came in; also the Federal Narcotic Unit.

Cook was held in $25,000 bail in Federal Court. This was only a paltry sum to him, and was at once furnished. True, he was now free to go wherever he wanted to go, but from then on he was never entirely alone. He was at all times under surveillance; as much under guard as if he had been in a prison cell.

NARCOTIC Detectives Czech and Harmon, two of the best tailers in the Narcotic Bureau, at the request of Federal Assistant District Attorney Edward Silver, were assigned by the Police Commissioner to the case—to confine all their work and their entire time to this one thing. In police parlance, they "took him out and put him to bed" every day for more than four months.

Finally, on November 24th, 1926, in passing the door of the room he occupied in a first-class hotel in the "Mazda Belt" (Broadway and vicinity, near Times Square), they detected the scent of opium smoke.

Once you get a whiff of that pungent odor and are told what it is, you will never forget it.

The narcotic detectives are well trained, and know the fumes of opium as a subway strap-hanger recognizes exhaled garlic. Every precaution is taken by an opium smoker to prevent escape of the fumes. Wet sheets are hung over all doors and windows. Sometimes a powerful-smelling disinfectant, like CN, or creosote, is sprayed on the outside of the door—"dragging a herring across the trail," or in underworld parlance, "pulling a fish."

The detectives did not illegally break into Cook's room, as his high-priced lawyer charged at the trial. No; they summoned the hotel manager, who, in turn, directed the maid on that floor to open the door, so that he could investigate what was *"on fire."*

On the bed beside Cook, who was alone in the room, was a complete opium-smoking outfit, lamp lit and pipe hot! The room was saturated with the fumes. There was also a pound of smoking opium in two jars.

When the case came up before a Magistrate a few days later, Cook was *discharged!*

As you may have surmised, Cook was a very wealthy man, with backers still wealthier. At the time of his arrest in the hotel, there were *twenty-nine suits of clothes* in his wardrobe. No expense was spared in the employment of legal counsel.

We have gone into some detail in this case, but what we are leading up to is what the narcotic detectives were looking for. Cook's discharge in the magistrate's court did not even peeve the detectives. **They had got what they had been after.**

In taking Cook from his hotel room they had also taken (for safe-keeping) all his belongings, checking them up in the presence of the hotel manager and giving him a receipt therefor. They took all his papers, letters, documents, canceled checks and check stubs, all of which established the fact that he had bought and paid for the smuggled narcotics in Europe!

COOK put up a bitter fight, and it was not until a year later, December 9th, 1927, that he was found guilty and sentenced to fourteen years in the U. S. Penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia.

He appealed, and lost the appeal. In the interim he was held in the Tombs, New York, without bail. He succeeded, however, in having his sentence reduced to ten

years. Vachuda drew eight years in Atlanta. Weller, the boss truckman, got two years in the Westchester County Jail.

This conviction of Charlie Cook had a salutary effect. A number of the big dealers who were more or less affiliated with him, dropped trading in narcotics for other schemes less dangerous—rum-running, *et cetera.*

The Federal Judge who tried this case stated in open court:

"If these defendants had been acquitted, in my opinion it would have been a distressing sight in this city. Not so much on account of the defendants, but on account of the traffic that they and other people are in, with respect to these powerful, insidious and deadly drugs."

He congratulated Edward Silver, the Assistant District Attorney, saying to the jury: "In my long experience as a trial lawyer and my experience on the Bench, I have not heard presented to the jury a closer and more forcible argument than that boy delivered to you."

The drugs seized in this case cost the dope-smuggling ring probably less than $5,000, for heroin and morphine can be obtained in Europe as cheaply as fifty cents an ounce. The profit that would have been realized would have been close to $100,000! The expense of the ring's agents abroad in obtaining these drugs was easily covered by their previous shipments.

IT was ascertained that in the few months preceding Cook's arrest, the following shipments of drugs were handled by Vachuda, and trucked by Weller:

March 8, 1926, per French Line, S. S. *Paris,* one case invoiced as shoe stretchers, wooden forms, in bond, for Montreal.

When a shipment in bond is delivered to a licensed truck, it must be delivered to the export pier or railroad station before 5 o'clock on the same day, or else brought back to the pier whence it came, or taken to any Government pier where it can be watched by Government agents. This time the driver was instructed by Weller, the boss truckman, to return to his office before delivering the goods. When he arrived there, he was told to go to lunch. Upon his return, the case was missing! Next day it was delivered by another truck at the railroad station, and forwarded to Montreal. *Was it the same case?*

March 12, 1926, Cunard Line, S. S. *Andania,* five cases toys, in bond, Kobe, Japan.

March 29, 1926, per International Mercantile Marine, two cases. Toys, wooden bowling balls and pins, for Kobe, Japan.

March 31, 1926, French Line, S. S. *Suffren,* one case, wooden shoe stretchers, delivered to S. S. *President Garfield,* for Hong Kong, China.

June 23, 1926, White Star Line, S. S. *Belgenland,* three cases shoe stretchers. For Hong Kong, China.

The reason why toys, wooden shoe forms, and so on, are invoiced, is because they are light in weight, and correspond with the low specific gravity of narcotics.

Anyone with a sharp eye may win this Big Cash Prize of $2000 and in addition a brand new Hudson Town Sedan for promptness, if on time—or $3500 in all. Why not you?

You may not be able to sail the seas in search of Treasure Islands, but here is an opportunity for you to experience the thrill of a Treasure Hunt and receive $2000.00 in cash and a brand new Hudson Town Sedan if you are on time. All you need is a sharp eye to discover the right channel that may lead you to the treasure island and also the first prize of $2000.00 in cash and a new Hudson Town Sedan.

THIS IS NOT A MAGAZINE CONTEST

Anyone Who Can Solve Puzzles May Win

We are spending $150,000.00 to advertise the name and products of the Paris-American Pharmacal Company and make them better known. We will give away a first prize of $2000.00; a new Hudson Town Sedan, and 20 other big cash prizes.—That's not all. We will award hundreds of others with $1.25 worth of our goods, and duplicate prizes in case of final ties. The Hudson Town Sedan is given just for promptness, but the first prize winner will get the Hudson too, if on time, or $3500.00 cash, if preferred. Remember you do not have to buy or sell any magazines to win any of the 21 big cash prizes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose by solving this puzzle and sending your answer **quick.**

Solve this puzzle and solve it quick! There is too much at stake for you to delay a minute. Take a pencil and draw a line through the channels showing how you would sail the boat to Treasure Island. Remember you must keep the boat on the water all the way. If your eyes are sharp you may find the way through and reach the treasure island.

If you find the Right Channel Mark a Line through it and Mail to us Quick.

Remember, all these BIG CASH PRIZES and the new Hudson Town Sedan are to be given away as a part of our big advertising campaign. You might just as well have the $2000.00 and the Hudson too, as anyone else, and if you are keen enough and prompt you may win. Send your answer today and we will forward you at once complete rules of this prize offer, telling of your success, how to get the $2000.00 Cash, first prize, and make the Hudson yours. There will be no delay in giving you your award, so mail your answer at once.

PARIS-AMERICAN PHARMACAL CO., Dept. TR-12, Fifth and Court Ave., Des Moines, Iowa

Listen In On Life!

9 P. M. Eastern Daylight Time

8 P. M. Central Daylight Time

True Story Hour

Makes You Glad You Own a Radio Set!

Symphonic and Vocal Music—Absorbing Travelogue

A DRAMATIZED TRUE STORY

Tune in on any Columbia Station

WOR—N. Y.,—Newark	WJAS—Pittsburgh	WHK—Cleveland
WEAN—Providence	WOWO—Ft. Wayne	WGHP—Detroit
WNAC—Boston	WADC—Akron	WMAQ—Chicago
WFBL—Syracuse	KOIL—Council Bluffs	KMOX—St. Louis
WMAK—Buffalo	WMAL—Wash'n, D. C.	WCAO—Baltimore
WCAU—Philadelphia	WHEC—Rochester	KMBC—Kansas City
WLBW—Oil City	WCCO—Minneapolis	WSPD—Toledo
	WAIU—Columbus	

EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT—A RADIO TREAT!

Skin TROUBLES

Deny You Life's Thrilling Moments

Poslam Often Ends Pimples in 24 hours

Pimples, black heads, eczema, rashes and other blemishes cleared up quickly and safely by Poslam. Used successfully for all skin troubles for twenty years. It must be good. Thousands of unsolicited letters from delighted users tell of amazing success. Buy Poslam at your druggist, only 50c, or let us prove to you free that Poslam will clear and beautify *your* skin.

RELIEVES ECZEMA INSTANTLY
Booklet with each package—at your druggist reveals beauty secrets. Wonderful how Poslam will soothe and heal itching burning skin.

FREE PROOF SAMPLE
See amazing improvement within 24 hours. Free. No cost. No obligation. Send today for generous trial size of Poslam. Simply mail your name and address.

Sample Desk G, Poslam Co., 254 W. 54th St., New York N. Y.

Be a Nurse

I earned over $400 while taking home-study course

says Flossie F. McElwee. We train beginners, practical nurses, mothers by fascinating home-study. Courses endorsed by doctors. Open to men and women between 18 and 55. Thousands of graduates. Estab. 29 years. Money-back guarantee. Equipment included.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 5009, 421 S. Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your free fascinating booklet, "Amazing Opportunities in Nursing," and 32 sample lesson pages.
Name_____
City_____ State_____

Learn Music

AT HOME!

Let us tell you how you can quickly and easily learn to play your favorite instrument, right in your own home and in your spare time. Music will make you popular, welcomed everywhere, and offer many big-money opportunities.

Easy as A-B-C

You need know nothing about music to begin. We give you personal, individual instruction right from the start and guarantee your satisfaction. You will be surprised and delighted that music can be made so easy and fascinating.

Courses in Piano, Violin, Voice, Trumpet, Mandolin, Organ, Banjo, Tenor Banjo, Spanish Guitar, Hawaiian Guitar. Surprisingly low cost; easy terms.

Send for Our New Catalog Today

It will tell you all about this great School—now in its 25th successful year—and the wonderful National Academy Method that has meant success to over 200,000 enthusiastic students. Send for it right now, while you think of it. It is FREE.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC
Dept. 242 702 East 41st Street, Chicago

The Cook case illustrates one phase of the smuggling game—shipments in bond. In my next article I will take up a case which shows how a load of narcotics comes across the ocean *as a stowaway in a legitimate shipment of merchandise.*

Do you know about the Chinaman who trained a ferret to hide his opium toys in the walls of buildings where he resided? You will learn about him in the next instalment—in which are exposed other methods of drug hiding and drug smuggling by giving details of actual important cases. There will also be revelations on the smuggling of dope into penal institutions, which will cause a sensation. Mr. Donohue *knows his dope*, so to speak. Don't miss the second article next month—in October TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, on all news stands Sept. 13th.

"Elbows Across the Street!"

(*Continued from page* 50)

entered the store and asked to see the manager.

That gentleman was Italian Louie.

My part in the robbery had been that of the seedy-looking, inebriated customer, and as we had surmised it would do, it had prevented the clerk from checking up immediately on the displayed jewelry, giving May a chance to make her getaway with the stolen rings.

Thus did beauty and brains—a rare combination—score a triumph for us!

However, my task was not yet complete, for it still remained for me to go through with my agreement to burglarize Kemmy Goldberg's home.

Our plans moved with clocklike precision. Although Old Dan received the diamonds from May within a half-hour after their theft, he did not sell them to Goldberg until early in the evening; at a time when, providing Goldberg immediately disposed of them to the unknown man higher up—which we reasoned he would do—it would be impossible for him to get rid of the check he received in payment for them.

At 8 o'clock that evening I posted myself in the neighborhood of Goldberg's home. From where I stood, hidden by protecting shadows from trees overhead, I could watch the entrance to the house without anyone from within seeing me.

Shortly after 9 o'clock a cab drew up to the door and from it stepped a stout, drooping-shouldered man whom I knew to be Goldberg. Satisfied that my quarry was home for the night and not wanting to attract undue attention by loitering in the neighborhood, I retired to a near-by pub, there to pass the hours until Goldberg's household would have retired.

AT 1:30 I returned to the house. The front was entirely dark, but as a precaution I vaulted the hedge and quietly circled the house to make sure no lights were burning in any of the other rooms.

All was in darkness.

From my previous observations, I had decided that my entrance could be made most safely from the rear. Working rapidly with an instrument known in criminal circles as "nippers," I soon had the rear door open. Stealthily I crept inside. Having studied the plans Old Dan had given me, I knew the exact location of the rear stairs which led to the second floor. I found them without any difficulty, and in less time than it now takes me to write of the adventure, I was standing outside the door of the master's bedroom with my ear keenly attuned for any unusual noises which might mean that my entrance had become known to the inmates.

As I stood there tensely listening, I heard that which is dear to the heart of a burglar—a long, drawn-out snore. And, then and there, I registered a vow always to be kind to fat men, because their propensity for loud snoring when in deep slumber is such a boon to burglars!

Gently, I tried the door. It was locked. Once more I brought the nippers into play and found them reliable. They should have been, for they had been made by an ex-burglar who had found out that burglary did not pay so well as being a fence and a maker of good burglar tools, which he could sell to his one-time pals at exorbitant prices.

I OPENED the door softly. Taking the key from the inner side, I inserted it in the lock on the outside. If the occupant of the room should awaken while I was conducting my search, it was my intention to dart quickly out and lock him in, thus making my getaway a more assured thing. Irate householders often so resent the advent of a burglar into their home that they do not hesitate to greet him with a barking revolver. With a locked door between myself and my victim, in the event he *did* awaken, I reduced to a minimum the chances of stopping one of his bullets as I made my dash for the back door and freedom.

Producing an electric torch from my pocket, I shaded it with my hand and snapped it on. A split-second of light—and then the room was in darkness as I returned the torch to my pocket. But in that split-second the location of *every piece of furniture in the room* was as graphically photographed on my memory as they would have been had I occupied the room for years.

Goldberg's clothing was on a chair near the foot of the bed. Being reasonably sure I would find the check I was seeking in either his wallet or his strong box, and that the wallet would be in his coat or under his pillow, I decided first to go through the clothes. If the wallet was not forthcoming, then I would have to tackle the more ticklish job of getting it out from under the pillow upon which his head was resting. But, whether the wallet was forthcoming or not, his trousers would probably give up the keys to his strong box.

Experience has taught me that it is a dangerous policy to search clothing in a room where a person is sleeping. Articles may drop out of pockets as the clothing

is picked up, thereby causing noise which will awaken the sleeper. Consequently I deemed it safer to pick up the chair on which the clothing was lying, carry it out into the hall and there do my searching.

I WAS in the act of doing this when a loud yell from the bed upset my plans. *Goldberg had awakened!*

Instantly I realized I would have to trust to fate that the check was in the wallet which I had located in the coat before picking up the chair. Gone were my plans for searching the strong box if the wallet failed to reveal the check! Action only—and quick action at that—would extricate me from my precarious position.

Snatching up the coat from the chair, I dashed for the door. Slamming it behind me and locking it, I raced to the rear stairs. Taking them three at a time, I gained the ground floor and sped out of the house.

Like a hurdler in full stride, I took the back fence and sprinted for a side street which would bring me out into Richmond Road.

As I ran, the shrill of a police whistle split the air. Goldberg had smashed a window and was blowing loud and lustily for help!

Slowing down to a walk and keeping to the shadows, I extricated the wallet from Goldberg's coat. This done, I cast the coat into the street and proceeded on to Richmond Road. There it was my good fortune to find a hansom cab passing, and soon I was in our Regent's Park flat, safe in Chicago May's arms.

The next afternoon I reported to Old Dan at his tobacco store on Newman Street. This tobacco store was little more than a blind for Dan's real business of being a fence. As was usual when he had "business" to attend to with one of his "boys," as he called the thieves he dealt with, he locked the store and led me into the living-quarters which he and his aged, paralyzed wife, Julia, occupied in the rear.

An unusual pair were Julia and Old Dan. My intimate acquaintance with Dan had enabled me at different times to get from him much of their history, and in order that my readers may know them better, I shall relate some of it here.

BEFORE our American Civil War, Dan had come from London to New Orleans to deliver a shipment of stolen diamonds, and while there had chanced to stroll by the slave market. As he passed, a beautiful young quadroon girl was on the block and a spirited bidding was going on for possession of her. Impressed by her beauty and touched by her so obvious fear of what the future held for her, Dan joined in the bidding. Mercilessly he drove the price up until, having bid $1,000, he vanquished his competitors and the girl was his.

That girl was Julia, and so great were her gratitude and devotion upon learning that her new master did not intend to make her his concubine and mistreat her, that she veritably worshipped Dan. In time Dan learned to love her, and before he returned to London they were married.

Julia was a devout Catholic, and always suspended around her neck was a rosary. And, even though she lived in constant fear of Dan's arrest, they were happy together. Their devotion to each other was the marvel of London's underworld and had so won the respect and admiration of the vast number of crooks whose nefarious business brought them into contact with Dan, that Julia was accepted by everyone. Her presence at consultations with Dan was never questioned. For years they had been a shrewd combination.

Then came to Julia the stroke of paralysis which had crippled her for the rest of her life. It completely paralyzed her lower limbs, and for twenty years she lived in a wheel-chair. And, as is often the case with such an affliction, it had affected her mind, causing her to be childish and absent-minded; to live in the past, when she was young and she and Dan were sweethearts. Throughout all these twenty years Dan's devotion had remained unchanged; his every thought was for her comfort, and he tended her as a mother would a baby.

JULIA smiled sweetly as I entered the living-room the day following the burglary of Goldberg's house. But her smile quickly changed to a look of fear as I handed to Old Dan the wallet I had stolen. Intuitively she sensed that my business was of a crooked nature, and her fear for Dan's safety overcame her.

Grasping her crucifix, she began to pray. And as she told her beads, she chanted in a voice trembling with fright:

"Holy Mary, Mother of God! Dan, Dan! *Elbows across the street!*"

In the idiom of the underworld, a detective is known as an "elbow." Therefore, her apparently senseless chanting meant that she believed there were policemen standing across the street from the store.

Dan tucked the wallet into his coat pocket and crossed the room to where she sat. Standing in front of her wheel-chair, he took her face between his two gnarled hands and said:

"That was years ago, dear. Stop your worrying!"

With tenderness shining in his old eyes, he stooped and implanted a kiss upon her forehead. The kiss apparently brought her out of the revery into which she had fallen, for with a sweet smile she bade Dan to return to his business with me.

Instead of complying, Dan crossed the room to a cupboard and, opening it, produced a bottle of brandy and two glasses. These he placed upon the table. With a nod he motioned me to be seated, while he took the chair on the opposite side of the table. Pouring two drinks from the bottle, he handed one to me and we downed them—a silent toast to crime.

THEN, leaning back in his chair, Old Dan became confidential. I sensed a reminiscent tale of the past, and lighted a cigarette.

"When I returned from New Orleans with Julia," he said, "I was fortunate in lining up with Isaacs, who was then the big fence of London. He owned a pawnbroker's shop in Whitechapel. He died in prison in the nineties. Roby Michael, chief of the Whitechapel thieves, is his successor.

"Isaacs was so well known to the police and his shop so closely watched that he used to come here to my place to transact most of his big deals. It was at this very

HERE is your opportunity to find out how much talent you have. Our simple, scientific Questionnaire tests your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc. It may show you the way to a bigger future—a real career.

Federal Students Are Successful

Many Federal School students are making $2,000, $4,000, $5,000 and $6,000 yearly. The Federal School is recognized everywhere by employers of artists and by buyers of art work. Big prices are paid for drawings.

Learn Commercial Art at Home

If you like to draw, an almost sure indication of talent, the Federal Course will quickly develop your ability to earn money. Some students earn more than the cost of the course while studying. Many nationally known artists have contributed exclusive, illustrated lessons to the Federal Course. No previous training is needed. You will receive personal, individual criticism on your work.

Send TODAY for Questionnaire!

Just fill out and mail the coupon stating your age and occupation. There is no cost or obligation to you.

Federal School of Commercial Designing

70 Federal Schools Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Send me your analysis questionnaire without cost or obligation.

Name.....

Present

Age.....Occupation.....

Address.....

AGENTS! SELL SHIRTS

Bostonian

Start without investment in a profitable shirt business of your own. Take orders in your district for nationally-known Bostonian Shirts. $1.50 commission for you on sale of 3 shirts for $6.95--Postage Paid. $9 value, guaranteed fast colors. No experience needed. Complete selling equipment FREE!

GOOD PAY FOR HONEST WORKERS

Big earnings for ambitious workers. Genuine broadcloth in four fast colors. Write for money-making plan, free outfit with actual cloth samples and everything needed to start. Name and address on postal will do. Write TODAY! SURE!

Bostonian Mfg. Co., Dept. J-24, 89 Bickford St., Boston, Mass.

Before Kenneth McCarty Mailed that Coupon He was an $18.00 Clerk—

Today His Income is $85.00 a Week

After completing the course he wrote us: "Yours is the finest course ever presented for the Tenor Banjo. Before I enrolled with you, I knew nothing whatever about music. I was earning $18.00 weekly clerking in a store. Little did I realize the opportunity that had come. I took up the course just for fun. But here I am, playing in one of the best orchestras in Western Michigan and making $85.00 a week. Your course and your kind cooperation have made me a professional Tenor Banjoist." *Kenneth McCarty, Parkview Hotel, South Haven, Mich.*

Play for Fun or $5,000 a Year

Whether a salary of $65 to $100 a week—or spare-time playing at $5, $10, $15 or more a night—interests you or not—think of the fun in store for you. In one to three months we can train you at home to play this marvelous, melodious instrument with a fine, easy skill that will make you the envy of all other eyes. You're passing up the *best times* of your life if you pass up an opportunity like this to learn at slight cost and with no inconvenience at all the world's most popular instrument. Decide NOW to learn more about The Play-Way—the quickest, surest, short-cut to social and professional success.

You Get Phonograph Records, too

Every selection of this course—fifty-five in all—comes to you on a phonograph record. You hear the instructor's playing just as though he were right at your side. The Play-Way is different, interesting, FOOL-PROOF. Get the good news the coupon brings. SEND FOR IT *NOW!*

FREE Book Tells How

Send at once for "The Play-Way to Popularity and Big Pay." Learn all about our unique method of training you at home; about the big, Tenor Banjo, Phonograph Records and Outfit that we send you along with your very first lesson. Pleasure, popularity and big pay are open to *you!* Get this FREE Book. Clip the coupon while it's here before your eyes!

Get Big Free Book

A. F. Bloch, President;
New York Academy of Music,
Studio 16099, 100 Fifth Avenue,
New York City:

Send me the book that started McCarty; No obligation whatsoever on my part, understand.

Name.....

Address.....

Styled On Fifth Avenue

TIES & SHIRTS PAY BIG

MAKE STEADY MONEY

weekly selling this combined line. Public Service offers the best money-maker in the country for full time or spare time workers.

Splendid Fifth Ave. Styled shirts. Beautiful fabrics to satisfy every taste. Sell on sight to men and women at factory prices. Biggest assortment in the business. Collect your commissions in advance. Finest new Fall Outfit FREE. Start earning more money at once. Write TODAY.

PUBLIC SERVICE MILLS, Inc.
4939 M Hudson Blvd., North Bergen, N. J.
Canadian Office, 110 Dundas St., London, Ontario, Canada

Learn to Dance

This New Easy Way

You can learn all the modern dances—Charleston, Black Bottom, Valencia, Canter, French Tango, St. Louis Hop, Latest Waltzes, Fox Trots, etc., at home easily and quickly. New chart method makes dancing as simple as A-B-C. No music or partner required. Learn anywhere, anytime. Win new popularity. Be in demand at parties. Same course of lessons would cost $20 if taken privately.

Send No Money

Just send your name and address. We'll ship the complete course—323 pages, 49 illustrations—without one cent in advance. When package arrives, hand postman only $1.98, plus delivery charges, and this wonderful course is yours. Try for 5 days. Money back if not delighted. Send your name NOW.

FRANKLIN PUB. CO. 800 N. Clark St. Dept. C-508 Chicago

table that Isaacs, little Adam Worth and myself examined the 'Duchess of Devonshire' the day after that famous painting was stolen.

"While we were discussing a possible purchaser for the picture, Julia kept a lookout from the windows at the front of the store. While keeping this watch, she spotted two Scotland Yard men standing across the street, and thinking they had followed Isaacs to the store, she called out to me:

"'Dan! Dan! Elbows across the street!'

"We concealed the picture by rolling it up, putting it into a piece of gas pipe and throwing it into a rubbish pile in the backyard. With the picture hidden, I cared not if they raided me, so I went into the store to await the coming of the detectives. But evidently the detectives Julia had seen were not after us, for they did not come into the store.

"But Julia—my dear, light-hearted Julia—was lying on the floor unconscious! We carried her into the bed-room and called a doctor. He could not aid her, for she had been stricken with paralysis.

"She had been veritably paralyzed with fear at sight of the detectives across the street.

"From that day to this she has been as you see her now, a helpless cripple whose mind is gone. Often she lives over the moment of excitement she experienced on that fatal day. Then she calls out to me, *'Dan! Dan! Elbows across the street!'"*

Old Dan paused long enough to reach for the bottle and fill our glasses again. As he did so his ancient hand trembled, and a tear stole down his wrinkled face.

"That is why I am so careful in picking men to work for me," he continued. "I cannot stand a pinch, and must play safe for Julia's sake."

"She has been a great burden to you," I remarked, thinking to console him.

With a look that was a mixture of contempt and pity, he corrected me.

"You're wrong!" he said, a bit savagely. "The only real pleasure I have in life is taking care of her! But you young upstarts who seek only youth and beauty probably cannot understand such things."

Ashamed, I was about to apologize, when Julia, who had awakened from out of a doze to catch the words "youth and beauty," piped up in her thin, treble voice:

"I was young and beautiful once, wasn't I, Dan?"

Instantly Old Dan was at her side. "Indeed you were, dear," he assured her. "And to me you still *are* beautiful. Go back to sleep now!" With a pat on her withered cheek to comfort her, he returned to the table.

PRODUCING the wallet, he dumped its contents onto the table. There were several documents in the pile, and these he studied carefully. Having nothing else to do, I sat there and studied the expression upon his face.

Gone, now, was the tenderness which had been so apparent a few moments ago. Replacing it was the look of a hawk about to pounce upon its defenseless prey.

Wisely I remained silent, for I knew Old Dan too well to interrupt his thoughts. The room seemed oppressive with its silence. Nervously I rose and, for want of a better place to go, stole out into the store. Going to the window, I drew aside the curtain and looked out.

It was dark outside, and London was enveloped in one of its famous early afternoon fogs. But through the murky darkness I could distinguish the forms of two men who were standing on the opposite side of the street.

Could they be "elbows" who had followed me, I wondered? For the few moments in which I watched them, and until they passed on up the street, I experienced the same anxiety Julia had experienced when, twenty years before, she had peered forth from this same window and seen "elbows" across the street.

With a shudder of apprehension at the terrible price crime had collected from Dan—his loved one's health and happiness—I let the curtain drop back into place. A few moments later I returned to the living-quarters in the rear.

Deep in thought, Dan was unaware of my return. In his hands he held what appeared to be a check. Suddenly he looked up from the check, a gleam of satisfaction in his eyes.

"Charlie," he said, "you got what I wanted—*the check from Goldberg's buyer!* Now I am going to send you on an important mission into the Chinese district in Limehouse to-morrow night. You being a stranger there, it will be necessary for Chicago May to accompany you. May is a safe passport to any underworld joint in London. Your mission will not be a dangerous one, and I'll pay you both well for your services."

He had not yet paid us for the diamonds we had stolen from the jewelry store, so, producing a roll of bills from his pocket, he counted out the price we had agreed upon. And to this pile he added £200. To my surprised query he replied:

"A hundred for each of you to pay for to-morrow night's work! It is more than worth it to me. Call here to-morrow evening for instructions."

THE following night, shortly after Big Ben from his home in Parliament House tower had announced the hour of midnight to London, the hansom cab in which May and I had ridden from Old Dan's place pulled into the Limehouse district and stopped in front of Lon Lee's Chinese restaurant on Dixon Street. During the ride May had informed me that Lon had once exchanged a large sum of foreign bank-notes for her, and she had always suspected him of being a fence of no small importance.

"He is a very rich Chinaman," she said, "and in the rear of his restaurant is one of the most expensive opium-dens in London. Some of the city's most exclusive society frequent his place. Likewise some of the city's worst. Therefore our visit at this time of night will not appear suspicious to anyone who may notice us entering."

As we entered the restaurant, Lon Lee himself came forward to greet us. There was a cold, inscrutable look upon his yellow visage, but when he recognized my fur-clad companion his coldness disappeared and he was all smiles. The change was, I thought, a fitting tribute to Chicago May's popularity in London's under-

world. With a bow of welcome he conducted us to a box at the rear of the restaurant.

Difficult though it is to judge the age of an Oriental, I judged Lon to be about fifty years old. Above the average in height for one of his race, his body was gracefully and stylishly slender. He was clad in modish European clothing of an expensive cut and texture. His English was excellent and carefully chosen.

His actions and rather distant attitude toward me as he supervised the serving of the light repast we had ordered, caused me to believe that notwithstanding the fact that I was Chicago May's escort, he did not welcome me as warmly as he did her. Consequently, and in accordance with Old Dan's instructions, I handed him a sealed envelop that Dan had given me to be delivered to Lon in person.

Not knowing the contents of the envelop, it was quite a surprise to me to see Lon, after begging our pardon for the discourtesy of reading the message in our presence, open the envelop and produce therefrom, along with a message, *the check I had stolen from Goldberg*. After studying the check intently, he tucked it in a pocket and gave his attention to the letter.

Intuition then told me that Lon was the mysterious higher-up fence to whom Goldberg sold his stolen diamonds.

Our evening's mission now was clear to me! May and I were acting as Dan's ambassadors at this higher court.

Having finished with the letter, Lon's attitude toward me became much friendlier, and I knew I had been accepted by him as being "right."

AT this juncture a young Chinaman appeared in the doorway of our booth and, addressing Lon, conversed with him in rapid Chinese. Lon dismissed him when he had completed his mission and, stepping behind May's chair, drew aside the rich tapestry with which the walls of the booth were draped. Behind this tapestry was a heavy door which Lon unlocked with a key from his pocket.

Stepping through the open doorway, he motioned to us to follow him.

In his wake we proceeded along a crooked, ill-lighted passageway, through another door and down a flight of stairs which opened into a large, well-furnished room occupied by some thirty or forty persons of both sexes. In appearance there was little to differentiate between this room and the average club lounge. But not so with its occupants, for a tense, suspicious silence pervaded the room as we paused on the threshold.

Then someone recognized Chicago May, and instantly that frozen atmosphere thawed. From all sides came cries of welcome and invitations to join groups which had gathered at various points of the room.

We were truly among our own kind. Scotland Yard would have given much to gather in, in one full swoop, the men and women gathered there, for every one was a thief of some kind, and many of them were known throughout Europe for their daring and skill.

Pleased with this demonstration of May's popularity, Lon smilingly bade us enjoy ourselves, but to await his return before leaving.

Enjoying our evening was not difficult to do in such surroundings, and we wholeheartedly joined in the festivities. It was quite apparent that the London season had been a lucrative one for those gathered in Lon's "salon," for the three beautiful white girls who served drinks and beguiled the stags with inviting smiles were kept quite busy. If, occasionally, one of the stags followed a girl from the room and neither reappeared from their tryst for quite some time, such actions went unnoticed, for laxity was the keynote of the occasion and Lon was anxious that his customers be pleased.

It was the return of one of these stags from such a tryst that attracted my attention to him.

I had not seen him leave the room. My first glimpse of him was his back as he passed where May and I were seated with a group of friends. There was something vaguely familiar in his walk, in his size, for he was exceedingly large; and in the size of his head, which was massive and leonine. I watched him as he crossed the room, and as he seated himself got a look at his face.

Instantly I recognized him as "Scotty" Thompson, a former cell mate in the Breakwater Convict Prison, Cape Town, South Africa, where I had served a sentence before coming to London!

I crossed the room and spoke to him. He recognized me instantly, and made room for me beside him on the divan upon which he was seated.

FOR more than an hour we discussed mutual South African friends, London conditions from the crook's viewpoint, and other subjects of mutual interest. We were, I would say, akin to two friends from the business world who, not having met for some time, had chanced to meet each other in their club and had stopped to discuss the stock market or other business matters. In the "overworld" such meetings often pass under the misnomer of "reunions." In the underworld they bear the much more descriptive name of "cutting up touches."

And, as wives of business men usually abhor the proclivity of their men to talk shop when pleasure-bent, so do the wives and women friends of crooks resent such tendencies on the part of *their* men. After an hour of this confab with Scotty, I received a signal from May bidding me to return to her side. Sensing her irritation and pique at my neglect in leaving her so long alone, I shook hands with Scotty and bade him good-by.

I never saw him again. But years later, while I was serving a life sentence in that grim, fog-bound English penitentiary, Dartmoor, news came in through the mysterious, underground system which can never be wholly eliminated from even the most rigidly disciplined prisons, that a burglar had been caught ransacking the seaside home of a titled lady, and in making his escape he had killed a Brighton police inspector. The police were in possession of an important clue.

In his flight, the burglar had lost his hat—a size eight-and-a-quarter hat, so large it had had to be made to special order for its owner. The hat had been recovered by the police.

It was a simple matter for Scotland Yard, through the maker, to trace the hat

She is yours Master!

SICK at heart the trembling girl shuddered at the words that delivered her to this terrible fate of the East. How could she escape from this Oriental monster into whose hands she had been given—this strange man whose face none had seen?

Here is an extraordinary situation. What was to be the fate of this beautiful girl? Who was this mysterious emissary?

To know the answer to this and the most exciting Oriental tales ever told, read these

MASTERPIECES OF ORIENTAL MYSTERY

11 Superb Volumes by SAX ROHMER

THESE are no ordinary detective stories. The hidden secrets, mysteries and intrigues of the Orient fairly leap from the pages. Before your very eyes spreads a swiftly moving panorama that takes you breathless from the high places of society—from homes of luxury, to sinister underworlds of London and the Far East—from Piccadilly to incredible scenes behind idol temples in far off China—from hidden cities in Malay to the very seat of Hindu sorcery.

11 Thrilling Volumes

Be the first in your community to own these, the most wonderful Oriental mystery stories ever published—books that have sold by the hundred thousand at much higher prices—books you will enjoy reading over and over again.

Handsomely bound in substantial cloth covers, a proud adornment for your table or shelf. A constant source of pleasure at less cost than any other form of entertainment.

These are the sort of stories that President Wilson, Roosevelt and other great men read to help them relax—to forget their burdens. They cast your worries into oblivion, increasing your efficiency many times over.

Special Bargain Offer

Printing these volumes by the hundred thousand when paper was cheap makes this low price possible. Only a limited number left. Don't wait! Send the bargain coupon today!

Free on Approval

Just mail the free examination coupon today sure and receive the entire 11 volumes. Read them **Ten Days Free.** If not delighted, send them back. **Act today!**

This rare PREMIUM YOURS for promptness

This famous Gurkha Kukri of solid brass, 6½ in. long, is an exact replica of that used by the Hindu soldiers in the World War and so graphically described by Kipling. A rare curio to have and useful as a letter-opener, a paper-weight, or a protection on occasion. A limited quantity on hand, will be given without added cost as a premium for promptness—but you must act today!

MAIL TODAY—YOU RISK NOTHING

McKinlay, Stone & Mackenzie Dept. 10 114 E. 16 St. New York

Dept. 10 9-29

McKINLAY, STONE & MACKENZIE 114 E. 16th St., N.Y.

Please send me on approval, all charges prepaid, your special set of Masterpieces of Oriental Mystery, in 11 handsomely bound cloth volumes. If after 10 days' free examination, I am delighted, I will send you $1.00 promptly and $1.00 a month for only 14 months; when you receive my first payment you are to send me the Gurkha Kukri without extra cost. Otherwise, I will return the set in 10 days at your expense.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

Age: Over 21?..... *Under 21?*.....

FOR CASH DEDUCT 5%

A NEW SKIN

Now You Can Have It In 3 Days' Time

Thousands—Both Sex—Rejoice!

READ FREE OFFER

WHAT would you say if you awoke some morning—looked in your mirror and saw a new, youthlike, clear skin on your face, and the ugly blemishes all gone.

You would jump with joy—just like thousands of people have done who have learned how to perform this simple treatment themselves—the same that beauty doctors have charged enormous prices for.

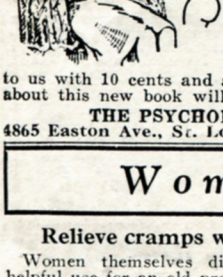
—and, what was considered impossible before—the banishing of skin marks, surface blemishes, freckles, large pores, tan, oily skin, coarseness and other defects—can now be done by the patient himself, or herself, in 3 days' time at home, harmlessly and economically.

It is all explained in a new treatise called **"BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS,"** which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So, worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion. Simply send your name and address to MARVO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. 332-S, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive it by return mail, without charge. If pleased, tell your friends about it. Don't delay!

THE DANCE

Dancing, music and the stage—if you are interested in any or all of them you will be delighted with THE DANCE—one of America's few really fine magazines. Pleasingly illustrated, printed with craftsmanship, the current issue will charm you with its artistry. At the news stands 35c or by the year $3.00.

Fascinating Womanhood



This is the title of a new book that will teach you how to make yourself attractive to the man of *your* choice. It explains the psychology of the male mind. Do not be lonely any longer! You can win home and husband and be happy, once you are master of the secrets which this book teaches. Write your name and address on the margin and mail to us with 10 cents and a booklet telling you all about this new book will be sent postpaid.

THE PSYCHOLOGY PRESS
4865 Easton Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Dept. 25-J

Women!

Relieve cramps with old remedy

Women themselves discovered this new and helpful use for an old product. They tell us that the cramps experienced by many girls may be relieved through the use of Chamberlain's Colic Remedy. For 57 years, this remedy has been a household remedy for quick relief of intestinal disorders. Probably many women have already discovered this remedy's ability to relieve the periodical cramps peculiar to women—especially after catching cold.

If you are one of those who suffer from these cramps, get a bottle of this proven remedy at once. It insures you against the usual agony, discomfort and loss of poise. If you feel an attack approaching, just take a few drops in sweetened water and secure immediate relief.

Simple? . . . Yes, but effective and safe.

All druggists know Chamberlain's Colic Remedy and its reliability. You need have no hesitancy in asking for it. If you wish to try it, we'll send you a trial size bottle free. Send for it today. Have it ready. Chamberlain Laboratories, 279 Sixth Avenue, Des Moines, Iowa.

to its owner, my old friend, Scotty Thompson. Thus Scotty's massive, leonine head became his undoing!

Months later, after trial and conviction, he stood one spring morning on a gallows at Pentonville Prison in London. A noose was slipped over his unfortunate head, and with the attending priest's last "God have mercy!" ringing in his ears, he shot through the trap and into oblivion. Another horrible example of the folly of crime.

WAITING for Lon's return, May and I remained until all of the others had departed and only one of the barmaids was left on duty. Lon, still playing the sinister rôle of a man of mystery, finally appeared from an entirely unexpected direction. We had been watching for him to appear through the door by which we had entered, when a panel at the opposite end of the room slid noiselessly back and he stepped smilingly through.

Apologizing for keeping us waiting for such a long time, he slid back still another movable panel in one of the room's other walls and conducted us through a passage which reeked with a sweet, sickening odor that I recognized as opium. Hastily, May informed me that we were now in Lon's celebrated opium-den.

Opening from off each side of this passageway were small rooms scarcely larger than ships' cabins. The doors of some of these stood ajar, and as we passed I noticed that the occupants of all but one were in deep slumber. In that room we glimpsed in passing a then reigning queen of the London stage. She was clad only in scanty silken underwear, and she and her male companion, whose face we could not see, were clasped tight in each other's arms as they reclined upon soft, silken cushions which they had recklessly thrown upon the floor.

"Are they smokers?" May queried, addressing Lon. He replied in the negative.

"They come here because they are too well known in their world to avert the scandal which would result if they were caught together. Here they are safe, for those who may see them together cannot afford to talk and reveal that they, too, have been to Lon's!"

Presently the passageway ended and we emerged into a courtyard. Crossing this, we entered the back door of a building which housed a Chinese curio shop. We had passed through so many twisting underground passages since first entering Lon's restaurant the night before that I had completely lost my sense of direction, and I knew not where we were.

Lon smilingly informed me that we were *some four blocks from Dixon Street, from which we had entered the restaurant.* What a master of mystery and intrigue he was!

Bidding us good-by at the door of the curio shop, in front of which a cab already awaited us, Lon took from his pocket two picture post-cards such as anyone can purchase at stationery stores or news stands. Both were pictures of London Tower. Tearing them into two pieces in such a way that the edges were uneven and ragged, he handed me a half of each card.

"Take these pieces to your friend," he said. "Tell him that when he sends 'hot' stuff to me for disposal, I will deal with him only when these torn pieces accompany his messenger. By fitting the pieces I am giving to him to those which I am retaining, I will know his messenger is not an emissary of the police. It is thus I protect myself from traps."

And so I knew I had accomplished my mission successfully—had rid Old Dan of his go-between and enabled him to deal directly with a "higher-up."

IT was daybreak when we left the curio shop, so we drove to Old Dan's place in Newman Street before going on home to our flat near Regent's Park. Dan was already in the store. May waited outside in the carriage while I delivered Lon's instructions to him.

My report made and having received Dan's thanks, I turned to leave the store. As I did so, there came from the rear rooms Julia's thin, trembling voice, as in her poor, enfeebled mind she lived again the terror of the past.

"Dan! Dan!" she cried. *"Elbows across the street. . . ."*

Perhaps I should have taken heed and considered her cry a warning that my loved one, Chicago May, who in all her beauty and grace awaited me outside, would also suffer from the inexorable hand of the law. But youth is often heedless, and many years were yet to pass before we two, May and I came to the realization that crime does not pay.

The Fleet of Floating Dead

(*Continued from page* 38)

with a solitary stake marking the spot where the body of Hedberg had been discovered.

As seen from the launch which acted as tender for the searchers, the shore line looked lonely and deserted. Through a break in the mossy bank, Indian Creek crept down from the hills to the bay. The railway tracks clung to the fringe of second-growth fir and cedar, and between the tracks and the flats stood the lonely cabin of Charles Hedberg, where death had come, in the mist and gloom of the bay. There were two or three other cabins in the vicinity, once occupied by fishermen and beach-combers; but even these were deserted now.

A lonelier place, a better one for the commission of crime, would be hard to discover, as the jury was later to learn when the tale of what happened there on the night of Christmas Eve, 1909, was told on the witness-stand.

While his assistants directed the search for Hoffman, Chief Dean turned his attention to the apprehension of Klingenberg. The *A. J. West* was to unload at San Rosalia and return directly to Grays Harbor and Aberdeen. A telegram from Dean to the captain of the ship kept Klingenberg from going ashore—lucky telegram, for without Klingenberg, Billy Gohl might never have been convicted, and might have been left free to continue his murderous career for many more years!

Klingenberg couldn't understand why he wasn't permitted to go ashore and the captain wouldn't explain. All this was part of Chief Dean's plan as outlined in his telegram. Chief Dean knew that as the schooner topped each succeeding wave on its homeward journey, Klingenberg would grow more nervous.

HARDLY a day went by without Klingenberg's approaching the captain to ascertain why he was being taken back to Aberdeen. The captain's only answer was: "I do not know!"

The boat put in at San Francisco, and Klingenberg once more begged to be allowed to go ashore, only to be denied again without explanation. It was a terrible form of third degree, for a poor German sailor with murder on his mind.

Off Grays Harbor bar, just a few hours from Aberdeen, Klingenberg sent for the captain.

"God Almighty," he cried, "I can't stand this any longer! *Why are they taking me back to Aberdeen?* Tell me what they want with me, and I'll tell you anything you want to know!"

"For the murder of Hoffman and Hedberg," quietly responded the captain.

"Put me in jail—lock me up, where Billy can't get to me—and I'll tell everything!" screamed the almost demented Klingenberg.

Chief Dean took him off with a tug, and that night in the jail Klingenberg bared the sordid story that was to send Billy Gohl to life imprisonment and death in the madhouse.

Gohl, he said, had killed Hoffman and *had then forced him (Klingenberg) to kill Hedberg.*

The case came up in Judge Ben Sheek's branch of the superior court of Grays Harbor County, on February 14th, 1910, and lasted nine days. Klingenberg was the star witness. Five hundred people crowded into the little court-room, anxious to get a glimpse of the "Ghoul of Grays Harbor," as well as of the man who killed a fellow man at the command of another.

During his former pal's recital of the crime, Gohl eyed Klingenberg steadily, and when the trembling sailor made the statement that Gohl had told him Mrs. Gohl would have killed Hedberg, had he not done so, Gohl turned to his attorney and smiled.

Most of the time during his recital of the crime and the events leading up to it, Klingenberg was calm and collected; but as he told of placing the revolver to Hedberg's head and pulling the trigger, tears filled his eyes, his voice became harsh, and he trembled with emotion.

It was a strange trial. Billy Gohl being tried for murder because he had forced another man to commit murder! Hoffman had been murdered, too, that Christmas Eve—there was no doubt about that; but his body had never been recovered, and under the laws of the State it would have been impossible to convict for a crime when the body had not been found. So the Prosecution confined itself closely to the confession of Klingenberg, which ran about as follows—a harrowing tale, indeed:

"IN November, nineteen-nine, I arrived in port and had to stay ashore a while because I had a sprained ankle. I met two old friends, William Gohl and Charles Hedberg, and later went down the bay and helped Hedberg build a shack.

"On December twenty-third, Waldemar Neilson came to me and told me that William Gohl wanted to see me that evening at the sailors' hall.

"I went, and Gohl told me he was going down the bay to kill Charles Hedberg. He called him a lot of bad names. I wanted him to patch the matter up, but he said he could not do it. He was going to kill him. John Hoffman came along, and Gohl asked him to go with us down the bay. But it was too late to go that night.

"The next night—Christmas Eve—I met Hoffman and Gohl again, and we planned to make the trip down the bay. We left Aberdeen about seven o'clock, and when near the Michigan mill, four or five shots were fired from an automatic revolver held by William Gohl. There were screams. [This was when Gohl killed Hoffman, who cried for his life. Klingenberg stated to Chief Dean that Gohl kicked Hoffman in the face and said to him, *'Ah, die like a man, not like a damn cat!'* Then Gohl shot Hoffman again as he lay dying on the floor of the boat. The Court would not allow the State to bring the name of John Hoffman into the testimony.]

"Then we went to Indian Creek. When we arrived here, William Gohl and I were the only two men in the launch. Just before we got there, William Gohl said to me, *'Now you take him—but don't kill him until he pilots us out of the slough.'*

"The launch ran aground, and Hedberg, hearing the noise, came out of his shack and yelled to us. Gohl answered, and after some words Hedberg asked him to come ashore. Gohl offered to carry me ashore on his back, but I did not consent, and we walked ashore.

"Gohl wanted to stay in the boat, but later consented to go ashore. We had something to eat, Gohl eating like he was half-starved, but I could not eat.

"Gohl was then shown Hoffman's bed, and he was soon sound asleep in the bunk of the man he had just killed. Hedberg offered me *his* bed, but I sat in a chair. All night long I kept walking in and out of the cabin, as I knew what was coming in the morning.

"I wanted to run away, but did not have the nerve. I knew Gohl would catch me and kill me.

"THE next morning Hedberg placed an anchor in the skiff, and we started for the launch. Gohl tried to start it, but the engine would not work. We then entered the rowboat, and started to row to town.

"Gohl made Hedberg sit with his back to us, and then gave me a signal.

"I fired two or three shots, and Hedberg fell dead in the boat.

"We then tied the anchor about the body and threw it overboard. We threw the guns overboard, also. After cleaning the blood out of the boat, we returned to the launch, and Gohl took the grip, which had blood on it, and threw it overboard.

"We then came to Aberdeen, and I shipped on the *A. J. West* for Mexico."

Klingenberg identified a gun as the one he had used in murdering Hedberg, and another one as belonging to Gohl. The

I'LL SHARE My Shoe Business WITH YOU!

ARE YOU EARNEST AND AMBITIOUS? That's all I want to know. I'll show you how to share the profits of a great shoe business. I'll back you with all my know ledge and capital. You'll get a Big $40 Selling Outfit and Tanners Sure Sales Plans that make experience unnecessary. No guesswork about it. Hundreds of Tanners Representatives find it easy to earn amazingly big profits with Tanners Line of Shoes and Hosiery. Protected territory guaranteed to producers.

$40 OUTFIT OF ACTUAL SHOES FURNISHED

Just follow my instructions. It's easy for you to take profitable orders from the day you start. You get this complete outfit—six actual shoes—also actual socks and stockings. Everybody needs footwear—men, women and children must have new shoes and hosiery often. Your complete line, actual samples, and low direct-to-wearer prices make everybody your customer. Tanners patent measuring system insures perfect fit. Wonderful ARCH SAVER patented Health Shoes delight "hard to please" customers.

FOOTWEAR SERVICE for

HOSIERY, TOO

You have full line of Hosiery besides complete line of shoes. Dainty all-silk Chiffon and Heavy Service Weight Stockings. Silk Socks, Wool Socks, Men's Dress Shoes, Work Shoes, Health Shoes. Women's Shoes for Dress, Sport, and famous *ARCH SAVER Health Shoes.* Latest styles always. Sturdiest children's Shoes. Our enormous stock insures immediate delivery. Repeat business CERTAIN for you.

We pay all postage!

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED MAKE BIG PROFITS

You really don't have to sell folks on Tanners Footwear. That big outfit of actual samples does the work. It's just a matter of taking measurements and collecting your cash profits in advance. Most Tanners Representatives have no time to look for new customers. Old ones keep them busy.

This Free Book "GETTING AHEAD" is yours for the asking. It tells the whole fascinating story how others have made lifelong successes with Tanners Line—how you can, too. Just mail this coupon today—I'll show you how.

TANNERS SHOE CO.
759 C St., Boston, Mass.

SEND COUPON FOR SALES PLANS AND FREE BOOK

Mr.
Wm. J. Mishel, Pres.
Tanners Shoe Co.,
759 C Street, Boston, Mass.

I want to share the profits of your Shoe and Hosiery business. Send me full particulars, sales plans, and your Free Book "Getting Ahead," by return mail.

Name_____

Address_____

Town_____ State_____

OK STRAIGHT-LINE
Merchandise Backed by a Square Deal Money-Back Guarantee

State also introduced evidence to show that the automatic had been purchased by Gohl several years prior to the murder. *Chief Dean had traced the gun from the factory to Gohl, by means of its number.* This was the most damaging bit of evidence outside of Klingenberg's testimony.

The Defense advanced the argument that the partly decomposed body found at Indian Creek was *not* that of Hedberg, but Chief Dean met this with a rather gruesome exhibit in the court-room when he showed a piece of *dagger-marked tattooed skin,* nailed to a board.

This bit of tattooed skin, which is shown in the remarkable photograph reproduced on page 35, *positively identified the dead man as Hedberg,* through an old shipmate, Emil Oleson.

On the ninth day of the trial, the jury quickly returned with a verdict of "Guilty" against Gohl. He was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Klingenberg was sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary for his part in the Hedberg murder.

The real motive in the Hoffman murder seems to have been the same as in the many others charged to Gohl—robbery. Hoffman was known to have drawn $400 in wages shortly before he started on his fatal trip.

Chief Dean is still Chief of Police of Aberdeen, and in all the years following the sentencing of Billy Gohl there have been few floaters on the tide, the most of these being beyond question suicides or victims of accidents.

Dean is still firmly convinced that Gohl intended to kill every person who knew anything positive about his crimes—including his own wife. She, incidentally, stayed faithfully with him through the whole trial—and then disappeared.

BILLY GOHL died the other day—a maniac—in the hospital for the incurably insane at Sedro Woolley. He had been in this institution for some time, being removed there from Walla Walla.

Through the years he maintained his silence, and many among his sailor friends still believe him innocent despite the confession of Klingenberg, his own vainglorious boasts, and the preponderance of evidence against him.

Guilty or innocent, the iron nerve of the man cracked suddenly one day, when a Negro in the dining-room line at Walla Walla drove a sharpened file deep into the neck of the man directly in front of Gohl.

In all the charges made against Gohl, he never was accused of using a knife. The sight of cold steel may have been too much for him.

Anyway, he went mad at the sight of the murder, they took him to the hospital—and that was the end. He never regained his former mentality.

The Dead Man's Foot in the Doorway

(*Continued from page 29*)

Doctor leave the car with you yesterday?"

"Why? Because he said he wanted to use it. I said one more day wouldn't make any difference."

Here, a long silence ensued. Mrs. Baldwin stated to us that, for a flashing moment, she had suspected that Mrs. Willis was not telling her the truth.

Finally, Mrs. Willis said:

"May I ask you a rather personal question?" And Mrs. Baldwin had promptly answered, "Yes."

"Does—does the Doctor ever take a drink, Mrs. Baldwin?"

"Why, occasionally, yes. Why do you ask that?"

"Well, I'll tell you. He promised me this morning, when he left the car, that he'd come back this afternoon and give me another driving lesson. But he hasn't come back, and his grips are still in the car, and I don't know what to do with them."

"YOU mean—after you'd paid him the money and received the car, that my husband left his grips——!"

"Exactly that. I can't understand it. That's why I asked you if he ever took a drink." When Mrs. Baldwin made no reply to this, her informant continued: "Perhaps I shouldn't say this, but somehow—I don't believe the Doctor intends to come back to you!"

At this, Mrs. Baldwin had demanded that Mrs. Willis give her reasons for making such a statement.

"Well," continued Mrs. Willis, "he intimated to me that he might go down to Tia Juana for a little 'jollification,' as he called it . . . *and that he didn't know that he'd ever come back.* Has he ever spoken to you about a divorce, Mrs. Baldwin?"

"Certainly not! I'm at a loss to know how you could have had such an idea!"

"Well, I got the impression that he might go to Mexico, or Canada, or some such place." And when Mrs. Baldwin scoffed at this, Mrs. Willis had remarked archly: "All right—if you find him, let me know! I'd like to know what to do with his grips."

"I'm positive," said Mrs. Baldwin, addressing us, "that Mrs. Willis *did not pay my husband a cent of money for the Hupmobile.* I know he'd have told me if she had done so. And besides, I stood right at his side Thursday evening when he phoned and asked if she could have the money ready the next morning! He would *never* have done that if he'd already received it that afternoon, as Mrs. Willis stated."

During all of this recital, Mrs. Willis neither affirmed not denied the truth of Mrs. Baldwin's statements, evidently having been advised by her attorney that any remarks she might make could possibly incriminate her.

After assuring the grief-stricken Mrs. Baldwin that every effort would be made to bring her husband's murderer to justice, we terminated the interview.

Late that afternoon, Lieutenant Stevens and I interviewed Bert Webster, the "friend" of whom Mrs. Willis had spoken.

His story was substantially the same as that told by Mrs. Willis. However,

he stated that Mrs. Willis had first informed him that Doctor Baldwin's body was in the trunk while driving through Santa Monica, about 11 P. M. on Saturday night. This was at variance with her statement to the effect that she did not tell him what the trunk actually contained until a moment before it had been pushed over the embankment.

Further, he said that during the early hours of the evening they had stopped at several small bungalows located in the suburb of Venice, Mrs. Willis having expressed a desire to lease a cottage by the sea for the summer months. This quest had proved fruitless; they had been unable to interview the owners of any of the cottages in question.

Another important bit of information volunteered by Webster was that the trunk into which the physician's body had been stuffed, was *not* in Mrs. Willis' apartment on the day preceding the murder.

Webster declared that he had arrived home from work about 4:30 Friday afternoon, and at that time observed a wardrobe trunk and several boxes of books in the front room of the apartment. To his query, Mrs. Willis replied that she had ordered them sent over that morning from the Percival Apartments, where they had been in storage, as she wished to use the trunk as a safe for valuable papers in her new office.

She had told him of purchasing the Doctor's car and of having had a garage man call for and remove it to a near-by public garage.

Webster further informed us that on Saturday afternoon, upon his return to the apartment, Mrs. Willis had told him to go to the garage in which the Hupmobile was parked, fill the car with gasoline and drive it back to the house. He did so. Then he, Sonny and Mrs. Willis had dragged the locked trunk out of the apartment house, down the sidewalk to the waiting coupe, to the "turtleback" of which they roped it securely.

At the conclusion of his statement, Webster was booked as a material witness and held in jail, pending the outcome of our investigation.

SONNY WILLIS, the thirteen-year-old child of Mrs. Willis, was next questioned. The lad could throw little light on the case. He answered our questions freely regarding the trunk, saying that his mother had told him it was packed with books and papers which she intended to take to her new office on Vermont Avenue. We were convinced the boy was telling the truth. In fact, at that time he was unaware of the charges against his mother.

Monday morning's newspapers, under shrieking head-lines, carried sensational accounts of Doctor Baldwin's "brutal attack" upon Mrs. Willis, and her desperate struggle with the drunken assailant whom she finally shot and killed "in defense of her honor."

Her delay of thirty-six hours in reporting the "incident" was not commented upon, nor the fact that she had slept in the same room with the trunk and its gruesome contents on Friday night!

However, the contention of Margaret Willis that she had killed Doctor Baldwin in an attempt to repulse advances made by him while intoxicated, was scouted by us from the first, for the following reasons:

She was, in the first analysis, a woman of powerful build and great muscular strength, well able to resist a tipsy assailant. If not successful in so doing, she could have brought a dozen neighbors to her aid merely by raising her voice.

Further, regarding the alleged intoxicated state of Doctor Baldwin, Doctor O. W. Henry, upon learning of the death of his friend, called at Headquarters and volunteered the information that he had seen Doctor Baldwin as late as 10 o'clock on Friday morning, and declared himself willing to swear under oath that the Doctor had not touched a drop of liquor up to that time!

On the other hand, incredible as it may appear to those who have made no study of the peculiar mental processes of murderers, that a sane, intelligent woman would take a human life for such small gain, the testimony of Mrs. Baldwin, together with Mrs. Willis' own damning statements, convinced us that *the acquisition of Doctor Baldwin's Hupmobile coupe was her sole motive for committing a premeditated murder,* instead of the "defense of honor" reason she so calmly advanced.

OF outstanding importance in contradicting Mrs. Willis' allegation, and substantiating our theory, was the statement of one Ed Orthman, who, upon reading of the murder, called at the Detective Bureau and informed Lieutenant Paul Stevens that he and a man named Fiefield had visited Mrs. Willis at her apartment on the day of the killing, and drawn up a contract whereby Mrs. Willis purchased from them the real estate office and equipment at 5848 South Vermont Avenue, for the sum of $150. Unable to pay cash, Mrs. Willis had given them a mortgage on the Hupmobile coupe for that amount. She had exhibited a bill of sale covering the car and transferring ownership from Doctor B. B. Baldwin to herself.

We were, moreover, not long in arriving at the opinion that if Mrs. Willis had succeeded in disposing of Doctor Baldwin's body, she would never have confessed her crime.

Shortly after launching our investigation, we learned that about noon on Friday, the day of the murder, Mrs. Willis had made a determined attempt to rent a garage from her next-door neighbor.

The owner refused to comply with her request, and called her attention to the fact that he used it as a storeroom; further, that a pile of cement in front of the driveway prevented anyone from driving into the garage even if he were disposed to rent it. This man testified that Mrs. Willis had been extremely insistent, even offering to pay for his services in removing the cement pile and emptying the garage of its contents.

"I may need it only a few days," she told him, and left in high dudgeon when he remained adamant in his refusal.

This, coupled with the fact that she had made efforts to rent a bungalow in Venice on the night following the mur-

WORLD'S LEADER PRESENTS
Newest Line of DRESSES
Ready to Pay You
$5 to $20 a Day

Even without experience and in only a few spare hours, you can now earn $5.00 to $20.00 a day with new line of lovely HARFORD FROCKS. All women eager to own latest, exclusive Paris and New York styles—dresses, coats, children's wear—over 130 different models. Highest quality. Prices much lower than stores. Just show beautiful equipment we send you FREE. Easy, pleasant, dignified, profitable work. No experience needed. We show you how. No money to invest. Everything FREE. Mail coupon!

Free Dresses Every Month

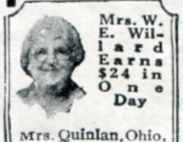
Every 30 days you get bonus of Free Dresses. Unique, liberal plan gives you many new sample garments every month. End all dress bills; be best dressed woman in your town without penny of expense.

Big Profitable Business Overnight

As Harford Frocks Home Service Representative you become partner in world's Greatest Institution, a Division of famous Real Silk Hosiery Mills. Over 250,000 satisfied customers, many in your town. Your success assured by national advertising, splendid reputation, Guarantee of Satisfaction, and endorsement of Good Housekeeping Magazine.

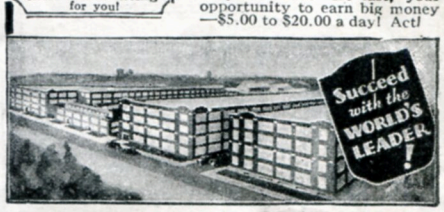
Mail Coupon for New Fall Line—FREE

More than 130 Styles
Exclusive fashions; rich fabrics; unexcelled needlework. By far the most extensive style line in the world! Amazing values bring many sales!



Mrs. W. E. Willard Earns $24 in One Day
Mrs. Quinlan, Ohio, pockets $50.00 weekly steadily. Nebraska housewife earned $840.00 last season. Money like this waiting for you!

Start your earnings at once. Mail coupon for latest Fall automatic self-selling Demonstration Equipment. Huge array of irresistible styles photographed on famous models; generous samples of gorgeous fabrics; gold stamped embossed leatherette portfolio; simple instructions; FREE DRESS COUPON, etc. Everything to start ABSOLUTELY FREE TO YOU, if you mail coupon NOW. At last, your opportunity to earn big money—$5.00 to $20.00 a day! Act!



Division of REAL SILK Hosiery Mills
Harford Frocks, Inc.
955 Davidson St., Indianapolis, Ind.

THIS BIG OUTFIT Free!
MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

Harford Frocks, Inc.,
955 Davidson St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Rush details of Home Service Agency, FREE DEMONSTRATION EQUIPMENT, and Amazing New Plan which gives me many free dresses every month and $5 to $20 a day clear profit in advance.

Name.....
Address.....
Town.....State.....

$1260 to $3400
A YEAR
PICK YOUR JOB

RAILWAY POSTAL CLERK
Railway Postal Clerks get $1900 the first year, $78.00 each semi-monthly pay day. This is quickly increased, the maximum being $2,700 a year, $112.50 each pay day.

CITY MAIL CARRIERS, POST OFFICE CLERKS
Clerks and carriers now commence at $1,700 a year and automatically increases $100 a year to $2,100 and $2,300. They also have 15 days' paid vacation.

GET FREE LIST OF POSITIONS
Fill out the following coupon. Tear it off and mail it today—now at once.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. A222, Rochester, N. Y
Rush to me, free of charge (1) a full description of the position checked below; (2) Copy of 32-page book, "How to Get a U. S. Government Job"; (3) A list of the U. S. Government Jobs now obtainable:

- ☐ Railway Postal Clerk.....($1900-$2700)
- ☐ Postoffice Clerk.....($1700-$2300)
- ☐ City Mail Carrier.....($1700-$2100)
- ☐ Rural Mail Carrier.....($2100-$3300)
- ☐ General Clerk—File Clerk.....($1260-$2500)
- ☐ Prohibition Agent.....($2300-$2800)

Name.....

Address.....

Use This Coupon Before You Mislay It.

WRINKLES
Simply massage Wrinkle Oil tonight. A new French secret, an oil that penetrates the skin. First trial proves its worth—or money back. Send $1 or pay $1.15 on delivery.
MAISON JEUNESSE
17 Park Row, New York Suite W-75

$4.99 22 Cal. Blank Automatic
WITH 100 CARTRIDGES Free!
You need no license or permit to own this 6 shot Automatic. Use for fun or self-defense. Keeps away tramps, frightens thieves, scares away dogs—A real home protector. Fool your friends. Same as an expensive automatic in construction, finish, appearance, durability; automatic magazine loading and ejection of cartridges, instant and powerful report. Guaranteed absolutely safe. Send no money. Pay on delivery $4.99 plus shipping charges, 100 cartridges.
NO PERMIT REQUIRED
6 SHOT
JENKINS, 683 Broadway, New York, Dept. 9-J-31

BIG MONEY MAKER
$4, 5 and $7 AN ORDER!
Sell the finest line of Fall and Winter Suits, Topcoats and Overcoats. All Wool Serge, Cassimeres, Topcoatings. Quality Worsteds, Heavyweight Overcoatings.
Free Clothes to Producers
Cash Bonuses
Complete Giant Outfit, ¼ yard samples FREE. Write Today. Dept. TR-9
OLYMPIC TAILORS
5th Ave. at 19th St., New York

Get into the
Hosiery Business
Noe-Equl *Starts You!*
No investment or experience needed. Hundreds of men and women earning $120 month in spare time to $500 month in full time as Noe-Equl Bonded Distributors.
$40.00 *Outfit Furnished*
We supply complete Selling Equipment including 11 pairs fine hose, 6 Lingerie garments, all supplies and sales instructions. We tell you how and where to sell, and help you establish big business of your own. Easy, pleasant, splendidly paid work. Profits in advance. Get details Now.
LINGERIE, TOO
Amazing Values in big variety of Full Fashioned Silk Hosiery for women, socks for men and exquisite lingerie in latest designs and colors. We manufacture in our great mills and guarantee quick deliveries.
Send for Free Details.
NOE-EQUL MILLS, INC.
Dept. 73, Reading, Pa.
Write TODAY

der—presumably for the purpose of concealing the telltale trunk—convinced us that had she succeeded in either of these attempts, she would have permanently disposed of the Doctor's body, and forever kept her guilty secret!

The manager of the Percival Arms apartments where the trunk had been stored, was questioned, and it was revealed that one D. J. Levin had received Mrs. Willis' telephoned order for the trunk and boxes on the morning of April 11th—the day of the murder—*between 10 and 11 o'clock.* Shortly afterward an employee named Houston had been dispatched to the Kenwood Apartments.

Houston was interviewed, and declared that Mrs. Willis had been alone when he called, and that she appeared very nervous.

Further, Houston declared, that she had once opened the door to a clothes closet a few inches, and he had seen a man's shoe protruding from the aperture.

Mrs. Willis had hurriedly slammed the door shut and paid the storage and delivery charges, after which Houston left.

Naturally, it had not occurred to him at the time that the shoe in the doorway might contain *a dead man's foot.*

On the afternoon of April 15th, Lieutenants Paul Stevens and Ed Oker went to the Kenwood Apartments and made a thorough inspection of the rooms occupied by Mrs. Willis—particularly of the clothes closet. Examination disclosed that a crude attempt had been made to remove several blood-stained floor boards from the closet. Failing in this, the spots had been covered with black shoe polish, which still smelled strongly, as though recently applied. A blood-soaked mop was found in one corner of the kitchen.

It was then decided to question Mrs. Willis again, in an effort to elicit from her her real reasons for slaying the Doctor. At the suggestion of District Attorney Asa Keyes, Mrs. Willis was escorted to the scene of the crime, and there interrogated at length.

IT was an astonishing story, as brought out by the District Attorney's questions, replete with startling high lights, and made all the more extraordinary by this singular woman's phenomenal self-possession—a studied calm, broken *only once* by a burst of tears.

The dramatic recital was staged amid the narrator's intimate surroundings, and on the very scene of the sordid tragedy in which she had, by her own confession, enacted the rôle of a murderess.

Mrs. Willis was seated at the dining-room table, directly facing the "murder closet"—which was amply large enough to hold the body of the slain man after she had dragged it by the arms across the room, and laid it out on the closet floor.

Around the room were grouped District Attorney Keyes, myself and a shorthand reporter from the District Attorney's office. To the left was a battery of cameras; lining the walls, or crouched on the floor, were a half-score of newspaper reporters, pads and pencils poised for action.

Mrs. Willis gave her age as thirty-five, and said that she had been married twice and was the mother of seven children, five of whom had died. She had been a dietician in a sanitarium, and more recently, a real estate operator in Los Angeles. She professed to be a student of psychology.

Sonny Willis was the child of her first husband; this man had met death in an accident shortly after their marriage.

A few weeks after his death, she had married Albert Schultz, and to this union six children were born. Five died, and the remaining one, a son, was living in a Mid-Western State with his grandparents. Schultz divorced her in 1919, a year after she had left him and gone to Colorado. According to Mrs. Willis, Schultz was tubercular, and as far as she knew, still undergoing treatment for the disease in Arizona.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY KEYES conducted the examination.

"In your business, selling real estate, Mrs. Willis, did you have an automobile?" he asked.

"No," she replied. "I never knew until recently that I could drive a machine. I have a bad hand, you know."

"Right or left?"

"Right. I didn't think I could shift, but a Mr. Woods—a real estate man on Vermont Avenue—told me I was foolish to think I couldn't drive. He taught me how, a few weeks ago."

"It was then that you conceived the idea of buying Doctor Baldwin's car?"

"Of buying *some* kind of a car," she corrected. "Not necessarily his."

"When did you first consider buying the Doctor's car?"

"About a week ago, I think. He called to see me, and I asked if he wanted to sell the car."

"What did he say?"

"That if he could get what it was worth, he would sell it. At first he said twelve hundred dollars. Then he came down to a thousand and fifty."

"Is that what you paid him for it?"

"No. I could only save seven hundred and fifty. I paid him that."

The District Attorney leaned forward and bent a searching gaze upon the woman. "Now, Mrs. Willis, isn't it a fact that *you never paid him anything for the car?*"

"No. It is not a fact. I did pay him . . . seven hundred and fifty dollars."

"I understood that you had very little money. Where did you get that money?"

"I've been saving it up since I decided I could drive a machine. Dollars, five dollars and ten at a time."

"Yet you say it was only a few weeks ago that this real estate man let you drive his car . . . and it was not until then that you were convinced you could drive?"

"Yes. That's it." She met his eyes unflinchingly.

"Did anyone ever see all that money—the seven hundred and fifty dollars?"

"Not that I know of. I kept it on top of the cupboard,"—indicating a cupboard in one corner of the kitchen. "It was kept in a cigar box up there."

"Did it take all your money to buy the car?"

"No. I had a little left."

"What did you do with it?"

"I had some books and things in storage. I sent for them."

"Just what did you have in storage?"

"Some books—and—a trunk of toys."

"Had they been in storage long?"

"Yes. Several months. It cost me sixteen dollars to get them up here."

"When were the books and trunk delivered here?"

"Friday morning, shortly after I—telephoned for them. We had wanted them for some time, but I was determined I was going to have a car first. When I found that I had some money left over after buying the car, I phoned for the books . . . and the trunk."

"Mrs. Willis, isn't it a fact that you phoned for the trunk *immediately after killing Doctor Baldwin, in order that you might have a place to conceal his body?*" The District Attorney shot the question at her.

"No—I don't remember." For an instant her gaze fell, then she went on resolutely: "I didn't want the trunk for that special purpose. I don't know whether I phoned for the trunk before—or after—killing him."

"You realize, of course, that that is an important point. Please try to remember." Keyes' voice was urgent.

"I cannot remember."

"Was the trunk locked, or unlocked?"

"Locked. I—I sent for a locksmith."

"Ah, I see. You were in rather a hurry to get the trunk open, weren't you?"

"I wanted to get the toys out . . . they belonged to my son . . . and fill it with some old papers and books I had."

"Well, getting back to Doctor Baldwin: had he given you a bill of sale for the car?"

"Yes. He gave me one."

"ALL right. Now, Mrs. Willis, just go ahead and tell us everything that happened after the Doctor came to your house Friday morning."

"Everything that happened?" The woman looked straight ahead of her, a blank expression in her gray eyes. "I can't remember——"

"Start anywhere. What did he say or do when he first came in?"

With startling suddenness, Mrs. Willis sprang to her feet, handkerchief pressed to her eyes, and half-staggered into the kitchen. I stood close behind her, as she leaned for a few moments against the door-frame, her back to her audience, weeping convulsively. . . . Then, she walked to the cupboard, opened the glass door and withdrew a small box from a shelf. Before I could prevent her, she had lifted her hand to her mouth and swallowed something.

"Don't worry," she said shakily. "That is only aspirin!" Examination of the box proved the truth of her statement.

Then she appeared to draw herself together with a supreme effort and returned to her seat to resume her story.

"He—he came about ten o'clock on Friday morning. I opened the door when he knocked. I think he said, 'I'm late,' or something like that. I said it didn't matter. Then, it seems to me I went to the closet to get my . . . my coat and hat. I think he sat down in that big rocker there. He said—oh, I don't remember whether he asked me to give him a kiss, or *'Lord! I love you this morning!'* or something like that. But, anyway, I turned around and said: *'Are you drunk?'* You see, I thought he was sober when he came in, but when he began talking like that, I thought, of course, that he was drunk."

"Had he ever made any such advances to you before?" the District Attorney asked, interrupting.

"No, never."

"Very well, what was said next?"

"Soon after that—some time—he reached out and took hold of my wrist, and tried to make me sit down on the arm of his rocker. I wouldn't—and he held my wrists and twisted my arms. See?" She bared her forearms, where slight discolorations were visible. "I fell down on the floor——"

"In this room?"

"Yes. But the shock loosened his hold on one of my arms. So then I got up and told him to go on down to the car and behave himself—that I'd be there in a few minutes. He walked out of the room into . . . no, I went to the closet and put on my hat and coat. I was arranging my hair before a mirror . . . and when I came back into the room, there he was! He hadn't gone downstairs, but only into the bathroom. And—and then he told me what he was going to do."

"What did he tell you?"

"WELL, I knew his intentions were wrong. So I went to the closet where I keep my hat and coat and things, and got my gun out of a little grip in there. He reached for me again, and I said to him: *'You get out of here or I'll kill you! You're drunk!'* He just laughed . . . said I didn't dare to."

"Which hand did you have the revolver in?"

"My left. I'm a crack shot with my left hand."

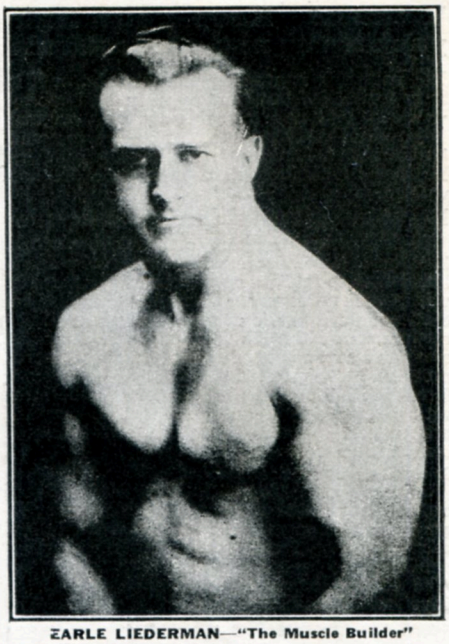
"All right. Go on."

"Then—he took hold of my arms again——"

"With you holding the gun pointed at him?"

To Our Readers

Most of the contents of this magazine come from leading newspaper men, detectives, and police officials. But we wish to make it plain that all readers of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES are invited to send in, for consideration, fact stories of crime which they deem are suitable for publication herein. In writing for this magazine, please stick to the facts. Decision on manuscripts submitted will be made as promptly as possible, and we will pay at our usual rates, for those accepted. Actual photographs are desirable. Address: TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, 1926 Broadway, New York City.



EARLE LIEDERMAN—"The Muscle Builder"

Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength," "Here's Health," etc.

Muscles 5¢ apiece!

Wouldn't it be great if we could buy muscles by the bag—take them home and paste them on our shoulders? Then our rich friends with money to buy them, sure would be socking us all over the lots.

But they don't come that easy, fellows. If you want muscle you have to work for it. That's the reason why the lazy fellow never can hope to be strong. So if you're lazy and don't want to work—you had better quit right here. This talk was never meant for you.

I Want Live Ones

I've been making big men out of little ones for over fifteen years. I've made pretty near as many strong men as Heinz has made pickles. My system never fails. That's why I guarantee my works to do the trick. That's why they gave me the name of "The Muscle Builder." I have the surest bet that you ever heard of.

What I'm Going to Do

In just 30 days I'm going to increase your arm one full inch. Yes, and add two inches to your chest in the same length of time. But that's nothing. I've only started; get this—I'm going to put knobs of muscle on your shoulders like baseballs. I'm going to deepen your chest so that you will double your lung capacity. Each breath you take will flood every crevice of your pulmonary cavity with oxygen. This will load your blood with red corpuscles, shooting life and vitality throughout your entire system. I'm going to give you arms and legs like pillars. I'm going to work on every inner muscle as well, toning up your liver, your heart, etc. You'll have a snap to your step and a flash to your eye. You'll feel the real pep shooting up and down your old backbone. You'll stretch out your big brawny arms and crave for a chance to crush everything before you. You'll just bubble over with vim and animation.

Sounds pretty good, what? You can bet your old ukulele it's good. It's wonderful. And don't forget fellow—I'm not just promising all this—I guarantee it. Well, let's get busy, I want some action—so do you.

Send for My New Book

"Muscular Development" —IT'S FREE

Take it and read it. It's the peppiest piece of literature you ever flashed your eyes on. And 48 full-page photos of myself and some of my numerous prize-winning pupils. This is the finest collection of strong men ever assembled into one book—look them over—doctors, lawyers, merchants, mechanics, and every line of trade you can think of. I swear you'll never let this book get out of your hands again. And just think—you're getting it for nothing. Don't hesitate—there's no strings attached to it. Grab it.

Take your pen or pencil and fill out the coupon—But **do it now**—before you turn this page.

EARLE LIEDERMAN

Dept. 5709 305 Broadway New York City

EARLE LIEDERMAN,
Dept. 5709, 305 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir: Please send me absolutely FREE and without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write or print plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

Women! Keep your hair youthful and beautiful!

IF your hair is graying prematurely, or if it is losing its luxuriant quality and glossy sheen, you need not despair. Its original youthful quality and color can be restored by following the simple methods taught by Bernarr Macfadden in a new book he has written.

Bernarr Macfadden's Discovery

Several years previous to the writing of his book on "Hair Culture," Bernarr Macfadden's hair began to fall out at an alarming rate. He was in such a desperate frame of mind that he even bought a bottle of a well-advertised hair remedy, but after one application he threw it away and began to apply his intelligence to the problem. The method that he finally evolved forms the basis of his book, and is gone into with painstaking detail. All the means he used to conserve and restore his own hair are incorporated in its pages.

Stops Falling Hair—Ends Dandruff—Makes Hair Grow

So sure is Mr. Macfadden that his methods can help anyone who is troubled with dandruff, gray hair, baldness, split hair, and all other hair ailments, that he has instructed his publishers to send his remarkable new book *Hair Culture* to everyone requesting it, for five days' examination.

Send No Money

You need not send a single penny now. Simply tell us to send the book and it will be sent to you by mail, prepaid. When the book arrives deposit only $2.00, plus delivery charges, with the postman. Then examine it for five days. If you are not absolutely satisfied that you will get all the results you hope for, return the book and your money will be refunded at once.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
1926 Broadway, Desk TD-9, New York

BOW LEGS? This Patented GARTER
Makes Trousers HANG STRAIGHT if Legs Bend In or Out—FREE BOOKLET MAILED IN PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE
THE T GARTER CO., Dept. D
South Bend, Indiana

$90 a Week

FOR YOU, Easily, Quickly, *No Experience Necessary*~

Let Palmer make you a snappy suit FREE. Earn $12.00 to $18.00 or more daily showing it to friends. Success, prosperity. Pay every day. Bigger variety, smarter styles, superior workmanship and amazing low prices, combined with new selling plan and FULL YEAR guarantee, gets you lots of orders, sure, quick, easy.

Big Outfit is now FREE

Nothing to pay—no deposit, no red tape, no delay. Get started at once. Just send name and address on postal. Quick! Be sure of your territory.

Palmer Clothing Mfg. Co., Dept. H-70, Chattanooga, Tenn.

YOUR SUIT FREE 1 YEAR Guarantee

Pay as You Please

Select your own payment terms for a Mead instrument. Make money playing in local orchestras. Be the "life" of the party wherever you go. 10 DAYS FREE TRIAL—no obligation to buy and no cost to you. Mead instruments are easy to play and a joy to learn. If you can hum a tune, you can play. Free instruction book—new simple method. Send a postcard today for free instrument catalog with marvelous offers and terms.

Mead CYCLE CO.
DEPT 258 M CHICAGO

"Yes. Took hold of my arms and dragged me down to the floor again. We struggled and fought all over the room. I have bruises to show for it——"

"Let me interrupt you. Did you cry out for help?"

"No. I didn't."

"Why not? Couldn't your landlady have heard you? Couldn't you have called several neighbors to your aid?"

"Yes, certainly! But I didn't want the notoriety."

"Still, rather than have such notoriety as that, you preferred to shoot and kill the Doctor! Did you think of this man's wife, and baby?"

Mrs. Willis made no answer to this.

"Proceed with your story," ordered the District Attorney.

"We kept on struggling, and finally, I put my left arm around his neck and . . . and then I pulled the trigger."

"You shot him through the back of the head?"

"Yes. He died, almost instantly. Then, I pushed his body over and got up. I went to the couch and lay down for about ten minutes, trying to think what to do."

There was a brief pause.

"You left him lying here on the carpet?"

"Oh—I forgot. No, he wasn't lying in this room. During the fight, we'd gotten into the kitchen. His head was lying on the linoleum, just through that door."

"It was easier to clean blood off the linoleum than the carpet, wasn't it?" rasped the District Attorney.

"What?" An expression of fear came into her eyes. "Oh, I just took a mop and wiped the blood up!"

"And then?"

"Well, I put my left hand under his armpit and dragged him in here to this closet. I shoved him inside and shut the door."

"Then you telephoned for the trunk. Or, had you already sent for it?"

"I don't remember whether I phoned for the trunk then, or before I killed him."

"It appears to me that it would have been a physical impossibility for you to have dragged that body in to this closet without assistance. Are you sure no one else helped you?"

"Positive. I'm quite strong, you know."

"WHEN did you take the body out of the closet and put it in the trunk?"

"Now, that I can't just remember. But it wasn't very long until I put it in the trunk. . . . Then some men came, and I signed a contract to buy some office equipment."

"What!" Even the veteran prosecutor was startled out of his official calm. "Do you mean to tell me you could think of such matters when the Doctor's body was right here in the room with you?"

"I do," came the answer, unhesitatingly. "I have a great deal of self-control."

Again there was a momentary pause.

"How did you pay for this office equipment?"

"I gave them a mortgage on the car I had just bought. Gave them a mortgage for one hundred and fifty dollars, payable in sixty days."

"What time did your son come home from school that day—Friday?"

"At the usual time, about four o'clock."

"Was the body in the trunk then?"

"Yes. Yes, of course."

"And then Mr. Webster came home?"

"Yes."

"Did you sleep in this room that night?"

"Yes."

More than one of us sat aghast at this calm confession, and marveled at the horrible unfeelingness of the woman who could *sleep* in the same room with the impromptu coffin containing a dead man—*murdered by her own hand!*

"The next day, Saturday, I told Bert to go down to the garage and get the car. He did that, and afterwards, Bert and I——"

"Who is Bert?"

"Mr. Webster. Mr. Webster and I then took the trunk out to the car and tied it on with ropes. Now, you know the rest. That's all I can tell you. I think I've kept up wonderfully well."

"You have, indeed," agreed the District Attorney, with more than a trace of irony. "We'll go back to the Station now."

JUNE 2nd, 1924, was the date set for the trial, when it would be seen if a jury could be convinced that Margaret Willis had shot and killed Doctor Benjamin Baldwin in the manner and for the reasons she alleged.

By that time it was understood that her attorney would endeavor to prove to the jury one of three things: That Mrs. Willis did *not* kill Doctor Baldwin. Or, that if she did, she was emotionally insane at the time. Or, that if she did kill Doctor Baldwin and was not insane at the time, she shot him in defense of her honor.

The State, in turn, was prepared to establish: That Mrs. Willis *did* kill Doctor Baldwin, by her own confession.

That she was not attacked by Doctor Baldwin before she shot and killed him.

That she killed Doctor Baldwin *to obtain possession of his automobile*, as she had no money at that time with which to pay for it.

That she had planned to kill Doctor Baldwin and secretly dispose of his body, either by burial underneath the floor of her apartment, as evidenced by her attempt to remove the closet floor boards, or by secreting the trunk and its noisome contents either in the garage of her next-door neighbor, or in a house in Venice, which Bert Webster testified she tried to rent during the course of the death ride on Saturday night, April 12th.

That had she been successful, she would never have surrendered to the authorities and confessed the killing.

On June 3rd, S. S. Hahn, attorney for Mrs. Willis, in his opening statement declared:

First, that Mrs. Willis did *not* kill Doctor Baldwin. To support this, he stated that the body of Doctor Baldwin could not have been in the trunk when it was taken from the apartment, for the reason that, had it been, Sonny Willis could not have lifted so much as one end of said trunk.

Second, that no shots were heard, and

that marks found in the apartment had never been proved to be human blood stains.

Third, that Mrs. Willis had planned for some time the purchase of an automobile and was not particularly interested in Doctor Baldwin's Hupmobile coupe.

MRS. WILLIS displayed almost her first sign of emotion as Hahn referred to her as a woman of the highest character, beauteous habits, religiously inclined and the personification of ideal mother-love. It was then that she bowed her head and wept.

Not far away sat Mrs. Helen Baldwin, listening with flashing eyes, and near her, Doctor Baldwin's aged mother, now and then wiping tears from her eyes.

On June 4th, the crowd that packed the court-room was unexpectedly thrilled when defense counsel suddenly rose and directly charged Bert Webster, "man of mystery," with the death of Doctor Baldwin.

"Bert Webster killed Doctor Baldwin!" the attorney shouted. "He was jealous of Mrs. Willis! She confessed to protect him!"

Webster listened quietly and without marked resentment to Hahn's scathing denunciation. He even smiled occasionally.

However, it was evident almost from the beginning that Attorney Hahn's impassioned pleas and his dramatic attempt to place the guilt on another would avail him little, in the face of the damaging admissions already made by his client and the indisputable evidence marshaled by the police and District Attorney's forces.

On June 5th, Deputy District Attorney Hamner made the closing argument for the State, presenting the evidence fairly and without malice toward the defendant.

Twenty-four hours after the case was given to the jury in Judge Charles Crail's court, a verdict was brought in.

It was *"guilty of murder in the first degree,"* with the penalty fixed at life imprisonment.

On that day, Mrs. Willis wore a broad-brimmed black hat trimmed with garlands of silk roses, a light-colored embroidered dress and a beige coat.

Her eyes, a little tired and reddened, rested on the jury during the long minutes as the foreman handed the bit of paper to the clerk, while Judge Walton J. Wood, who received the verdict, read it solemnly.

And as the words were read aloud that took from her her hope of freedom, there was not a quiver in her pale face.

Beside her, Sonny Willis, the loyal little boy who had clung so faithfully to his mother, clutched her arm in a desperate grip in boyish pity for the tragedy. His lips quivered. Mrs. Willis placed one arm about his slight shoulders and looked into the bravely upturned eyes.

"Don't worry, Sonny—don't worry," she whispered.

And then the little boy laid his face against his mother's shoulder and burst into sobs that shook him.

Mrs. Willis did not break down when she left the court-room. "They did what they thought was right," she said quietly, emphasizing the "they." "I have no blame for anyone. It has happened—that's all."

Bert Webster was not in the court-room when the verdict was read. A moment after Mrs. Willis heard the words that made of her a prisoner for life, and while Sonny was sobbing in her arms, she turned and sent a long, questioning look over the crowded room.

Perhaps she was looking for the man whom she had once called "friend," and who had sworn never to desert his "Peg," the name which he always used for her.

THE case of Margaret Willis embodies one of those tragedies whereby the innocent perforce suffer for the crimes of the guilty.

For, with the resounding clang of steel prison doors closing upon Mrs. Willis, Sonny, her thirteen-year-old boy, was parted for the first time in his life from the mother to whom he clung as a bulwark in the storms and stress of childhood.

And Baby Ronald Baldwin, aged six months, was left without the protection and guidance of a father.

Thus two innocent children were rudely brushed by the wings of an ironic fate when Mrs. Margaret Willis fired the bullet that sent Doctor Benjamin Baldwin crashing into the arms of Eternity.

Who Was the Arch-Murderer of the Osage Hills?

(*Continued from page* 24)

out a $25,000 life insurance policy, and had insisted upon naming Ramsey as sole beneficiary!

When Roan's frozen body was taken to Pawhuska and examined, it was ascertained that the Indian had been killed sometime during the night by an assassin who obviously had lain in ambush until the victim drove along in his car, held him up, and fired a bullet into the Indian's brain at close range. Just how long he had been dead could not be determined, because of the frozen condition of the body.

No better time could have been picked to commit the crime, as a blinding snowstorm had raged all night, and every track was completely obliterated. The killing was regarded by the authorities and the public as the perfect crime.

The only thing that could possibly be regarded as a clue, was the fact that Roan had been shot with a .45-caliber six-shooter, of the "thumb-busting" type. That the gun from which the fatal bullet had been fired was one of the old "thumb-busters," was conceded by many persons who viewed the hole between the Indian's

$115 Week With Greatest Style Line in America

SELL SHAUGHNESSY
Dresses—Hosiery—Lingerie

Here's your opportunity to make from $25.00 a week in part time, to $115.00 a week in full time, selling America's finest and most complete line of dresses, hosiery, lingerie and specialties direct from our great mills to the wearers in your territory.

No Experience Needed

Nationally Advertised

More than half a million dollars has been spent on advertising in such magazines as Good Housekeeping, Ladies Home Journal, Delineator, Pictorial Review, etc., to make your customers realize the quality, advanced style and astonishing value of Shaughnessy garments, and to make them welcome you as the Shaughnessy representative.

Sample Garments Given

We furnish you a complete stock of actual sample garments, which you can use and can sell to your trade. These garments are furnished absolutely free. Use the coupon below to learn about the most interesting and most generous plan of giving extra profits to representatives, that has ever been offered by any direct selling company. You can be the best dressed woman in your community—or can make wonderful gifts to your wife, sister or sweetheart. We actually manufacture every article in our line, from the weaving of the cloth to the final finishing touches. This means that as the Shaughnessy representative you can give your customers wonderful **values**, and at the same time we can pay you tremendous profits. You need **no experience**—we furnish **tested sales plans** which guarantee your success.

We Make Every Product in our Three Great Mills

The coupon below will bring you the fascinating story of how Shaughnessy garments are Styled in the Fashion Center of America, and manufactured in our three gigantic, up-to-date Mills. Every step is described in a way that is as interesting as any novel you ever read.

Your Selling Outfit FREE

We supply you without any charge, the finest selling outfit ever designed. Beautiful gold embossed leatherette cover, big deluxe cards showing the garments, great big samples of the materials; our gold bond guarantee; complete selling instructions including plans worked out and tested by twenty years of actual selling, which absolutely guarantee your success. These sales plans actually work—they build you up big immediate profits, and create a permanent repeat business for you.

A Big Surprise

One of the most startling developments in the history of Direct Selling has just been worked out by the Shaughnessy Sales organization. It means tremendous extra profits. Send the coupon and learn all about it.

STRAIGHT-LINE

SHAUGHNESSY KNITTING COMPANY,
218 Shaughnessy St., Watertown, N. Y.

I want to make big profits for myself as the Shaughnessy representative in my territory. Rush full facts, including the big surprise.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

SEND NO MONEY When the ring is delivered, pay only $2.00 to the postman—balance $1.25 a week for one whole year. **All credit dealings kept strictly confidential.** No credit orders taken from persons under 20 years of age. **You take no risk** in buying from this old firm of diamond importers. You have **10 days free trial**—If not completely satisfied with your bargain, return it and **we will refund every cent that you paid.** **Money Back GUARANTEE**

PRICE CUT TO $62—WORTH $100

You can now buy this gorgeous ring at the **wholesale price.** Compare it with similar rings at $100. We guarantee it to **stand any test or comparison.** Greatest bargain ever offered by any jeweler. **We allow 8% annual increase** in exchange for a larger diamond ring.

Write for FREE Illustrated Catalog

It brings our large Jewelry Store right into your home. Gives weights, grades and complete description so you can buy diamonds like an expert. Gives you information other jewelers dare not tell. Shows hundreds of bargains.

Blue-white Diamonds as low as $197.00 a carat

AGENTS WANTED—EARN $100 WEEK. Write for details.

STERLING DIAMOND & WATCH CO. INC.
Diamond Importers—$1,000,000 Stock—Est. 1879
1540 BROADWAY DEPT. 2632 N. Y.

Study LAW AT HOME

Lincoln did it! Also thousands of other great lawyers, politicians and business men. YOU, too, can become a lawyer or law trained business man through home study guided by the successful practicing lawyers of our faculty. Write today for free book.
American Corr. School of Law, 3601 Michigan Ave., Dept. 1346, Chicago

ORIENTAL LURE

An enchanting exotic perfume of irresistible charm, clinging for hours like lovers loath to part. Just a tiny drop is enough. Full size bottle 98c or $1.25 C. O. D. Secrets free.

D'ORO CO., Box 90, Varick Sta., Dept. TRG 9, **New York**

PILES

TORB SUPPOSITORIES will often give relief when other remedies fail. So successful are TORB SUPPOSITORIES that we unconditionally guarantee relief or your money will be refunded. Send One Dollar for a full size package under this guarantee.

TORB, INC., 129 S. 8TH STREET ALLENTOWN, PA.

FREE! Gown Lessons

GIRLS—WOMEN 15 UP

Design and Create your own Frocks and Gowns at **Small Cost.**

You can easily learn in your own home using spare moments. OVER 30,000 HAVE DONE IT.

Gown Designers and Creators Get **$35** to **$75** WEEK.

Mail Coupon Today Sure!

CUT HERE

Dept. W629 FRANKLIN INSTITUTE Rochester, N. Y.

Rush to me free 32 page "Gown Book" with sample lessons as checked.
☐ Gown Designing and Creating ☐ Millinery
Name.....
Address.....

Any PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 10x16 inches

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed.

98c

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send $1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Offer With each enlargement we will send you a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
1652 Ogden Ave., Dept. L-393, Chicago, Ill.

eyes, and saw the flattened lead bullet which was removed from his head.

That section of the Indian territory in which the Osages lived still harbored many of the old-time "gun-toters," who are fast becoming extinct. These old gunmen almost always had carried the single-action, triggerless .45's and they could tell at a glance whether or not a wound had been made with a bullet fired from such a gun.

The fact that Henry Roan had been shot from ambush by someone using one of the ancient "thumb-busters," however, could hardly be called a tangible clue. There were dozens of these guns in those parts. All the old-timers carried them. The Sheriff had one; so did the cowboy who brought the news of Roan's death. Billy Hale was packing such a gun when the messenger reached the Sheriff's office.

Pawhuska and Fairfax authorities were up against a stone wall. There was absolutely nothing that they could do. Yet they knew that they would have to do *something*. But what? Three of the most mysterious murders ever committed in the State of Oklahoma now faced the Sheriff's office, and the public was beginning to send up a wail, demanding action.

The first murder had caused little commotion. The second murder had started a rumble, but it soon died away. But a *third* had been committed, and now people generally felt that someone should be brought to account.

Dozens of suspects were taken into custody, questioned and released, in the investigation that followed. Posses were sent into the Hills, to the retreat of a band of outlaws, and several members of the bandit gang were taken to Pawhuska, grilled, and turned loose, with a warning to leave the country.

Members of tribes other than the Osages were questioned, and even many Osage tribesmen were arrested as suspects. But the murderer of Henry Roan remained uncaptured.

Four months passed. Quiet was beginning to settle back over the Osage Hills. Henry Roan was forgotten for the time, as the Indians began making plans for their annual spring celebration, following which the tribe would break up, the individual members taking to their automobiles. The tourist season was drawing near, and the Osages are a people of summer tourists.

February of 1923 passed, and the snow disappeared. Only the tops of the Hills remained covered with white. In the valley the grass was beginning to turn green again. March arrived. In April, the spring "stump dances" would be held, and every member of the Osage race would be present, if possible, for the ceremonies. Whole cows would be barbecued over open fires. The habiliments of civilization would be forsaken, and the tribesmen would dance for days around the smoking wood fires, and the steaming barbecue pits.

BUT no stump dances were held that spring. Death was to cast its shadow again over the Osage nation. *Fear* was to convulse the richest people on earth, as it had never done before.

In a modest little home near Fairfax, a man and his wife sat one evening before a fireplace in which a cheery wood fire crackled. In another part of the house, the maid was sitting before a small wood stove, mending some things for her mistress. Bill Smith and his wife, Rita, retired. Nettie Brookshire, the maid, laid her sewing aside, and she, too, went to bed, in the servant's room.

At about midnight that same night, the town of Fairfax was rocked by a terrific nitroglycerin explosion. The whole community was aroused, and every bed in town was deserted.

The streets were a seething mass of people, running to and fro, gathering in excited groups, and pointing toward the north, where a bright red glow shot toward the sky.

Automobiles sped through the streets, their head-lamps turned north. Many persons were not fortunate enough to catch rides, and were obliged to wait in the streets, half-freezing in the crisp spring air, until someone returned from the scene of the explosion.

It was not a long wait. Several cars soon came back. The people in the streets rushed out to meet them.

The news spread through the town like wild-fire——

Bill Smith's home had been completely wrecked by the explosion.

Rita Smith, his Indian wife, had been killed instantly.

Nettie Brookshire, the maid in the Smith home, was dead.

And Bill Smith was dying.

THUS came Mollie Burkhardt, sole survivor of Eliza Bigheart's family of four daughters, into all the headrights not only of her three deceased sisters, but also of Joe Brown, late husband of the murdered Anna Brown—headrights valued now at $2,000,000!

Death, horrible, violent death, had stalked the Eliza Bigheart family. Murder had run rampant through the Osage Hills. Would the reign of terror cease with the mysterious explosion at Bill Smith's home? Or would the grim reaper strike again, strike at Mollie Burkhart, as it had struck down Mollie Burkhart's kin?

Would Mollie Burkhart go the way of her two sisters, Rita Smith and Anna Brown?

Have you guessed who he is?—this concocter of a diabolic plot to exterminate an entire nation—this arch-murderer of the Osage Hills? If so, you are a shrewd guesser. *Yet this arch-murderer has been mentioned repeatedly in the pages you have already read!*

The events to come in next month's concluding instalment will take your breath away. The magnitude, the colossal daring of the plot to wipe out the entire tribe of Osage Indians, *with a billion dollars as the stake*, grip the imagination; no less than the terrifying stealth with which, murder by murder, death by death, the arch-plotter proceeds toward his goal! Don't fail to read the smashing surprise climax of this master mystery story, unique in the annals of crime—in October TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, on all news stands Sept. 13th.

The Astounding Swope Poison Case

(*Continued from page 41*)

had treated it, and Hyde immediately amputated it, in the police station laboratory. The man died that night.

Doctor Hyde had been tried on this charge before a jury *composed exclusively of medical men*, and exonerated.

In August of 1897, Hyde had been charged with inhuman treatment by Annie Clements, a Negress. The woman had a habit of quarreling with her lover, following which she would take poison, to excite her lover's sympathy. The Negress said that on one occasion when she was taken to jail, after one of her characteristic attempts to commit suicide, Doctor Hyde resolved to cure her of her poison habit. The young police surgeon applied mustard oil all over her body. The mustard oil had the desired effect—it cured Annie, but it cost Doctor Hyde his job. He was discharged on September 10th, 1897, and shortly afterward he entered the University Medical College, of Kansas City.

After leaving the University Medical College, Reed told the court, Hyde became involved in several breach of promise suits in Kansas City. Among these was the case in which he was charged by Mrs. Sarah Frank, from whom Hyde borrowed $2,200 upon the promise to marry her.

ANOTHER suit was that filed by Mrs. Mike Heim, the divorced wife of a Kansas City brewer, from whom Doctor Hyde borrowed $3,000—part of the alimony paid her by her estranged husband. Mrs. Heim also charged that Doctor Hyde had trifled with her affections.

Reed also reviewed the romance and courtship of Doctor Hyde and Frances Swope. Hyde and Miss Swope became engaged in 1904, but when they announced their intentions, the Swope family opposed the union. Colonel Swope sent Frances, then a young girl, away to Fayetteville, Arkansas, to prevent the marriage. Hyde followed, and the two were secretly married June 21st, 1905. Colonel Swope was asked to break up the couple, but refused to interfere, although he had never liked Hyde, before or since. He permitted Hyde to assume the duties of family physician only because of his love for Frances, his favorite niece.

When Reed had finished, Mrs. Hyde patted her husband's arm lovingly, and said:

"You did fine!"

Witnesses for the State took the stand in quick succession, and the whole panorama of incidents in the Swope residence, from the first illness of Colonel Swope years before, was reviewed, despite objections by the Defense. Every death in the house was reviewed, every illness of members of the Swope household. The Prosecution promised that all this would show how Doctor Hyde had attempted to exterminate the entire generation.

As each of the State's witnesses left the chair, Frank P. Walsh branded him a liar and a thief.

Reed then introduced the evidence of the purchase of the cyanide of potassium by Doctor Hyde, and also showed that Hyde had purchased a large quantity of a certain brand of digestive tablets, by the use of which, Reed claimed, he hoped to cover up the fact that he had administered poison to his victims.

On the second day of the trial, Walsh opened the defense for Hyde. He said that he would prove that neither Doctor Hyde nor the physician's wife knew they would share in the Swope millions. Walsh's address was not very spirited, and other than promising to establish the innocence of his client by showing that Hyde knew nothing about the provisions set forth in Colonel Swope's will, his plea contained nothing of the sensationalism that had characterized the address of James Reed.

The second day of the trial closed without the color that marked the first day.

THAT evening, after the court-house had been darkened, the Prosecution met in secret session, in a down-town club. Reed was present, as were Conklin and his assistant, Ruby D. Garrett, and others representing the State. The Prosecution had in its possession the notes from the Grand Jury probe, which had resulted in the thirteen indictments against Doctor Hyde. Reed and Conklin prepared their addresses for the morrow from those notes, and gave the findings over to the care of Garrett. The meeting over, the attorneys for the State started for their various homes.

Garrett walked out of the club and went directly home. Upon arriving there, he reached in his overcoat pocket for the Grand Jury notes.

They were gone.

Court opened on the third day of the trial with an uproar. *Walsh* had possession of the Grand Jury notes, which had mysteriously disappeared from Garrett's overcoat pocket! The Prosecution refused to go on with the trial, until Walsh explained how he had come into possession of the lost notes. The attorney for the defense said he had obtained them from a negro woman who had found them the night before. She had advertised finding the notes in a morning newspaper, and Walsh, who chanced to read the "lost and found" column, went to the woman's home and claimed them!

Walsh could not remember the name of the woman, nor could he produce the paper in which the Grand Jury notes were advertised as having been found.

Judge Latshaw told Walsh that he would be committing a theft by keeping the notes, regardless of how he came into possession of them.

"You wouldn't steal, would you, Mr. Walsh?" the Judge asked.

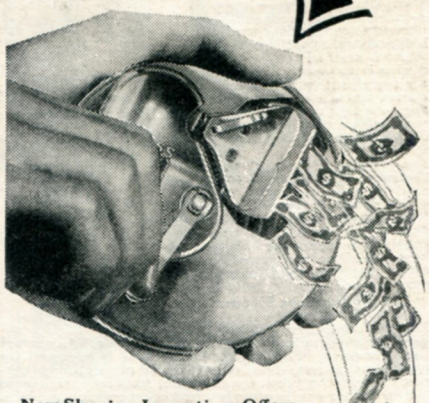
Walsh's reply to the Judge's question has come to be looked upon as scriptural in Missouri law circles. He said:

"If I stood in front of a safe containing papers that would save my client from a shameful death, I would rob the safe! Life, Sir, a client's liberty and honor, are more sacred to me than an ethical quibble, a detail of conventional morality!"

The Court, nevertheless, ordered Walsh to turn the papers over to the Prosecution, their rightful owner. Walsh refused to surrender the notes.

Banging his gavel down on the bench,

How To Make $30 a Day and more Just Doing This



New Shaving Invention Offers Excellent Money to Men Who Will Act As Our Local Representatives in Their Home Territories. $30—$40—$50 in a Day. Full or Spare Time! No Investment Required. Write for Details On

GENEROUS OFFER

Probably you have heard of KRISS-KROSS—the amazing stropper and razor blade-renewer pictured above. It makes any kind of blade **keener than new** and prolongs its life for weeks and even months! But that's not all. KRISS-KROSS is one of the most surpassing money-makers ever seen. Hundreds of demonstrators and agents all over the country are making from $200 to $500 a month just taking orders for it in their home towns. KRISS-KROSS is heavily advertised in magazines but **never sold in stores,** so we must have people to take orders in each locality. We pay generously for your time and give special bonuses that run your earnings up into **real money.** Even spare-time workers earn $15 or more in a single evening or Saturday afternoon.

AN ASTONISHING INVENTION

KRISS-KROSS' mechanical ingenuity is little short of marvelous. It strops your blade (any make) on the diagonal just like master barber. Eight "lucky" leather grooves do the trick in eleven seconds. Automatic reverse. Strops heavy at the start—light at the finish and leaves your blade with the keenest cutting edge steel can take! No wonder it sells like wildfire!

Profits Waiting for You

So great is the present demand for KRISS-KROSS that agents are reaping profits almost beyond belief. During the month K. P. Rapf made $602. R. C. Walker (Idaho) made $9 his very first demonstration. H. King of Massachusetts made $66 in one day—and J. C. Kellogg cleared $200 in 7 days at spare time alone.

Get Details—Special Offer

Right now we are willing to make an extremely generous offer to new agents and demonstrators. Find out about this money-making business without delay. See how simple it is to make $100 to $225 a week with KRISS-KROSS. Others are doing it—why not you? Send the coupon now!

KRISS-KROSS CORP.
Dept. M-3534
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Canadian Address:
CANADIAN KRISS-KROSS CO.
39 Wellington Street East., Toronto 2, Canada

KRISS-KROSS CORP., Dept. M-3534
1418 Pendleton Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Please send me full details of your nationally advertised KRISS-KROSS stropper, which is never sold through stores—and tell me about your unusual offer of big profits to demonstrators and order-takers.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Fat Men!

This new self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but quickly takes off rolls of excess fat.

DIET is weakening—drugs are dangerous—strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. A safe method of reducing is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away the surplus fat. The Weil Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper. Every move you make causes the Weil Belt to gently massage your abdomen. Results are rapid because this belt *works for you every second.*

Fat Replaced by Normal Tissue

From 4 to 6 inches of flabby fat usually vanish in just a few weeks. Only solid, normal tissue remains. The Weil Reducing Belt is endorsed by physicians because it not only takes off fat, but helps correct stomach disorders, constipation, backache, shortness of breath, and puts sagging internal organs back into place.

Special 10-Day Trial Offer

Send no money. Write at once for detailed description, testimonials from delighted users and special 10-day trial offer. **The Weil Co., 1559 Hill Street, New Haven, Connecticut.**

BASHFUL?

"Shame on you!" Are you *nervous, embarrassed* in company of the other sex? Stop being *shy* of strangers. Conquer the terrible *fear* of your superiors. **Be cheerful and confident of your future!** Your faults easily overcome so you can enjoy life to the fullest. **Send 25 Cts. for this amazing book RICHARD BLACKSTONE, B-59 FLATIRON BLDG., NEW YORK**

AVIATION Information FREE

Send us your name and address for full information regarding the Aviation and Airplane business. Find out about the many great opportunities now open and how we prepare you at home during spare time, to qualify. Our new book, *Opportunities in the Airplane Industry,* also sent free if you answer at once.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF AVIATION
Dept. 1346, 3601 Michigan Ave. CHICAGO

Fortune Tellers' Globes for CRYSTAL GAZING

Genuine solid crystal balls as used by professional Seers for answering their clients' questions. Beautiful, crystal-clear, flawless. With artistic metal stand.

SPECIAL OFFER: Regular $5 outfit including $1 instruction book "The Unseen World" for only $2.95 and postage. Pay your postage on delivery or send money order and save the postage.

MAGNUS WORKS
Box 12, Varick Sta., New York Dept. MMG-9

$7 a Day made by our Sales Agents

Selling **Silknit Guaranteed Hosiery.** Must wear and satisfy or replaced. Newest styles. Big sellers. Finest silk hosiery that can't be beat for beauty and quality. Big money daily, weekly, monthly. I want agents who can sell and

Make $2500 a Year

Sell 3 to 6 pairs in one family, a regular endless chain business, good for 300 days a year. Earn extra income on repeat orders. Our money back guarantee protects your customers. **Silk hose given for your own use.** Write today for selling plan, and earn hundreds of dollars in double-quick time.

SILKNIT HOSIERY CO. Desk 274 Dayton, Ohio

GOOD PAYING JOB You'll LIKE

Interesting and Fascinating Work Big Demand for Men and Women

Our easily learned Home Study Course in Hotel Training, quickly prepares you for this Exceptionally Profitable Profession with unusually wonderful opportunities. Send for FREE Booklet.

"LEARN MORE to EARN MORE"

NORTH AMERICAN COLLEGE OF HOTEL TRAINING
DESK 11, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

to bring quiet, Judge Latshaw shouted:

"Then bring on the jury! Mr. Marshal, take charge of the prisoner!"

Walsh leaped to his feet. He knew that if the marshal of the court took Doctor Hyde in custody, Hyde's bond would be revoked. Walsh pleaded with the Court. He declared that the papers in his possession contained evidence of his client's innocence. Whereupon Conklin shot to his feet and bellowed:

"Those papers prove that *THE DEFENDANT IS GUILTY!"*

Following this outburst, Judge Latshaw ordered court adjourned for the day. Conklin demanded a rigorous investigation into how the Grand Jury notes had fallen into the hands of Walsh. Garrett, to whom the papers had been entrusted, declared that he had not been near the spot where the papers were said to have been found by the unidentified negro woman. Although the investigation into the apparent theft of the notes was launched by Conklin, *how they came to be in Walsh's possession remains a mystery to this day.*

It was April 22nd before any further important evidence was introduced by either the prosecution or the defense forces. On that day, the State showed that Doctor Hyde had given Stella Swope a box of candy, and that the girl had become ill almost immediately after eating some of the sweets. Doctor Hyde jumped to his feet when this testimony was introduced, but sat down again quickly. Walsh objected. The Court overruled the objection.

Anna Houlihan, the nurse, took the stand and reviewed the death of Colonel Swope. She was on the stand all the rest of the day. Her testimony was long, interesting. It was filled with striking utterances and vivid descriptions that held the spectators spellbound. At times her testimony was almost gruesome.

She told of how Chrisman Swope had died, lying crosswise in bed.

"Doctor Hyde grasped the dead man by the feet, and turned him around," she said.

"How did he do it?" Reed asked.

"Roughly," the nurse replied. She then gave utterance to a weird cry, imitating the groans of Chrisman Swope as he was dying. All three of the men had died that way, she said. Spectators rose from their seats, and gasped.

IN the following days of the trial, other nurses, among whom was Mae Pierce, described the agony of Chrisman Swope almost exactly as had Miss Houlihan.

As Doctor Hyde sat in court and listened to the damaging testimony against him, he could look across a corridor to the jail and see a scaffold through a window. It was the scaffold from which Robert Davis was to be hanged for murder. The hanging had been postponed by Governor Hadley, because of the Hyde case.

Witness after witness testified to the "unprofessional" manner in which Doctor Hyde had administered to his patients. Physician after physician swore on the witness-stand that Colonel Swope and his son, and James Moss Hunton, had been poisoned.

The trial lasted for days, but seldom lagged. One sensation after another came from the crowded court-room, and the entire country followed the proceedings breathlessly.

Just before court closed on April 27th, Judge Latshaw announced that he would be compelled to revoke the $100,000 bond of the defendant, and that Hyde would have to go back to jail. He was forced to take that action, he explained, by the nature of the evidence presented so far.

"In view of the testimony that has been thus far given in the trial, the Court is constrained to say that it amounts to a presumption that, under the law, deprives the defendant of the right to go on bond, and he is hereby remanded to the custody of the marshal," Judge Latshaw said.

Mrs. Hyde stared wide-eyed at the Judge as he spoke. Then she threw her arms around Doctor Hyde's neck, and sobbed hysterically.

"Be brave, little girl," Hyde said, soothing her.

No sooner had the Judge ceased speaking than Attorney Lucas, representing Hyde, rose and requested a rescinding of the order. His request was refused.

In the morning session of the following day, the prosecuting attorneys introduced evidence intended to prove that Doctor Hyde had inoculated members of the Swope household with typhoid bacilli, to conceal the fact that he had poisoned them.

One of the Kansas City physicians testified that Hyde obtained some typhoid "pus" germs from him on November 10th, 1909, and that Hyde explained, when he got the germs, that he was going to experiment with them. This physician said that some time later he went to Hyde's office, and, finding Hyde out, he had walked around the room, looking over Hyde's equipment. While there, he said, he discovered that some of the "pus" germs that he had given Hyde were gone.

Thomas H. Swope, Jr., testified that he had met Hyde once in Kansas City, and that when Hyde walked away, he saw the physician throw a box containing several capsules in a trash can. Young Swope said he picked the capsules up, and recognized their contents as being cyanide. He said he could not be mistaken about it, as he was well acquainted with the poison. He described cyanide as smelling like burned almond.

On April 29th, the trial entered into the vital and complicated realm of expert medical testimony. Doctor Frank J. Hall, a pathologist, testified that he had assisted Doctor Hekteon of Chicago in making the autopsy on Colonel Swope's body. On direct examination, Doctor Hall said that the Colonel's vital organs were in a normal condition, except for the poison contained in the stomach.

The Prosecution asked Doctor Hall if he thought Colonel Swope had died of apoplexy.

"I do not!" Hall replied emphatically.

WALSH, prompted by Hyde, cross-examined Doctor Hall, bringing into use scores of medical terms. It developed that:

Neither of Colonel Swope's kidneys was normal. One had a tumor two inches long upon it. Both were congested, atrophied and granular. If Colonel Swope had died of uremic poisoning, there would have been convulsions, and it would have been impossible to have located the poison; the symptoms of uremic poisoning closely resemble those of cyanide poisoning. There

was a tumorous growth in the intestines. The aorta was hardened from the arch to below the diaphragm. In removing the brain from the skull, Doctor Hekteon broke it on one side in at least a dozen places, and tore the base of it. In order to facilitate the removal of the frozen organs from the body, several kettlefuls of hot water were poured over them, and more than half a pint of clotted blood was taken from the heart and thrown away.

In the cross-examination, Attorney Walsh asked Doctor Hall if he had not told him a few weeks prior to that time that if he were called upon to give a death certificate in Colonel Swope's case, he would have ascribed the cause as senile debility.

"I did," Doctor Hall replied.

After presenting a long, hypothetical question, in which the symptoms of Colonel Swope were fully described, the Prosecution asked:

"Now, in such a case, what would you say?"

"I should say that the patient had been poisoned!" Doctor Hall said.

On April 30th Judge Latshaw announced that he would appoint a commission of medical experts to determine, from the evidence presented by the toxicologists and pathologists, if Colonel Swope had met death by poisoning.

These medical experts reported back to the court on May 3rd. They testified that they were positive that Colonel Swope had been poisoned. They added this information:

Twenty-six thirty-thirds of a grain of strychnin were found in the entire liver of Colonel Swope; there were signs of cyanide in the stomach; there was a trace of strychnin in one kidney. There was a suggestion, but no positive proof, of cyanide in the stomach of Chrisman Swope. There was strychnin in the contents of the stomach of Margaret Swope. And the capsules thrown in the snow by Doctor Hyde on the evening he was expelled from the Swope mansion contained strychnin.

DOCTOR HYDE now was called to the stand for the first time. The Prosecution asked him to explain why he had purchased the cyanide at Hugo Brecklein's drug store. Hyde declared that he bought the poison to kill rats in his office. The State then sought to prove that there had been no rats in his office. The building in which he had his office was less than six months old, and, therefore, free from rodents.

Doctor Hyde then said that the rats had gained entrance to his office by climbing a drain pipe from another, older building, next to the one in which his office was located. The other building, Hyde said, housed a dirty café, from which rats literally swarmed.

The Court ordered a detective to investigate the building housing the café, but as the day was about ended, the detective decided to wait until morning to carry out instructions.

When the detective went up-town the next morning, to search for rats in the ancient building, *he found a pile of dying embers where the café had been.*

The building had burned during the night!

The defense testimony began on May 5th. Doctor Walter Cross, city chemist, branded the analyses by the toxicologists as incomplete. He was asked to explain the presence of typhoid fever in the Swope house. He could not explain it. He said that the disease was "just there," and that its presence needed no explaining. Other defense witnesses, composed of personal friends of Hyde, testified, for the most part, to the poor health of Colonel Swope.

Doctor E. E. Smith, for the defense, also attacked the analyses of the Swope physicians.

Both Doctor Smith and Doctor Cross declared that hydrocyanic acid, the deadly part of cyanide, could have manifested itself in Colonel Swope's body as a result of the introduction of embalming fluid. The fluid used contained formaldehyde, which, when blended with ammonia in a body, would produce hydrocyanic acid.

The State made no attempt to cross-examine the witnesses for the defense.

MRS. HYDE took the stand in her husband's defense on May 9th, and it was obvious that she was putting forth every ounce of her strength in an effort to save the young physician.

She accused the entire "Swope tribe" of using falsehood and trickery, in an attempt to send her husband to a murderer's death. Questioned regarding the domestic troubles between Hyde and the Swope family, she answered without equivocation or delay. She admitted that her husband had never liked any of her relatives, and that none of them had ever liked *him.*

When she stepped down from the witness chair, Hyde himself took the stand. He denied, almost shoutingly, having poisoned anyone, or having tried to poison anyone. He further swore that he had had no knowledge, till after the death of Colonel Swope, whether or not Mrs. Hyde was to be left a penny of the residuary estate of the millionaire.

Mrs. Hyde was then recalled to the stand. This time, she mounted the steps with tears streaming down her cheeks.

She flatly contradicted all the testimony given by her mother, her sisters, and her cousin. The jurymen could be seen leaning out of the box, straining their ears to catch every word of her testimony.

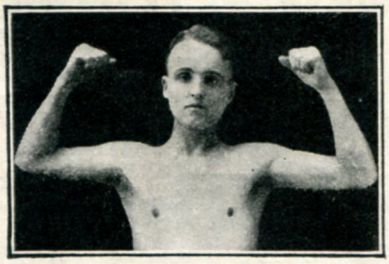
Mrs. Logan O. Swope stared straight into her daughter's tear-filled eyes. Anger showed in the older woman's face, and when she turned her gaze upon Doctor Hyde, her eyes contained hatred.

Mrs. Hyde probably gave, now, the most damaging testimony that had so far been brought out by the State, when she admitted that her husband had warned her not to drink the water that was kept in a cooler in the mansion, because, he told her, it was "impure."

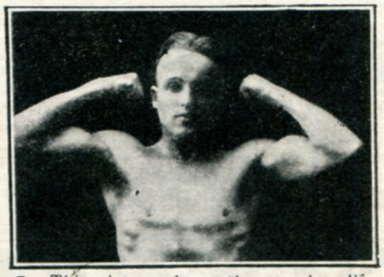
When the State opened its rebuttal on May 10th, the first witness to be called was Doctor Hyde. Prosecutor Virgil Conklin did the questioning. His examination was rapid, and replete with references to cyanide. *Doctor Hyde could not remember the name of the drug store from which he had purchased cyanide, although he admitted having purchased much of the drug.*

Panther or Cow?

Which Do You Want to Be?



1—A typical example of a puny, undeveloped man. No muscles, no chest development, no pep, no energy. Do YOU look like this?



2—This picture shows the amazing difference that muscles make. Don't YOU want a powerful development that will make you a husky, two-fisted MAN, alive with STRENGTH and ENERGY?

UNDER the silky hide of the lions, tigers, leopards and panthers, long, rippling muscles and thews of spun-steel crawl and flex in eternal readiness. Their power is terrific. Their action swift and sure. Are *your* muscles like that? Are *you* a panther?

Does *strength* mean *beef* to you? A bull is strong, but can you imagine the outcome of a one-round bout between a panther and a bull? Place your bets, gentlemen! Place your bets! What odds would you want if you were backing the bull? A great mountain of stupid, clumsy, useless beef—led by a ring in his nose!

It's the speed and agility of the panther that makes CHAMPIONS in every field of sport. It is the *panther* system of body building that has made my method famous in the physical culture field.

In 30 Days I'll Wrap Your Body in Muscle

Watch your muscles GROW! Man, I'm going to cover that body of yours with massive layers of **live, rippling muscles!** I'm going to DOUBLE the size of your biceps, broaden your shoulders by INCHES! In just 30 short days you are going to see an amazing improvement in your appearance. Give me a few minutes a day in the privacy of your own home and I'll transform you into a superb example of physical MANHOOD.

FREE My Amazing Book "Miracles in Muscle"

Whatever your age or condition, you NEED this great book on body-building. Filled with astonishing demonstrations of men remade—weaklings transformed into PANTHER-MEN! This wonder-working book is yours FREE—**if you hurry.** Mail the coupon or write, TODAY.

The One and Only **TITUS** 105 East 13th St., New York, N. Y.

TITUS, Dept. W-142
105 East 13th St., New York, N. Y.

Dear Titus: I'd like to have your big new book "MIRACLES IN MUSCLE." Send it along FREE.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

BE A DETECTIVE

Earn Big Money

Experience unnecessary. Write,

GEORGE D. WAGNER

2190 Broadway New York

Mail FREE Detective Particulars to

Name.....

Address.....

RUPTURE **TRUSS on 30 DAYS TRIAL**

No Money Down—No Deposit—No C. O. D.

Doctor's Invention. No leg strap, elastic web or cruel spring. Improved soft velvet covered flat pad. Eliminates severe pressure. Does not plug or enlarge opening. Cannot shift. Thousands say no other truss so comfortable. Investigate. **Costs nothing to try. Dr. Kaiser, 2906 Main Suite 106, Kansas City, Mo.**

SELL SHIRTS

It's simple, easy work. You just take orders for our famous Gracefit Solid Color Shirts. They sell at 3 for $6.45. Your profit is $1.45 on every sale besides many special bonuses. YOU NEED NO EXPERIENCE. I give you full instructions and personal attention. Gracefit Shirts are REAL VALUE—millions of satisfied customers now wear them. Popular for over 30 years.

AGENTS! GET YOUR FREE OUTFIT!

It Starts

You in a Pleasant, Dignified Business

The big season is now starting. GET IN ON THE BIG PROFITS that are sureto come to Gracefit Agents. EVERYTHING NEEDED TO START GIVEN FREE! Handsome outfit showing beautiful samples included. Send your name and address at once for Big Color Outfit, Special Samples and Free Shirt Offer. ACT AT ONCE!

Gracefit Shirt Co., 504 Sixth Ave., Dept. 512, New York

HOW'D YOU LIKE to Play This Instrument?

FREE LESSONS!

No reason why you shouldn't. Easy Lessons show you how. 5 days' free trial in your own home. A year to pay.

THE whole world seems different when you learn to play and now *you* can play the most spectacular of all instruments--the Deagan Xylorimba. No long waiting. No finger or lip exercises. No tiresome practice. Start to play very first day even if you can't read a note of music right now. Soon you'll be the "hit" of every party. Maybe, like the Musical Hallmans (Reading, Pa.) you'll make $65 a week spare time.

Our Big FREE Book tells all about the free trial offer, the easy lessons, the wonderful payment plan. No cost or obligation--send in coupon today.

J. C. Deagan, Inc., Dept. 1886, 1770 Berteau Ave., Chicago

Send me without obligation, full details of Free Trial offer and easy payment plan of the Deagan Xylorimba.

Name.....

Address.....

Conklin then made Doctor Hyde admit that he had purchased 200 culture tubes for the reception of germs. The defense attorney objected, contending that this only proved an assertion made early in the trial, that Hyde was stocking up for a new laboratory. Hyde explained the disappearance of the typhoid "pus" germs, mentioned earlier by one of the physicians, by saying that when he returned from New York shortly before the epidemic in the Swope residence, he found that his office had been plundered in his absence, and the thief had taken the germs. Conklin asked if the typhoid germs were all that was missing. *Doctor Hyde said that they were!*

Producing some of the culture tubes that Hyde had purchased, Conklin thereupon called attention to the breaking out of the typhoid epidemic in the Swope house within a few days after the defendant bought the tubes.

"Oh, there was an earthquake in the West Indies at about that time, too!" Hyde shot back, flippantly.

The rebuttal testimony of both sides was completed on May 11th, following which Judge Latshaw delivered his instructions to the jury. He instructed it either to find Doctor Hyde guilty of murder in the first degree, punishable by death or life imprisonment—or to acquit him.

Special instructions were given the jury regarding the testimony of Mrs. Hyde, and that of the medical experts for both sides. Judge Latshaw stressed the importance of the testimony given by the defendant's wife and instructed the jury to give it careful consideration.

HENRY L. JOST, assistant prosecuting attorney, opened the argument for the State and talked impassionedly for two hours. Among other charges hurled at Hyde in his severe attack on the physician, Jost said:

"I can tell you that on October third last, this fellow went down to that house in Independence with poison in his pocket, and murder in his heart, and took the life of Colonel Swope!

"Here is a man in ordinary circumstances, living in a house Colonel Swope gave him! If Colonel Swope died, he would come into an independent fortune of two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. If Chrisman Swope died, he would get seventy-five thousand dollars more. If the death of Margaret Swope could have been compassed, she would be lying in cold, cold ground, instead of being here in flesh and blood!

"That is why Chrisman Swope and Colonel Thomas Swope are dead, and that is why this defendant laid his murderous hands upon Margaret Swope!"

Attorney Walsh took unusually strenuous objection to the term "murderous hands."

Mrs. Logan O. Swope sat like a statue of stone, her children surrounding her. Mrs. Hyde wept aloud. Doctor Hyde was grinning.

On May 12th, Walsh opened the argument for the defense. He, too, swayed the court with his masterful oratory, and many predicted that his argument would unlock the prison doors for Doctor Hyde.

If the jury hanged Doctor Hyde, Walsh declared, it would be doing so on the testimony of *one woman*, Mrs. Logan O. Swope. For it was she who had sworn that Hyde knew of the residuary clause in Colonel Swope's will.

THE case went to the jury at 9:55 o'clock on the night of May 13th, 1910. After deliberating one hour and forty minutes, the jury stood eleven to one in favor of *acquittal*.

In the court-room, a dozen personal friends of Doctor Hyde and his pretty wife swarmed about the couple, until the scene looked like a social gathering. Hyde was beaming happily. He told many jokes. The rest of the Swope family sat in silence at its own table.

The jury finally was dismissed for the night. Balloting was resumed next morning at 9 o'clock. At 11:15 o'clock that night, it still had failed to reach a verdict, and Judge Latshaw sent the jurymen to the hotel.

May 15th passed the same way. The jury was out all day, until late at night, but failed to agree.

On May 16th, the jury returned to the chamber again at 9 o'clock in the morning. At 10:23 o'clock that morning, W. C. Crone, the foreman, announced that a verdict had been reached.

Doctor Hyde was pronounced guilty.

Crone, the jury foreman, told the press later that Hyde could blame his own testimony for conviction, saying:

"Doctor Hyde was his own worst enemy in the trial. When he testified at one time during the trial that he had bought cyanide for ten years, but could not remember *where* he bought it, he damned himself as a witness! At first, I believed Doctor Hyde innocent, and until Sunday night I voted for his acquittal. But thinking it over and recalling his demeanor on the stand, I decided that he was guilty."

Crone added that up until Sunday night, when it suddenly occurred to him that Doctor Hyde was guilty, there had been ten other jurymen who voted with him in favor of acquittal. It was Crone's unexpected decision to change his vote for Hyde's conviction, that influenced the ten others to write "Guilty" on their ballot slips.

A most remarkable feature of the verdict for which Crone had voted during the last hours of the jury balloting, was this: Crone's son, Albert Crone, just a few days before the Hyde trial opened, had been found guilty of murdering his sweetheart, Bertha Bowler, and was then serving a sentence of eighteen years in the Missouri State Penitentiary at Jefferson City—the same prison to which Juryman Crone helped sentence Doctor B. Clark Hyde for life.

When the verdict was returned, Hyde buried his head in his hands, and sobbed bitterly for ten minutes. Judge Latshaw waited until the prisoner looked up, and then said:

"Mr. Marshal, treat that poisoner the same as any other murderer!"

He was sentenced to serve the rest of his natural life in the penitentiary.

THE trial of Doctor B. Clark Hyde had lasted five weeks to the day. The Swope family returned to the great mansion at Independence in high spirits.

Mrs. Hyde was broken, bodily and spir-

itually. With drooping head and tear-swollen eyes, she trudged dejectedly to the humble house on Forest Avenue.

Promptly, Doctor Hyde filed a motion for a new trial. The petition was granted, but it was not until 1913—three years later—that the case again went to trial.

During all that long period, the authorities never ceased to gather evidence against the accused man. Mrs. Logan O. Swope still retained James Reed as special prosecutor, still employed a large staff of private detectives and a corps of medical experts. And Frances Swope Hyde, wife of the young physician, continued to spend large sums for her husband's defense. Jackson County, Missouri, also was expending a fortune for the prosecution.

The second trial, in 1913, terminated in a hung jury, and the case was ordered to be retried at a later term of court.

Walsh, who was still chief counsel for the defense, succeeded in getting the case continued from time to time, and it was April, 1917, when Doctor Hyde was taken before the bar to face trial once more for the murders of three men and the poisoning of seven other persons.

Mrs. Hyde had in the meantime received her share of the Swope millions, but at the end of the third and final trial she found herself broken in spirits, and penniless.

The public knew that the defense of her husband had devoured Mrs. Hyde's fortune, long before she herself realized it. The public also was aware of what the long strain on her nerves had cost her. Although still under thirty, she was a very old woman. Lines showed in her face, and her shoulders were hunched, bent under the heavy burden that she had carried for seven long years.

Seeing Mrs. Hyde sitting beside her husband in Judge E. E. Porterfield's court, where the third trial was held, people found themselves unconsciously asking these questions:

IS a wife's first and unchangeable duty to her husband?

Does she, when she plights her troth at the marriage altar, make an unbreakable vow to say "until death do us part, my husband can do no wrong"?

Or is her first and unchangeable duty to the community—to the upholding of the law? Shall she cast her husband aside if society says he is a criminal, if a jury convicts him, if the weight of the evidence is against him, and accept the verdict of the majority?

Or should she say: "It is a wife's duty not to question her husband, but to believe what he says. I do not ask if he is a murderer—I have no right to ask that question. No matter what he is, he is my husband, and whatever I have—life or money—belongs to him——"?

These were the exact words of Mrs. Hyde, when questions similar to the foregoing were asked her at the end of the last trial of her husband:

"It is not a question with me as to his guilt or innocence. It is just the question of a wife's duty.

"What he is, I am. We were made one on our wedding day.

"Seven years ago, when my husband was indicted for the murder of my uncle, my cousin, and my uncle's cousin and friend, Kansas City asked of me, 'Will you stand by your husband?' My answer to Kansas City, and to all the rest of the world, was, 'I am his wife, no matter what is said against him—I promised to love and honor him—I vowed it at the altar—and I cannot break that vow.'

"And I never have."

The third trial of Doctor Hyde opened in Judge Porterfield's court late in April, 1917. All the evidence that was introduced in the first trial was presented again in the 1917 trial, and much additional.

The Prosecution, of which Hunt C. Moore was now at the head, having been elected to the office of County Attorney to succeed Virgil Conklin, was sure of a final and lasting victory. The case had lost none of its sensationalism, nor had interest been sacrificed because of the long delays. The court-room was just as crowded as it had been on the opening day of the first trial in 1910, and the public was just as eager to read of the progress made in the third trial, as it had been in the first.

A jury had been selected, and the prosecution forces had already begun to fire their big guns. Several witnesses had been examined. The trial was getting under way smoothly. Then——

COURT was suddenly called to order by a sharp rap of Judge Porterfield's gavel. The Judge summoned Prosecutor Moore to the bench. He talked a few minutes in guarded undertones. Prosecutor Moore's hands fell limply to his sides. He turned away from the Judge's bench. On his face was written defeat, as he made this announcement for all the world to hear:

"I feel humiliated to be forced, as the representative of the State, to stand in court and confess that the great State of Missouri is too poor to bring a criminal case of this magnitude and importance to trial! But there is nothing else for me to do."

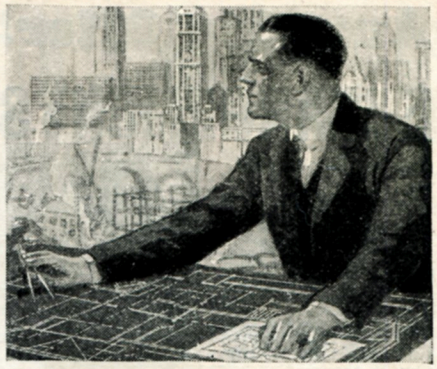
The Jackson County treasury, or that portion of it out of which the expenses of Judge Porterfield's court were paid, had been sucked dry by the preceding Hyde trials! There was no money with which to carry on the prosecution. Prosecutor Moore had made application for $8,000 to defray the expenses of the continuation of the trial. His application had been rejected. The Swope family was unwilling to advance further money for the prosecution. Mrs. Logan O. Swope had already paid a conservatively estimated sum of $1,000,000 to bring Hyde to justice. She had no more money with which to fight her son-in-law!

Doctor B. Clark Hyde walked out of Judge Porterfield's court, a free man.

His wife walked beside him.

Three years later, she divorced him, charging extreme cruelty and violence.

Every Thursday evening at 9 o'clock, Eastern Daylight Time, 8 o'clock, Central Daylight Time, don't fail to listen in on the thrilling radio presentations of master detective stories now appearing in TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES. They are being sent out over twenty stations of the Columbia Broadcasting System. See newspapers for announcements.



Former Plasterer Now Earning $12,000 a Year

"When I enrolled with the International Correspondence Schools, I was a plasterer and I didn't know a thing about blueprints. Today I have my own contracting business and I am able to figure the most difficult jobs and execute them to the satisfaction of everyone concerned. My income is between $12,000 and $15,000 a year. It certainly was a lucky day for me when I sent in that I. C. S. coupon."

That's a true story of what just one student of the International Correspondence Schools has done. Every mail brings letters from other ambitious men and women telling of promotions due directly to spare-time study.

One hour a day spent at home, in I. C. S. study, will prepare you for success in the work you like best.

Mail Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
"The Universal University"
Box 2271, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me a copy of your 48-page booklet, **"Who Wins and Why,"** and tell me how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I have marked an X:

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

☐ Architect	☐ Automobile Work
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ Aviation Engines
☐ Building Foreman	☐ Plumber and Steam Fitter
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Plumbing Inspector
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Foreman Plumber
☐ Structural Draftsman	☐ Heating and Ventilation
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ Sheet-Metal Worker
☐ Electrical Engineer	☐ Steam Engineer
☐ Electrical Contractor	☐ Marine Engineer
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ Refrigeration Engineer
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ R. R. Positions
☐ Electric Car Running	☐ Highway Engineer
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Chemistry
☐ Telephone Work	☐ Pharmacy
☐ Mechanical Engineer	☐ Coal Mining Engineer
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Navigation ☐ Assayer
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Iron and Steel Worker
☐ Toolmaker	☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
☐ Patternmaker	☐ Cotton Manufacturing
☐ Civil Engineer	☐ Woolen Manufacturing
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Agriculture ☐ Fruit Growing
☐ Bridge Engineer	☐ Poultry Farming
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Mathematics ☐ Radio

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management	☐ Business Correspondence
☐ Industrial Management	☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
☐ Personnel Management	☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Traffic Management	☐ English
☐ Accounting and C. P. A. Coaching	☐ Civil Service
☐ Cost Accounting	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Mail Carrier
☐ Secretarial Work	☐ Grade School Subjects
☐ Spanish ☐ French	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Salesmanship	☐ Illustrating ☐ Cartooning
☐ Advertising	☐ Lumber Dealer

Name.....
Street Address.....
City..... State.....
Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada

WRIST WATCH GIVEN

SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU

Snappy model, keeps perfect time. Guaranteed 5 years. Write for 12 boxes Mentho-Nova. Sell at 25c box. Wrist watch with strap sent you as per plan in Big Catalog or Cash Commission Paid. Send only name and address.
U. S. SUPPLY CO. Dept. G151, Greenville, Pa.

LAW Free Book

Write today for FREE 64 page book, **"THE LAW-TRAINED MAN"**, which shows how to learn law in spare time through the Blackstone home-study course prepared by 80 prominent legal authorities, including law school deans, lawyers, and U. S. Supreme Court justices. Combination text and case method of instruction used. All material necessary furnished with the course, including elaborate 25-volume law library, which is delivered immediately upon enrollment. Many successful attorneys among our graduates. LL.B. degree conferred. Moderate tuition, low monthly terms. Money-Back Agreement.

Write for free book today

BLACKSTONE INSTITUTE, 307 N. Michigan Ave. Dept. 220-D Chicago

THE LAW TRAINED MAN

Amazing Offer!
Portrait ENLARGEMENTS
ONLY 49c EACH

At last your chance to get a life-like Bromide photo enlargement at a small fraction of the regular price reproduced from any clear photograph, tintype or snapshot you mail us. **Size 11 x 14 inches** No photo too large nor any snapshot too small. We guarantee return of your original photograph in the same condition as received. You run no risk. **Send as many photos as you wish at the bargain price of 49c each.**

Send No Money—Simply mail us the photo, with your name and address, and in about a week you will receive a beautiful enlargement that will never fade. We will also send with the enlargement an illustrated circular describing several of our most popular frames. From this circular you can choose the frame which we are giving FREE with every enlargement ordered in colors. On arrival of picture pay postman only 49c plus a few pennies postage or send 50c with order and we will prepay postage. YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT DELIGHTED.

GIVEN BEAUTIFULLY CARVED FRAME—As a special inducement to acquaint you with the high quality of our work, we'll frame every enlargement done in Pastel Water Colors ABSOLUTELY FREE—during this sale only. DON'T PUT IT OFF! MAIL YOUR PHOTO NOW!

NEW ERA PORTRAIT COMPANY
10 E. Erie St., Dept. 282. Chicago, Ill.

LAW STUDY AT HOME
Become a lawyer. Be independent. Earn $5,000 to $10,000 annually. We guide you step by step—furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL.B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Guide" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 974-L, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

Art Corner Your Pictures—in an Album
where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

Engel
5 Styles "Art Corners" 5 Colors
are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and Samples to try. Write
10¢ Buys 100
ENGEL MFG. CO.
Dept. 60-W, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago

NEW AND SIMPLE DISCOVERY
CLEARS-THE-SKIN
We prove it to you FREE. SEND NO MONEY. Write today for PROOF and full details of our liberal prepaid FULL SIZE TRIAL PACKAGE.
GUARANTEED FOR SKIN TROUBLES. Relieves Pimples, Blackheads, Whiteheads, Coarse Pores, Oily Shiny Skin, Freckles, Chronic Eczema, Stubborn Psoriasis, Scales, Crusts, Pustules, Barbers Itch, Itching Skin, Scabbies, softens and whitens the skin. **Just send us your name and address.**
ANDRE & CO., 751 E. 42nd St., Suite 188, Chicago

Be a Nurse
Make $30 - $35 a Week
You can learn at home in spare time. Course endorsed by physicians. Thousands of graduates. Est. 29 years. One graduate has charge of a ten-bed hospital. Another saved $400 while learning. Equipment included. Open to all over 18 and under 55 years. Money-back agreement.
CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 389, 421 S. Ashland Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your free fascinating booklet, "Amazing Opportunities in Nursing," and 32 sample lesson pages.
Name
City State

DU-TEX THE NEW WONDER TABLE CLOTH
New $10,000,000 a year Market SHARE ITS PROFITS
FOUND GOLD! UNDER-SELLS AND OUT-SELLS ALL OTHERS
STAINS RUB RIGHT OUT
LOOKS LIKE REAL IRISH LINEN
NEEDS NO LAUNDERING
AGENTS—Cash in Now! Highest daily Commissions. Lowest Prices. De-luxe Samples Free. Take orders for DU-TEX, the Genuine, Forever Immaculate, Linen-like Tablecloth. Nationwide Demand. Sells on Sight. All colors, all sizes. Wonderful opportunity. Mail coupon.
COUPON
DU-TEX CO., 116 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
Send me Free Samples of DU-TEX Tablecloths
Name 34-P
Address
SAMPLES FREE—Mail Coupon At Once!

It Beats The 3rd Degree

(*Continued from page 43*)

finger-printed and photographed, and promptly "made" in the identification bureau as William F. Leamon and Otis Molen, both ex-convicts. In Molen's pocket was found a key that fitted the ignition lock of the Dodge; also, a card bearing the notation, *"Winona Hotel, 535 Wall Street."*

Leamon volunteered to "take the fall" for the theft of the automobile, explaining that he had merely handed the key to Molen a few days before, with instructions to have the car washed.

However, both men were held on suspicion of grand larceny.

Our next move was to exhibit the pictured likenesses of the two suspects to the landlady of the Winona Hotel. She immediately recognized the men as former tenants, who had checked out a week before; and she volunteered the information that some of their friends still roomed there, and had been frequently visited by the men pictured in the police photos. From her descriptions of the present occupants of the room, we were convinced that one of them was Curly Richards, the man we sought, although that name did not appear on the hotel register.

Jackson and I resolved to remain at the hotel until we had the whole gang in custody, and telephoned Headquarters for reinforcements. Officers Bartley, Evans, French, Hoy, Caddell, Hogan and Mellon responded.

IT was then about 7 o'clock in the evening.

There followed three hours of tiresome waiting, or "stake-out"—an inescapable but soul-wearying part of a detective's duties—during which we sat in the unlit room in silence, or occasionally spoke in whispers.

Shortly after 10 o'clock, the hall door opened and a man walked in, pressing an electric switch as he did so and flooding the room with light.

Several of us instantly recognized the newcomer as Frank McAndiless, a two-time loser whose questionable activities had made him a figure familiar to many members of our Department. Upon facing the battery of police guns trained on him, he threw up his hands and stood trembling in our midst. An officer shook him down and relieved him of an automatic.

"I guess you know why we're here," bluffed Lieutenant Bob Evans. "You might as well come clean . . . where's Curly?"

Taken off guard, and without sufficient time to frame an alibi, McAndiless moistened his lips nervously, and answered:

"He'll be dragging in pretty soon, I guess—him and Fred both. We've all been living here."

"Fred who?" snapped Evans.

"Johnson. He's a friend of Curly's . . . I met 'em both at Folsom." (Folsom—the California prison to which second offenders are sent.)

"Just out, eh? And all three of you trying to see how quick you can get back in," sneered Jackson. "Were you in on the shooting of Officer Carney?"

"No, *sir!* I was *not.*"

"Well, you know we want Curly Richards for that shooting——"

"Sure, I know. But I wasn't even there!"

Pressed for details, he closed up like the proverbial clam and refused to give any more information, claiming that he had already "shot off his mouth" too much.

"What've you been doing for a living lately—you and your friends?" Jackson inquired.

"Oh, not much of anything. Odd jobs now and then——"

"'Odd' is *good,*" said Jackson. "Odd burglary jobs would be more like it, I guess!"

We were unable to elicit further information from the suspect, and Mac, as he was known to us, was then escorted to the police station by one of the officers. The rest of us remained to await the appearance of his roommates.

The next arrival proved to be Fred Johnson. That gentleman carried a suitcase, which, when opened, was found to contain a costly fur coat, three automatics, two revolvers, several flashlights and a pair of handcuffs. The cuffs, one flashlight and a police revolver were identified as having belonged to Officer Carney.

Questioning of Johnson regarding the ownership of the other pieces of property elicited evasive answers.

"A fellow gave it to me to keep for him," he declared, resorting to the first lie that occurred to him, after the custom of habitual criminals, regardless of how "thin" the explanation might sound.

Having dispatched Johnson to the station in custody of another officer, we settled down once more, to watch for Curly Richards.

IT was nearly midnight before we had another visitor—this time in the person of a youth not more than seventeen years of age. He gave his name as Jesse Robinson, and further interrogating disclosed that he was the son of Rose Martin.

"Was it you who let the officers in your mother's house the day Carney was shot?" I inquired.

"Yes." The admission came reluctantly.

"Where do you live?"

"With my mother, out in Glendale," he replied.

"Then you've moved from Stanford Street?"

"Yes."

A half-hour's persistent grilling was directed at the boy before he would give a number in Glendale at which his mother, Rose Martin, might be found. We thought it important to have this information, believing, as we did, that Richards might possibly be found in her company, providing we did not apprehend him at the hotel.

Two officers were immediately dispatched to the suburban city, only to return at 3 A. M. and inform us that the boy had sent them on a wild-goose chase. Rose was unknown to the sleepy and outraged couple who had answered their ring at the address given!

Jesse, who had been detained in the room with us, was warned that another

false statement would result in his arrest on a charge of harboring a criminal. He finally agreed to take us to his mother's apartment, and further admitted that he had been sent as an emissary of Curly's, to find out why McAndiless and Johnson had not shown up at Rose's new quarters.

A narrow thread of light showed under the door of Apartment 11 of the Eagle Hotel, located at 906 East Sixth Street, when, at 4 o'clock in the morning, Lieutenant Jackson and I appeared there, in company with Jesse Robinson.

At our knock, a woman's voice called:

"Who is it?"

"It's me, Mom," the lad answered quickly. "I've got some cops with me."

Sounds of wild scurrying about inside followed this announcement, whereupon we informed the occupants that if the door were not opened immediately, we would kick it in.

A moment later, Rose Martin—a rather attractive woman, not over thirty-five years of age, and with snapping black eyes—turned the key in the lock, and we walked in.

A quick search of the room disclosed Curly Richards, hiding under the bed!

Rose and her cringing sweetheart were brought to the police station, where the woman was booked on suspicion of receiving stolen property, and Richards for robbery and assault with intent to commit murder.

Then, at the end of eighteen hours' continuous work, all of the officers assigned to the investigation, including myself, went home to get some sorely needed sleep.

ON the afternoon of the following day, Curly Richards, Fred Johnson and Otis Molen confessed to the shooting of Officer Carney. Curly admitted having fired the shot.

He explained that he, with his two confederates, met Rose Martin on the street shortly after her house had been raided. Upon being informed that two officers had been seen to emerge from it, leaving only one on guard at the residence, they decided to go back and remove the two suitcases with their damaging contents, in order that charges of receiving stolen property should not be lodged against Rose. After the shooting, the trio hunted up Bill Leamon, who was dining with some friends, informed him of the situation, and all four fled to Reno, Nevada, in the stolen automobile. They stayed in Reno until word was received that Officer Carney had not been fatally wounded, after which they returned to Los Angeles.

During this interim, the fur coat found in the Winona Hotel room had been carefully examined at the Detective Bureau.

On the inner side of the fur was found a number corresponding to one on a coat which had been stolen in a daring daylight robbery in Spokane, Washington, a few weeks before, in which property valued at more than $10,000 was stolen from the home of Guy Reagal. Almost all of the silverware found in the suit-cases which Richards, Leamon and Molen had in their possession when arrested, bore the initial "R."

At the same time, the records revealed that all of our prisoners had had more or less lurid careers.

Fred Johnson, at this time twenty-eight years of age, had begun his prison career with a two-year jolt in a Federal naval penitentiary for desertion. Six months after his discharge, he was arrested in Los Angeles on a statutory charge involving a young boy, convicted and sentenced to Folsom for from five years to life. Nine months after his release, he was arrested by us on the present charge.

Raphael Richards, *alias* Curly Richards, who was twenty-nine years old, had a previous record of three years in San Quentin for burglary, having been discharged just four months before he found himself in his present predicament.

Otis Molen, aged thirty-seven, had a criminal record extending over the past twenty years, eleven of which had been spent within prison walls.

McAndiless, who was thirty-eight and the oldest of the lot, had been sent to the Folsom penitentiary in 1914 (after several jail sentences for minor offenses) to serve an eight-year sentence for burglary; he was paroled in October, 1917. In June, 1921, he again found himself in the toils of the law on a burglary charge and was returned to Folsom, gaining his freedom in January, 1922.

William Leamon, aged thirty, had also been a Folsom "boarder" at one time.

MY next logical step was to put to practical application my theory that "words speak louder than actions" in dealing with certain types of wrong-doers.

Certain that at least one of the five men in custody could be reasoned with, I picked Bill Leamon as the most promising. With Evans and Jackson, I escorted him from his felon's cell to a room in the basement of the police station—our quarters providing no privacy elsewhere. In one of the supply rooms, we found seats on breadboxes, and opened our conference.

I first told Leamon that some of the property in the suit-cases found in possession of himself and friends had been identified as stolen in the Reagal robbery in Spokane, and that we had a dead-bang case against all of them on that job alone; further, that Richards, Johnson and Molen had admitted the shooting of Officer Carney and that they would undoubtedly be prosecuted on charges of robbery and assault with intent to commit murder (with prior conviction of a felony), thus insuring a sentence of at least fourteen years in the penitentiary.

Next, I informed him that we were certain they had committed numerous burglaries in and around Los Angeles, and appealed to him to help us clear up as many cases as possible, giving names, dates, locations and disposition of stolen property.

"What do I get out of it?" was Leamon's first question when I had finished.

"Nothing," I replied. "You know we can't offer you immunity on any charge preferred against you. However, I'll promise this: we won't file against you on any cases you may clear up for us, of which we now have no knowledge." I could safely promise this, as the probabilities of obtaining complaints against this mob on charges other than those already preferred against them, were remote, to say the least. "You know, of course, there's no way for you men to escape going back to stir . . . but I'm making this request of you as one man to another. You're

RUSH—ABSOLUTELY FREE!
THIS E-F ANGLE SCREWDRIVER—of tempered crucible Spring steel—has 7 powerful edges for large & small screws. Works under obstructions where others won't—101 other uses. Carries like pen-knife—often more valuable. Sent Free on Receipt of Coupon.
Name .....
Route No., St. .....
P. O. City, St't .....
☐ Interested in Factory Representative Proposition!
☐ In User Literature! THE FLASH SALES CORP'N
I.T.D. - 4809 N. Ashland Ave., CHICAGO, ILL.
CLIP HERE—MAIL TO

Also FREE ON COUPON—the "$5,000" CIRCULAR giving amazing 125-Picture story of
The "Pocket Machine Shop!"
with its 1-TON POWER-GEAR
It Outgrips a 40-Lb. Vise!

The 'hand-grip' of a tiny Rubber band holds the Hardest-to-Hold thing known against a 300-Pound Pull!
Its 10-to-1 ratio Power-Gear-Transmission gives YOUR hands the 1-TON GRIP of 20 Hands, yet—YOU CAN GRIP A HAIR.
An Automatic Lock-Grip Ratchet Wrench
Speed VISE
Parallel
PLIERS
Plus

No. 3—for all Wire, chain, spring-making, fence work, etc.
No. 2—for all Pipe work, "chewed" nuts in tight places, etc.
No 1, Universal—for ALL Pliers, Nut Wrench, Vise and Clamp, Spring-making Work, etc.
EIFEL-FLASH PLIERENCH KIT
(Say "Eye-fel—Flash") "The T.N.T. of Tools"
You get the amazingly Quicker, Better, Easier, Universal Tool Service of Nos. 1, 2 & 3—Convertible in 1/5 second—in this new 24-Ounce Master Tool Kit—for the Price of One Good Tool; yet it Does the Work of the best other tools Weighing 60 pounds and Costing $50.00!
Hundreds of Thousands of Men and Women are using these wonder Kits to make Homes and Estates more comfortable—Farms, Shops, etc., more profitable; to get more and better service from Auto's and all mechanical devices with a huge Saving in money, time and energy!
Just try a PlieRench Kit Once, and you'd no more go back to other tools than to the ancient Ox-cart!
With each Kit a 64-page Manual of Mechanics
A GUARANTEED SUPER-QUALITY PRODUCT

(©'29-J.E.)
Big Vacation—All Year Money-Maker
for PlieRench Factory Representatives—Full or Part Time. Amazing Demonstr'n sells at sight—makes $75-$200 weekly all year 'round. Seasonal Demand Doubles Profits. A Ga. Repr. made $97 in 20-Min. Group Sale; a Mich. Repr. $368 in 12 days; another $379 in 5 days. Everybody wants the Kit!
Mail Valuable Coupon Above NOW!

WE MATCH PANTS
To Any Suit!
Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants. 100,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measure; no "readymades." Our match sent FREE for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.
SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY
115 So. Dearborn Street, Dept. 200, Chicago

Be an Expert Criminologist and Court Expert
Open to both sexes. Qualify yourself to demand big pay. With crime increasing the expert is constantly in demand. Where the ordinary detective fails the expert criminologist succeeds. Learn this lucrative profession in all its branches at home. Finger prints, Legal Chemistry, Microscopy, Photo-Micrography, Handwriting, Graphology, Psychology, Ballistics, Blood stains, etc. All in one complete course. Each student given individual and careful attention, and advice later when handling cases after completing course. Write today.
International Criminologist School
Address P. O. Box 343 Seattle, Wash.

GOV'T. POSITIONS
$35 TO $75 WEEKLY
MEN-WOMEN AGE 18 to 55
WE HELP YOU GET ONE
( ) Ry. Mail Clerk ( ) Steno-Typist
( ) P. O. Laborer ( ) Immigrant Inspector
( ) R. F. D. Carrier ( ) Seamstress
( ) Special Agent ( ) Auditor
(investigator) ( ) Steno-Secretary
( ) City Mail Carrier ( ) U. S. Border Patrol
( ) Meat Inspector ( ) Chauffeur-Carrier
( ) P. O. Clerk ( ) Watchman
( ) File Clerk ( ) Skilled Laborer
( ) General Clerk ( ) Postmaster
( ) Matron ( ) Typist
INSTRUCTION BUREAU, Dept. 315, St. Louis, Mo.
Send me FREE particulars How To Qualify for positions marked "X". Salaries, locations, opportunities, etc. ALL SENT FREE.
NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

High School Course in 2 Years

This simplified, complete High School Course—specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college, business, and leading professions.

20 Other Courses

Over 200 noted Engineers, Business Men, and Educators helped prepare the special instruction which you need for success. No matter what your inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without specialized training. Let us give you the practical training you need.

American School
Drexel Ave. & 58th Street
Dept. H-662, Chicago

Money Back When You Finish If Not Satisfied

AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. H-662
Drexel Avenue and 58th St., Chicago

Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success in that line.

....Architect	....Electrical Engineer
....Building Contractor	....General Education
....Automobile Engineer	....Lawyer
....Civil Engineer	....Mach. Shop Practice
....Structural Engineer	....Mechanical Engineer
....Business Manager	....Steam Engineer
....C. P. A. & Auditor	....Draftsman & Designer
....Bookkeeper	....High School Graduate

Name.....Age.....
St. and No.....
Town.....State.....

MARVEL Compact
INSTANTLY REMOVES SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

as simply as erasing a pencil mark. No liquid, smell, cream, wax or danger. A Dainty Compact that can be carried in purse. Hair VANISHES as you apply by light, circular motion—anywhere, anytime. Leaves skin smooth and hairless. Discourages growth. Sent direct from maker. Money back guarantee. You don't risk a penny. Literature on request. Postpaid only $1

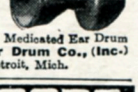
MARVEL COMPACT CO.,
Dept. T-2 9 East 14th Street, New York

All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 Boxes Mentho-Nova Salve at 25c. Wonderful for catarrh, cuts, burns, etc. Order today. When sold return $1.50 and all 5 pieces are yours.
U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. E131, Greenville, Pa.

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That

I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They stop head noises and ringing ears. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address



Medicated Ear Drum
GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co., (Inc.)
34 Hoffman Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

20 YDS. DRESS GOODS ALSO **BARGAIN!** THIS MONTH SPECIAL OFFER **5 YDS FREE** $1.90 + PSTG.

Gingham Prints, Percales, Voiles, Shirtings, Dress Prints, Crepes, etc. DIRECT TO YOU AT A BIG SAVING. 4 yards or more of each. NEW COLORS. The very newest and latest popular pattern assortment. Our finest quality.

2 BUNDLES $3.75 PSTG. 5 YDS. FREE AND $1.00 WORTH GIFTS

SEND NO MONEY Pay postman $1.90, plus a few cents delivery charge. 25 yard bundle $2.40 postage paid, money with order. Guarantee money back if not satisfied.

DIANA DRESS GOODS CO. C
1434 N. Wells St., Dept. 732, Chicago

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR!

EARN UP TO $250 per mo.

START ON A REAL SALARY, WITH EXPENSES PAID

Trained men are needed in this important profession. Fascinating work; plenty of variety; chances to travel. **Advancement rapid** with experience. Report to high officials.

We assist you to a position paying from $120. to $135. a month and expenses upon graduation, or refund your money. Prepare in 3 months' spare time home study. Cost moderate. Send for free booklet today.

Standard Business Training Institute,
Div. 49, Buffalo, N. Y.

in a position to do us a lot of good, without any harm to yourselves."

"Well . . . what do you want to know?"

"Tell me just what part, if any, you played in the shooting of Carney . . . and I particularly want to know, as well as you can remember, what burglaries you have committed—the addresses, the loot taken, and where you disposed of it. That will wipe off our slates a number of unsolved cases, and make it possible to return a lot of property to its rightful owners. What do you say?"

He pondered for some time, then raised his head.

"I'll tell you how I feel," he began. "When you brought me down here, I expected to get the third degree and a beating. In fact, I'd made up my mind, if you tried that, I'd die before I'd tell you one word about my own, or my partners' operations. I've been through all that before," he added bitterly. "But since you've been white to me, I'm willing to do what I can for you boys. If you'll give me a half-hour's talk with each one of my pals, privately . . . in their own cells . . . I'll see what they say. Maybe I can convince 'em that it'll do no harm to give you the dope. But there's one thing I'm not going to do, and that is, snitch on 'em! I won't be a damned stool-pigeon, *like McAndiless!*"

"What do you mean? Mac hasn't told anything on you fellows!"

"The hell he hasn't . . . think we don't know him?"

We learned, then, that all four members of the gang were *convinced that McAndiless had betrayed them to the police* at the time of his own arrest. They were of the opinion that we had brought Mac to the station as a blind, and had secretly "sprung" him after the others were safely in custody. As a matter of fact, the object of their suspicions was at that moment occupying a cell on a floor below them.

HOWEVER, Leamon's suggestion was acted upon. He was permitted to enter his companion's cells and talk with them privately during almost the entire afternoon. When the last man had been interviewed, I asked Leamon for the verdict.

He said that Curly and Fred Johnson had agreed, but that Otis Molen was not sure he cared to confide in us, being unwilling to risk adding more years to the already certain prison sentence awaiting him.

Notwithstanding Molen's reticence, he accompanied Leamon, Richards and Johnson to the basement room, where Evans, Jackson and I waited for them to speak.

No one would start the ball rolling. After a few moments' embarrassing silence, Leamon looked up and met my eyes.

"Leave us together a little while," he pleaded. "Give us fifteen minutes to talk this over between ourselves—then come back, and we'll shoot the works!"

"Meanwhile, you can be framing us," suggested Evans. "Nothing doing——"

"Wait," I interrupted. "I believe, Bob, that these boys will be on the up-and-up with us. They understand perfectly that we've got nothing to offer them in return for what they do for us . . . they all know they're going back to the Big House . . . so why should they frame us? Whatever they tell is bound to be a pure gratuity—in other words, gravy. I think we ought to let 'em talk this over."

"Oh, all right, all right!" answered the skeptical Evans. "Let 'em go ahead!" And with these words he stalked from the room, followed by Jackson and me. We closed the door firmly behind us and made no effort whatever to overhear the discussion going on inside.

WHEN the fifteen minutes had elapsed, we reentered.

Then, William Leamon began his confession, while Evans, Jackson and I got out our note-books and jotted down the information as he gave it.

"I'll tell you about all the jobs I remember being 'in' on, but I won't mention the names of men who worked with me. Each man will speak for himself. Then nobody can call anybody else 'stoolie.'

"A few months ago, I was released from Folsom, where I'd been working on the road gang. I kept on at my old job after I got out, only this time as a free man. Guess I'd worked a couple months that way, when a friend of mine, who was released at the same time I was . . . I won't mention his name . . . came to Folsom and pulled me off the job.

"We went first to Tulare, where we met another ex-con. The three of us stole a Dodge touring-car off the floor of the Dodge agency at Tulare, and started for Los Angeles. On the way down we stopped at Pixley, California, and burgled a hardware store and a general store, taking revolvers, ammunition, flashlights, money, clothing and other things we needed. When we got to Los Angeles, we sold part of the stuff. Here, we picked up two other men.

"All five of us drove up to Spokane.

"I'll Come Back To Haunt You!"

IF a man, facing death, said that to you, would you fear that he might fulfil his threat?

Lloyd M. Greer, the skeptic, learned the full horror of those words when his dead enemy came back in mysterious fashion to play havoc among the explosives and deadly acids in his laboratory! Here is a story to make agreeable chills race up and down your spine!

Read it in the September GHOST STORIES—on all news stands August 23rd.

A dozen other weird, fascinating tales are included in this same issue.

GHOST STORIES is a Macfadden Publication—twenty-five cents a copy, thirty cents in Canada.

One of the gang had formerly worked for Mr. Guy Reagal, a wealthy man up there, and we decided to rob his place. We watched the house for several hours one morning, and finally saw Mr. Reagal and his wife come out, get in their car and drive away. This was quite a disappointment . . . I mean, when we saw *Mrs.* Reagal with him . . . as we knew she always wore a lot of very valuable diamonds, and we'd intended to get them. However, after they'd gone, we went in, stuck up the servants and cleaned the house of silver, furs, jewelry, clothing—everything we thought looked good, in fact." His eyes glowed with excitement. "Sure was a good haul!" Then: "Once, during the robbery, an old gardener named Robertson came at us with a shovel, and someone in the gang knocked him unconscious." A sneer overspread his features as he mentioned the word "someone." Remembering his bitter enmity toward McAndiless, I surmised that it had been he who floored the gardener.

"After we'd taken everything we wanted, we loaded the stuff into the Dodge and headed back toward Los Angeles, sleeping along the road on the way down. We stopped in Ventura County to pull a few store burglaries.

"When we got to Los Angeles, we fooled around a week or two. Then this shooting scrape with Officer Carney came up, and we beat it to Reno." At this juncture, Leamon looked steadily at his three confederates, and said: "I guess it's in order for me to say I didn't personally figure in the shooting of Carney. In fact, I wasn't even in the house, and knew nothing about it until afterward. However, I *did* drive the car when we went to Reno. We stuck around Reno till we heard Carney wasn't going to die, then came back to Los.

"I guess that's about all, except the addresses of places I helped burglarize, and the disposal of the loot. I'll give you that now."

There followed a long recital of different jobs Leamon had participated in, and probable addresses where property might be recovered.

Fred Johnson took the floor next, and stated that he was one of the men referred to by Leamon as having been implicated in the Reagal robbery and the Carney shooting. He mentioned several addresses where part of his share of the loot might be recovered, and gave as accurate data as possible regarding other burglaries in which he had participated, all of which was carefully noted in our memorandum books.

After Johnson's recital, Curly Richards followed suit by admitting *his* part in the Spokane robbery, and reiterated his statement that it was he who fired at Carney. But he declared that the gun had been *accidentally discharged*: this, in spite of his remarks to Carney at the time of the shooting, which clearly indicated his intention of killing the officer!

OTIS MOLEN was the hardest nut of all to crack. With his long criminal record, it was not surprising that he dreaded making disclosures that might be used against him at his trial. However, after facing the witheringly scornful glances of his companions, who had "come clean," he reluctantly divulged names and addresses where loot stolen by him might be recovered, and admitted having been in on "jobs" already mentioned by his friends.

Not one of the four men had mentioned McAndiless as an accomplice, but, knowing him to be a close associate of theirs, we were morally certain he had been with them in Spokane.

I went to McAndiless' cell, and without preamble informed him that his picture had been sent to Spokane and identified by "old man Robertson" as the assailant who had knocked him out, in the belief that, if this were not the case, he would be surprised into naming the actual assailant. However, his first words were:

"That'll have to be *proved!*"

Certain, then, that I had fortunately hit the nail on the head, I said:

"Now, Mac, be reasonable! You're a man over six feet tall; all your partners on that job were much shorter. You know that your face is not one to be easily forgotten . . . do you think for one minute that that old man would forget you?"

And he replied: "It's a gut he'll know me when he sees me!"

Knowing that Spokane authorities were clamoring to prosecute the perpetrators of the daring robbery in their city which had resulted in such a rich haul, we decided that McAndiless should answer for the crime there, as we had small hope of obtaining confessions of guilt from him on other Los Angeles jobs. I, therefore, informed him that all of his companions figured him for a stool-pigeon; that while they had not "snitched" on him to us, they would no doubt be forced to implicate him when called to trial; that he would, in all probability, be convicted and sent to Folsom with them.

I pointed out that his own former penitentiary experiences should have acquainted him with the kind of treatment accorded a "stoolie" by the other inmates, and reminded him that if he went back to Spokane and took the rap for the Reagal robbery, he would be sent to the Washington State Penitentiary, and thus escape the wrath of his former associates.

His decision was given in a few words: "Send me back to Spokane! I'll cop a plea there." (Meaning he would plead guilty to the robbery charge.)

THE next day, Curly Richards instructed his sweetheart, Rose Martin, to assist us in recovering a quantity of stolen property, by accompanying us to various locations where it had been sold or given away. Thus we were enabled to recover another fur coat, several pieces of valuable jewelry and part of the silverware stolen from Guy Reagal in Spokane.

Most of the recipients of this "hot stuff" proved to be patrons of Rose's bootlegging establishment. One was found to be the wife of a man who had been associated with McAndiless, and to whom he had given two valuable diamond rings.

This girl, who was only twenty-two and very beautiful, had, while living with her husband, also accepted attentions from McAndiless. When questioned regarding the diamond rings, she said that one evening, while riding on a street-car with her husband, she opened her purse, saw the rings, and, fearing that her husband would discover them, threw them out of the car

"Why, Bill— *here's an extra* $20!"

"YES, Betty, I've had another raise! Twenty dollars—think of it! That's a thousand more a year. We *can* have the new furniture now, dear, and save more than ever, besides. You certainly were right about that International Correspondence Schools Course. You said I'd make some headway, once I had the training. And studying at home in my spare time wasn't hard.

"Remember, I said the Boss had been talking to me about technical points, and that I was able to answer his questions? He told me today that the I. C. S. people had written him about my course. He's been watching my work, and he decided this week that I was ready for promotion.

"This is only the start, dear, for I've got the training to handle my job and the job ahead."

Thousands of I. C. S. students are earning promotion and increased pay through spare-time study. Your employer is watching you. If he sees you have the training for a bigger job, you'll get it.

One hour a day, spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home, will prepare you for success in the work you like best. Put it up to us to prove it.

Mail this Coupon for Free Booklet

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
"The Universal University"
Box 2270, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me a copy of your 48-page booklet, **"Who Wins and Why,"** and tell me how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, *before* which I have marked an X:

TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL COURSES

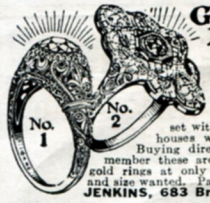
☐ Architect	☐ Automobile Work
☐ Architectural Draftsman	☐ Aviation Engines
☐ Building Foreman	☐ Plumber and Steam Fitter
☐ Concrete Builder	☐ Plumbing Inspector
☐ Contractor and Builder	☐ Foreman Plumber
☐ Structural Draftsman	☐ Heating and Ventilation
☐ Structural Engineer	☐ Sheet-Metal Worker
☐ Electrical Engineer	☐ Steam Engineer
☐ Electrical Contractor	☐ Marine Engineer
☐ Electric Wiring	☐ Refrigeration Engineer
☐ Electric Lighting	☐ R. R. Positions
☐ Electric Car Running	☐ Highway Engineer
☐ Telegraph Engineer	☐ Chemistry
☐ Telephone Work	☐ Pharmacy
☐ Mechanical Engineer	☐ Coal Mining Engineer
☐ Mechanical Draftsman	☐ Navigation ☐ Assayer
☐ Machine Shop Practice	☐ Iron and Steel Worker
☐ Toolmaker	☐ Textile Overseer or Supt.
☐ Patternmaker	☐ Cotton Manufacturing
☐ Civil Engineer	☐ Woolen Manufacturing
☐ Surveying and Mapping	☐ Agriculture ☐ Fruit Growing
☐ Bridge Engineer	☐ Poultry Farming
☐ Gas Engine Operating	☐ Mathematics ☐ Radio

BUSINESS TRAINING COURSES

☐ Business Management	☐ Business Correspondence
☐ Industrial Management	☐ Show Card and Sign Lettering
☐ Personnel Management	
☐ Traffic Management	☐ Stenography and Typing
☐ Accounting and C. P. A. Coaching	☐ English
	☐ Civil Service
☐ Cost Accounting	☐ Railway Mail Clerk
☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Mail Carrier
☐ Secretarial Work	☐ Grade School Subjects
☐ Spanish ☐ French	☐ High School Subjects
☐ Salesmanship	☐ Illustrating ☐ Cartooning
☐ Advertising	☐ Lumber Dealer

Name.....
Street Address.....
City.....State.....
Occupation.....

If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada



Genuine Diamonds Set in 14 Kt. Solid Gold Rings $4.98

NO INSTALMENTS TO PAY

Nothing like it offered before. Beautiful guaranteed 14K. solid gold rings set with genuine diamonds only $4.98. Other houses would charge $15.00 for similar rings. Buying direct you save the dealers' profit. Remember these are genuine diamonds set in solid 14K. gold rings at only $4.98. Send no money. State ring and size wanted. Pay on delivery, $4.98.

JENKINS, 683 Broadway, New York, Dept. 9-X-31

MEN and WOMEN

IT'S EASY

EXTRA MONEY!

Write Today

Piece Goods!

To make $25 to $50 a Week

Spare time will do. Nearly 1,000 sample fabrics. Silks, rayons, percales, dainty prints. Write for exclusive territory and sample outfit today.

Mitchell & Church Co.
Established 1898. Desk 203.
Binghamton, N. Y.

450 Miles on a Gallon of Gas!

According to a recent article by the president of the world's largest motor research corporation, there is enough energy in a gallon of gasoline if converted 100% in mechanical energy to run a four cylinder car 450 miles.

NEW GAS SAVING INVENTION ASTONISHES CAR OWNERS

A marvelous device, already installed on thousands of cars, has accomplished wonders in utilizing a portion of this waste energy and is producing mileage tests that seem unbelievable. Not only does it save gasoline, but it also creates more power, gives instant starting, quick pick-up, and eliminates carbon.

FREE SAMPLE and $100 a Week

To obtain national distribution quickly, men are being appointed everywhere to help supply the tremendous demand. Free samples furnished to workers. Write today to E. Oliver, Pres., for this free sample and big money making offer.

WHIRLWIND MFG. CO.
999-44-E, Third St., Milwaukee, Wis.

Wonderful, new device, guides your hand; corrects your writing in a few days. Big improvement in three hours. No failures. **Complete outline FREE.** Write **C. J. Ozment, Dept. 52, St. Louis, Mo.**

Latest Model

EARN LADIES' WRIST WATCH

Ladies' wrist watch of latest design 6-jewel guaranteed movement, 25-yr. white gold fancy engraved case with jewel tip. Send for only 12 boxes Mentho-Nova Salve. Sell at 25c box. Watch given according to offer in Catalog sent with Salve or cash commission paid. Send no money, just name and address today.

U. S. SUPPLY CO., Dept. P 131, Greenville, Pa.

BE A DETECTIVE

Make Secret Investigations

Earn Big Money. Work home or travel. Fascinating work. Experience unnecessary.

Particulars FREE. Write Dept. D.

AMERICAN DETECTIVE SYSTEM
2190 Broadway New York

Name .....

Address .....

only **$1.00** **DOWN**

10 Day FREE Trial

You can have a genuine L. C. Smith (the world's only ball bearing typewriter) for $1 down. Lowest price ever offered! Easiest terms. All the 1928 operating attachments. Re-newed. GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS. $1 down and we ship. No delay. No red tape. 10 day Free Trial. Free Typewriter Course. Tools. Waterproof Cover if you act now. Write for $1 down offer and free manual.

SMITH TYPEWRITER SALES CORP.
909-469 E. Ohio St. Chicago, Ill.

OLD CARS LIKE NEW
***in 30 minutes* Without Paint!**

A marvelous liquid called "Nu-Rex," almost magical in its effect does away with all polishes and waxes. It requires no rubbing, no painting, cleaning or waxing. Just a sweep of the hand and the drab, dull surface vanishes before your eyes and the hidden color gleams forth with wonderful lustre. The car looks as though it just came from the paintshop and the beautiful new finish will last indefinitely.

PAYS YOU EASILY UP $100 A WEEK

Refinish your own car free. Every car owner to whom you show Nu-Rex will buy. Every sale you make will bring you repeat business. We are now appointing men in various localities to take care of the big demand. A sample supply is furnished free to workers. Just write and say, "Send me your free sample and big money making offer."

NUREX PRODUCTS CO. Sta. C. Dept. 196. Milwaukee. Wisconsin

window! They were never recovered.

We located another married woman, who admitted being on cordial terms with William Leamon. She took us to her home, where we recovered two suit-cases of stolen property. Leamon also directed us to a room in an up-town hotel which he maintained as a rendezvous for himself and his illicit sweetheart, and where more loot was found.

The next day being Christmas, we declared a holiday, and our prisoners were permitted to enjoy their turkey, unmolested, in the city bastille.

ON December 26th, the entire day was spent in the property clerk's office, where, with the help of all four prisoners, we segregated the recovered stolen property into separate piles, preparatory to restoring it to the rightful owners.

All the prisoners, with the exception of McAndiless, evinced a great eagerness to shield Rose Martin. Each declared his willingness to accept full responsibility for the property found in her house, and absolve her from all blame. Realizing that it would be impossible to obtain a conviction in her case, we released her, much to the satisfaction of the arrested men—proving that there is, after all, honor of a sort, even among thieves.

On December 29th, Curly Richards, Fred Johnson and Otis Molen were charged with "assault with a deadly weapon with intent to commit murder." William Leamon was charged with first degree burglary, since he had not participated in the robbery and shooting of Officer Carney.

On December 30th, in Department B of the Justice Court, we arraigned the four defendants, all of whom took the stand, gave their versions of the shooting and robbing of Carney, and stated their intention of pleading guilty to the offense when arraigned in Superior Court—the Justice Court not being vested with authority to pass sentence on felony cases.

However, before the trial, Otis Molen experienced a change of heart, and decided to plead not guilty and demand a jury trial.

When apprized of this fact, we rounded up George Taylor and Bob Collins, the two men who had slipped into Rose Martin's house and witnessed the shooting of Carney from a rear room. On the day of Molen's trial, we had these men planted in front-row seats in the court-room.

Molen, informed of their identity, took one look at them, turned white as death, and immediately made a frantic appeal to be allowed to plead guilty to the same charges that had been lodged against Johnson and Richards!

This was arranged, and Molen, Richards and Johnson received sentences of fourteen years each in Folsom State Prison. Leamon was convicted of first degree burglary and sentenced to the same corrective institution for a period of from one to fifteen years.

McAndiless was sent to Spokane, and there convicted of robbery. On January 9th, 1925, he was received at the State Prison, Walla Walla, Washington, for a term of from five to ten years.

A reward of $500 paid by Guy Reagal for the recovery of some $6,000 worth of his property, was divided among the officers who investigated the case and prosecuted the five culprits.

Murder Farm!

(*Continued from page* 56)

process still attached. The zygomatic process, which leads to the eye-socket, is found only in human skulls, the scientists declared.

The head bone, the largest single specimen found on the farm, had the appearance of having been chopped from the side of a small boy's skull. Included in the State's exhibits was a bit of finger bone declared by the specialists to have been chopped from the hand of a young boy. A wisp of brown hair was placed under a powerful microscope and declared to have come from a human scalp, the color and texture resembling closely that of Lewis Winslow's.

The Defense also showed from the beginning that they were endeavoring to obtain a jury of "sympathetic women." They were quickly informed by the Court, however, that a supreme court ruling excused women jurors where "vile testimony" might be expected.

At the request of Northcott's battery of lawyers, Judge Freeman, who had superseded Judge O. K. Morton, agreed to appoint an impartial commission of three alienists to examine the defendant as to his sanity, and also two biochemists to inspect the physical evidence found at the Wineville ranch.

NORTHCOTT appeared in court wearing a pair of horn-rimmed glasses. He looked very much the studious youth, as he sat among the array of counsel, peering into law books, listening to questions and answers, and frequently whispering to his attorneys. Occasionally he twisted in his seat and inspected a group of flappers, who had managed to get front-row seats.

Mention of the death penalty brought the first break in his jaunty air. When Deputy District Attorney Redwine began to ask talesmen what they thought of the death penalty, Northcott laid aside his reading matter and listened intently. His face grew pale, and for the first time since the trial began, he showed signs of uneasiness.

Reverend John Power, of North Hollywood, one of the first witnesses, took the stand and branded as a forgery a letter received by the Riverside County Superintendent of Schools, purporting to have been written and signed by Mr. Power. The forged letter informed the superintendent that Sanford Clark was receiving theological instruction from the clergyman, and was received at the superintendent's office after an investigation had been started on reports that Northcott was preventing Sanford's attendance at school.

Testimony regarding the disappearance of the Winslow boys was presented by Herman Howard, of Pomona, who was "pilot" of the Pomona Model Yacht Club, where the two missing boys were

last seen. Howard told of the boys' departure at about 8:30 that evening, and pointed out that both boys were adept at model making and at drawing.

A large drawing of a yacht was introduced as evidence. This drawing had been found at the ranch, and young Clark claimed it had been made by one of the Winslow boys.

The first startling testimony was offered by Miss Orma Langworthy, Pomona City librarian, who revealed that she had issued a book on aviation to Lewis Winslow, the elder brother. This book, *Boy's Book on Flying*, by Collins, according to Miss Langworthy, was the same as that from which fly-pages had been torn to write two letters to the missing boys' parents.

A. B. Chambers, Pomona constable, testified that he had been present at the finding of a burnt banjo key at the Northcott ranch. Chambers said that this key was identical with two keys given to him at the Winslow home, at Pomona.

STRUGGLING with his emotions and with tears streaming down his cheeks, N. H. Winslow, the bereaved father, took the stand against Northcott. Winslow, dressed in a neat brown business suit, rested his chin on his clenched fist and looked directly at Northcott as he testified.

Breaking down under severe questions by Defense Attorney Norbert Savay, Winslow, sobbing, identified the two "home-made" banjo keys as part of an instrument belonging to Nelson, the younger son.

"We made the banjo together, Nelse and I," the father wept. "I'd know those keys anywhere—they're the ones we used, all right."

When a worn, brown cap was presented to the father, he again broke down.

"That's Nelse's cap, all right," he sobbed. "I'd know my own boy's cap anywhere."

Northcott listened to the father's testimony with a half-laugh on his lips.

"I had hoped against hope that my boys weren't killed. But it looks pretty bad right now—you bet it looks bad when my boys' things are found at the ranch!" Winslow ended his testimony.

While the father wept out his story from the witness-stand, the mother also sat weeping, awaiting her turn as a witness. Before court convened, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow had visited the prosecutor, Redwine, and advised him that they were at last convinced that their sons had been put to death at the Wineville ranch. For months the parents had maintained the belief that their boys were alive and would return.

The defense counsel, in cross-examining the next witness, Captain William S. Bright, sought to show that the death of the "headless Mexican" might have been accidental or suicidal. He succeeded in wringing from the veteran officer the admission that the Mexican *could* have killed himself. He also hinted that it was possible that the youth's head had been severed by a railroad train. Captain Bright discredited this theory, however, sticking to his original story that the head had been cut off with a sharp knife or other keen-edged instrument.

Two enlarged photographs of the Mexican's body, taken at the spot where it was recovered, were shown to the jurors over the objections of Northcott's attorneys. Getting up from his seat at the counsel table, Northcott put on his horn-rimmed spectacles and scrutinized the photographs. He displayed no emotion.

THE next witness held the attention of everyone in the crowded court-room from the time he entered through a rear door. Seemingly frightened by the swarm of faces before him, fifteen-year-old Sanford Clark paused in the doorway. Then, regaining his composure, he climbed into the witness-stand, his head barely showing above the top of the Judge's bench.

He wore a plaid sweater over a white linen shirt, which was open at the throat. His white duck trousers were baggy. His tousled hair hung down over his forehead and partly hid his eyes.

He glanced at his uncle, Stewart Northcott, then toward Prosecutor Loyal Kelley, and continued to look into the kindly face of the Prosecutor during the dramatic recital of his story. In accusing Northcott of wholesale murders, the Clark boy had branded himself as an unwilling accomplice. He did this in telling of the asserted killings of the Winslow brothers, who, he said, were held captive for more than a week before they were put to death.

"What happened?" asked the Prosecutor, when the boy had reached this point in his harrowing narrative.

"They were killed," Sanford replied, without an inflection of emotion in his boyish monotone.

Northcott had his gaze fixed on the Clark boy. He tapped his forehead with the tip of a yellow pencil, and stared.

"Was there any conversation between you and Stewart as to how the boys were to be killed?" the Prosecutor wanted to know.

"I only asked him how he was going to do it. He said, *'We will have to put them out of the way—we cannot leave them here.'* He said they would go and tell. I didn't want to kill them, but I knew they would go away and tell," the boy continued.

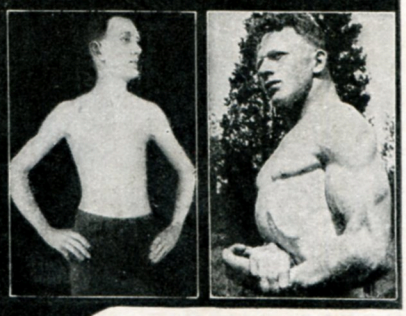
"Did you propose any other scheme to him beside the killing?" Kelley queried.

"No. Stewart told me they were to be killed at night so that no one would hear it. On the day before, he commanded me to dig a shallow grave for the boys. I dug the grave in hard soil in a henhouse. I started at nine o'clock in the morning, dug with a pick and shovel, and finished about dark. Stewart kept coming over there to see if I was getting it all right. . . ."

The boy's story was interrupted by Attorney Savay, chief defense counsel, with an objection to further testimony by the Clark boy on the grounds that he was an admitted accomplice, and that no *corpus delicti* had been established. After a wrangle between opposing counsel, the boy was permitted to continue.

"The biggest Winslow boy was given

Let Me Make YOU OVER!



SEND for FREE BOOK

Big Muscles Quick

Look at those two pictures! Which are YOU? A puny, run-down weakling, scorned by your fellow-men, avoided by the fair sex, ashamed to show yourself in a bathing suit? Snap out of it, friend! Take a look at that big boy at the right and cheer up. That's the way TITUS builds men. And YOU'RE NEXT.

Let me cover your body with muscle. Let me make you over inside and out. Just give me 30 days and see the amazing change. New health—new strength—new energy—all in a few minutes a day! Why be a weakling when it's so EASY to be strong?

Mail the Coupon

Get my FREE BOOK—"Miracles in Muscle!" Man, it will open your eyes! Read how scientific body-building makes weak men strong, and strong men STRONGER. Rush that coupon TODAY.

TITUS 105 E. 13th St., New York, N. Y.

Titus, Dept. H-142
105 E. 13th St., New York.

Send me by mail your big new book "Miracles in Muscle"—FREE.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....

BE A DETECTIVE

Work home or travel. Experience unnecessary. DETECTIVE Particulars FREE. Write NOW to GEORGE E. WAGNER, 2190 Broadway, N. Y.

BECOME AN EXPERT

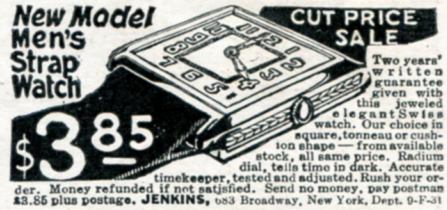
ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $10,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 9,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 974-H, Chicago
The World's Largest Business Training Institution

New Model Men's Strap Watch

CUT PRICE SALE



$3.85

Two years' written guarantee given with this jeweled elegant Swiss watch. Our choice in square, tonneau or cushion shape — from available stock, all same price. Radium dial, tells time in dark. Accurate timekeeper, tested and adjusted. Rush your order. Money refunded if not satisfied. Send no money, pay postman $3.85 plus postage. **JENKINS,** 083 Broadway, New York, Dept. 9-F-31

offer men and women of refinement the greatest money-making opportunity. Full or spare time.

HERTEL CARDS SELL ON SIGHT

Created by expert artists, famed for their skill in producing Christmas Cards of unusual appeal.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

A stenographer earned $1000 during lunch hours; Housewife, $1200 in spare time; Clerk, $800 evenings. **Our Co-operation, Backed by 25 Years of Experience, Assures Your Success.** Sell the line which brings you greatest profits. Get details. Give references.

Weekly Pay
Monthly Bonus Checks

$10 Outfit FREE

THE JOHN A. HERTEL CO.
318 W. Washington St. Dept. 9332, Chicago

BE A DETECTIVE
Make Secret Investigations
Earn Big Money. Work home or travel. Fascinating work. Experience unnecessary.
Particulars FREE. Write Dept. D.
AMERICAN DETECTIVE SYSTEM
2190 Broadway New York
Name .....
Address .....

GO INTO BUSINESS AT HOME
Operating ORIGINAL "Specialty Candy Factory"; begin spare time. We instruct, furnish Tools and Supplies for turning out HUNDREDS of kinds PURE and DELICIOUS Candies and show how to sell. Profits 100 to 300 per cent—unlimited demand. Men or women. FREE Book explains.
W. HILLYER RAGSDALE
Drawer 45 East Orange, N. J.

Lincoln got his education chiefly by home-study. So can YOU.
HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION AT HOME
Fascinating Question and Answer method. Used in High Schools. Certificate awarded. Write for FREE BOOKLET, "New Way to Get a High School Education at Home." HIGH SCHOOL HOME STUDY BUREAU, 31 Union Sq., Dept. K-10, New York.
$19.85

Reproduction DIAMOND RING With Each Order

SOLID gold effect case guaranteed 25 years. Richly engraved. Accurate. Railroad model. Backed by million dollar factory.
$3.87 C.O.D.
SEND NO MONEY Pay postman $3.87 and postage. Knife, Chain and Ring with each order. Money back guaranteed.
Bradley, H-22, Newton, Mass

Learn Beauty Culture At Home
$50 to $100 a Week
Learn Marcelling, Permanent Waving, Hair Dressing, Shampooing, Manicuring, Facial and Scalp Treatments. There's a real shortage of trained Beauty Operators. Marsay training prepares you to fill a good position, and my Employment Service will help you find one.
Earn While Learning
Exclusive agency for our complete line of cosmetics given to you so you can make from $10 to $20 a week while learning.

OPEN BEAUTY SHOP I'll Back You
The right to own and operate a Marsay Licensed Beauty Shop is good for $3000 to $12,000 a year in profits. Open only to graduates. Little investment needed.
Beauty Culture Book Free
Here's the quick road to Independence and end of money worries. Take the "Marsay Way to Man-Size Pay." Write for free book.
Adele Nelson, Director
Marsay School of Beauty Culture
219 W. Chicago Ave, Dept. 641, Chicago

SALE $2.35 30x3½

Low Prices—High Grade
We guarantee 8 Months Service
These standard Goodyear, Fisk, Firestone, U. S. and other slightly used tires treaded by our process give big mileage. Our customers reorder year after year.
Try Us! Order Now!

Size	Tire	Tube	Size	Tire	Tube
30x3	$2.35	$1.15	34x4½	$3.95	$2.25
30x3½	2.35	1.25	30x5	4.25	2.35
32x3½	2.65	1.35	33x5	4.25	2.50
31x4	3.50	1.65	35x5	4.25	2.65
32x4	3.50	1.70	29x4.40	2.65	1.40
33x4	3.50	1.75	29x4.75	2.95	1.40
34x4	3.50	1.80	30x5.25	3.25	2.40
32x4½	3.95	2.15	31x5.25	4.25	2.50
33x4½	3.95	2.20	33x5.77	4.25	2.65
			33x6.00	4.25	2.65

Send only $1 deposit on each tire to defray charges, balance C. O. D. 8 months guarantee or replaced at ½ regular price. 5 per cent off cash with order. Dealers Wanted.
JEAN TIRE CO., Dept. 459
Ogden Pk. Sta., Chicago, Ill.

ether through a strawberry strainer before being bludgeoned with the ax. Stewart told him he was giving him ether *so that it would make him smaller* and nobody would know him," Sanford explained. "The boy fought against the ether, and came out of the effects of the fumes before he was slain."

"You say that these boys were brought to the house one night about ten o'clock by Northcott?" asked Prosecutor Kelley.

"Yes. He drove up in his automobile after having been gone all day. I was sitting in the house waiting for him. He hollered for me to come outside. I went out. He called me to the car and said he had company—that some friends of his were with him.

"I saw the two boys in the car, then Stewart got out and came into the house. The boys stayed in the car. He told me to go out and get things fixed in the hen-house for them. He told me to bring out some more bedding and things. There was a lamp inside the hen-house, but I could not see what the boys looked like then.

"Stewart slept in the hen-house with the boys. He got me to put some nails in the door from the outside—nail it up. He had a hammer inside, so he could get out in the morning. I slept at a neighbor's house that night.

"The next morning I took the meals to the hen-house and saw the boys then. The biggest one was about my size . . . well, I was a little taller. The other boy was a smaller one. I noticed that one of them had a cigar-box banjo and the other had a book."

Further questioning brought out details of Sanford's life on the ranch. He was about thirteen when Northcott brought him to the United States from his home in Saskatoon, Canada, on the pretext of taking him to Regina. When they crossed the boundary line, Sanford said he had been prompted by Stewart to tell the immigration authorities that he had been born in the United States.

He was taken first to Northcott's home in Los Angeles. After a stay of two weeks, he had been taken to the chicken farm at Wineville. There they pitched a tent and started building a house. His grandfather, Cyrus Northcott, was a carpenter and helped build the house, the boy explained.

Soon Northcott began to abuse him. He was prevented from going to school for fear the authorities would find out that he had been illegally brought from Canada.

"Stewart kept beating me. He used to pick up anything he could get hold of—a club or lath, or used his fists. He used his leather belt lots of times—both ends of it, and one had a buckle on it. He would just lose his temper at anything at all I would do—if I would not work fast enough or anything."

SANFORD was asked what his duties were on the three-acre ranch.

"Well, take care of the chickens, clean out the hen-houses, keep the weeds and things away from the house, get breakfast while Stewart stayed in bed. Just everything there was that needed doing around the place," the lad replied.

From the time Sanford Clark first started his horror-tale of the asserted murder farm atrocities, on the witness-stand, the eyes of Gordon Stewart Northcott never left his face. At the close of the direct examination, in one of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed in a criminal trial in Riverside, Northcott demanded that he be permitted to cross-examine the Clark boy.

"There are things I can ask him that no one else can," the youth declared. "His story is a pack of lies! Only five per cent. of it comes anywhere near being true. After all, it's my own life that is at stake, and I demand to be allowed

CASH FOR OPINIONS

WHEN you have read this issue of TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES Magazine, let us know what you think of the stories it contains.

Which story is best? Which do you like the least? Why? Have you any helpful suggestions in mind?

Ten dollars will be paid to the person whose letter, in the opinion of judges in charge of these awards, offers the most intelligent, constructive criticism; $5 to the letter considered second best; $3 to the third.

Address your opinions to the Judges of Award, c/o TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y. This contest closes September 30th, 1929.

The three awards will be made promptly.

Prizes for Opinions on the

May TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES were awarded as follows:

First Prize $10
Mrs. Ella A. Baxter
111 4th Street, Augusta, Georgia

Second Prize $5
T. P. Christian
South Bellingham, Washington

Third Prize $3
Charles Gilbert
100 Stewart Ave., Mansfield, Ohio

NEW LOW PRICES ON GOODYEAR Firestone-FISK AND OTHER U.S. TIRES

Lowest Prices in History! This big company, because of its immense buying power, will supply you with reconstructed standard make tires at these unheard of low prices—**whole year's service guaranteed.** Thousands of satisfied customers reorder year after year.

ORDER NOW-SAVE MONEY

12 MONTHS SERVICE GUARANTEED

REGULAR CORD PRICES

Dealers Wanted	Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
	30x3	$2.20	$1.00	33x5	$3.60	$1.75
	30x3½	2.25	1.00	35x5	4.45	1.75
	32x3½	2.70	1.15	BALLOON TIRES		
	31x4	2.95	1.15	Size	Tires	Tubes
	32x4	2.95	1.15	29x4.40	$2.30	$1.10
	33x4	2.95	1.15	30x4.95	2.90	1.35
	34x4	3.50	1.15	30x5.25	2.95	1.35
	32x4½	3.20	1.45	31x5.25	3.20	1.35
	33x4½	3.20	1.45	30x5.77	3.20	1.40
	34x4½	3.45	1.45	33x6.00	3.20	1.45
	30x5	3.60	1.75	All Balloon Sizes		

Send only $1.00 deposit with each tire ordered, balance C.O.D. If you send cash in full, **deduct 5%.** You are **guaranteed a year's service or replacement** at half price. **MIDLAND TIRE AND RUBBER COMPANY**

Dept. 216 1000 West Sixty-third St., Chicago, Ill.

MUSIC LESSONS IN YOUR HOME

You can read music like this quickly

Write today for our **FREE BOOKLET.** It tells how to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, etc. Beginners or advanced players. You pay as you learn Costs only a few cents a day. Thousands of satisfied students.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 88 Manhatten Bldg., Chicago

BIG-CHEST

You can have strong lungs and increase your chest measurement five inches by following instructions in my book.

Chest Development and Correct Breathing

Send for it **today.** 25c coin or 30c in stamps.

ANTHONY BARKER

865 Sixth Ave., Studio 6, New York City

Make Steady Money

SELL "ROSECLIFF" SHIRTS

Ties also Free Outfit

Your OWN Shirts FREE!

Rosecliff—a real house—gives:

1. **One year guarantee**
2. **No substitutes—we ship exact**
3. **Silk embroidered initials *Free***
4. **Big commissions in advance**
5. **A shirt for every size and taste —8 More Money-Making Features establish our Leadership.**

Sell The Best!

Write for your outfit NOW!

Rosecliff Shirt Corp.

Dept. R9, 1237 Broadway, N. Y.

PHOTOS ENLARGED

Size 10x16 inches

Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of your own original photo guaranteed. **98c**

SEND NO MONEY

Just mail photo or snapshot (any size) and within a week you will receive your beautiful life-like enlargement size 16x20 in. guaranteed fadeless. Pay postman 98c plus postage or send $1.00 with order and we pay postage.

Special Offer With each enlargement we will send you a hand-tinted miniature reproduction of photo sent. Take advantage now of this amazing offer—send your photo today.

UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY

1652 Ogden Ave. Dept. L-979 Chicago, Ill.

LATEST CRAZE PAYS AGENTS BIG MONEY

Most amazing money-making opportunity of the age!

Show new kitchenware in 5 sparkling colors to housewives—and clean up BIG PROFITS! Pots, pans, strainers, stools—over 20 kitchen necessities including famous $30,000 coffee pot in brilliant red, blue, green, orange, ivory. Housewives beg for demonstration. Show samples. Write orders. Premiums to customers. No competition. Start spare time.

Agents' Outfit and Prices FREE

Write quick for new home selling plan, colorful outfit, prices. Nothing like it ever before. All Free—no charge. No deposit. Just send your name to

MODERN KITCHENWARE

Dept. 17-M, 176 West Adams, Chicago, Ill.

to cross-examine my nephew, Sanford!"

In demanding that he be permitted to conduct his own defense, Northcott informed the Judge that he had studied law in a correspondence school and that he possessed a "general knowledge" of procedure.

Northcott's request threw the courtroom into a turmoil. While attorneys wrangled and bailiffs rapped for order, Judge Freeman, before whom the trial was being conducted, announced that he would take Northcott's request under advisement and rule on the legality of the demand when court was resumed the following day.

Are there any more revolting details that could possibly be revealed about this strange Northcott family? It wouldn't seem so—yet Stewart Northcott manages to do just that, in the succeeding days of his trial! And *what* a trial!—What was the real truth about Stewart's parentage? *Where are the graves of his poor little victims?* Will the outraged townspeople, inflamed by the revelations—will the father of the little Winslow boys—be content to let the law take its own course? For the answers—don't miss the sensational conclusion of this inside account of the famous Northcott mystery, in next month's TRUE DETECTIVE MYSTERIES, on all news stands September 13th.

How Pinkerton Solved the Rock Island Express Robbery

(*Continued from page* 14)

dred dollar bills, upon which he had then loaded in the powder and the shot in the usual way, so that the shells presented the ordinary appearance as they lay in the drawer! The detectives had even picked out some of the shot and powder in two or three of the shells; but, finding them so like other cartridges, had never thought of probing clear to the bottom of the shell for a crumpled-up bill!

Thus about $13,000 lay for weeks in these ordinary-looking cartridges, and was finally removed in the following way: While Schwartz was in jail, a well-known lawyer of Philadelphia came to Mrs. Schwartz one day with an order from her husband to deliver the money over to him. She understood this was to defray the expenses of the trial, and to pay the other lawyers.

Superintendent Robertson remembers well the dying woman's emotion, as she made this solemn declaration, one calculated to compromise seriously a man of some standing, and belonging to an honored profession. Her body was wasted with disease, and she knew that her end was near. There was a flush on her face, and her eyes were bright with hatred as she declared that *not one dollar of that money was ever returned to her, or ever used in paying the costs of her husband's trial.*. Nor was one dollar of it ever returned to the railroad company, or to the bank officials, who were the real owners.

Agents Something New!

3 SALES IN EVERY HOME

Make $90 a Week

Just out—latest thing in home furnishings—handsome, colorful Rubber Art Rugs. All the rage! Made in blues, taupe grays, maroons, with borders of contrasting colors. Very attractive. One outwears three ordinary rugs. Never looks shabby. Lies flat, will not curl up. Clings to floor—never slips. Soft and easy on the feet. No laundering necessary—simply wipe off. Ideal for hallways, between rooms, kitchen, bathroom, entranceways, etc. Women wild about them. Low priced. Sell fast. Every home needs at least three. Simply show one and take orders. Pocket big profits. No experience needed. **FREE OUTFIT** We show you how. Send for Catalog of this and 47 other Quality Rubber Products. Direct from Rubber City. **Free Outfit** to hustlers. Write quick for all particulars. SEND NOW.

KRISTEE MFG. CO., 889 Bar St., AKRON, OHIO

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and bashfulness are caused by **NERVE EXHAUSTION.** *Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves!* Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. **Send 25c for this amazing book!**

RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-59 FLATIRON BUILDING, NEW YORK

Dainty watch, platinum effect with **jewelled movement guar. 10 years**—yours for introducing exquisite perfumes at 15c per bottle. A purse-size packet of **Famous Mad Cap Rouge** and a **Valuable Silverware Certificate Free** with each bottle. *Easiest offer of all.* Send for 20 bottles and easy double plan for getting this watch.

BELL PENFUME CO. Dept. X911 Chicago, Ill

FREE Book $

Start Little Business Evenings

Sell novelties by mail anywhere, during spare time. My Free Book tells how; also describes my mail order Beginner's Outfit.

Hadwil, 28A-74 Cortlandt Street, N. Y.

MYSTIC DREAM BOOK Tells what all sorts of dreams mean. Interpret dreams for your friends. Tell them when they will marry and whom, and other interesting phenomena. Tells "fortunes" by cards, teacup, palmistry, etc. Lists "lucky and unlucky" days. More amusement in this 200-page book and brochure than $1 would buy anywhere. Regular $1 value. Send only *45 cents,* coin or stamps, that's all. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

FREE LUCKY COIN FROM CHINA with every order.

MAGNUS WORKS. Box 12. Varick Sta., New York, Dept. MMG-9

At Last—a Perfect Home Beverage Filter!

Makes Beverages Clear as Crystal—Amazing new invention—Crystal Home Filter. Nothing like it! Filters all beverages and fruit juices by patented process—just as done in big beverage and sugar plants. Endorsed by leading authorities everywhere. Removes all sediment, pulp, fibres, etc. **Filters a gallon every four minutes.** No effect on taste or color. Does not strain, **it filters.** Easy to operate. Perfect results guaranteed. Low priced. Lasts a lifetime. Thousands already in use.

FREE HOME TRIAL—Agents Wanted

Get a Crystal Home Filter on trial—test it for yourself in your own home at our expense! Return if not satisfactory. Be our Agent in your territory—make $50 to $90 a week. Every home a prospect. Write Quick for special agent proposition and all particulars. Send NOW.

HOME FILTER CO., 329 Central Ave., Bay City, Mich.

Play Piano BY EAR —IN 90 DAYS!

Play **anything**—jazz to classical! Even if you know **nothing** about piano music—I'll have your fingers dancing over the keyboard **with confidence** in 90 days. If you can hum or whistle a tune **you can play it!** My students are broadcasting—making money. **MAKE ME PROVE IT!** Without puzzling notes! Without practicing tedious scales! I've found the way to bring out your musical instinct. New and original system does away with years of work. **YOU WANT THE PROOF! I'll send it. Write me now.**

D. M. SUTTLE, Director ILLINOIS SCHOOL OF MUSIC 1801 Byron, Dept. 920, Chicago, Ill.

Send NOW for PROOF!

this gland

Can Now Be Re-stimulated

Say Physicians

Thousands of men—who have given up hope because of the decline of a certain gland—will now learn that science has at last developed an amazing corrective method. This gland—called the prostate—cause of so many of the distressing symptoms that scourge the lives of older men—sciatic and rheumatic pains, foot and leg pains, broken sleep, bladder distress, nervousness, ebbing vitality, etc.—can now be reached by a method so simple that every man can have its benefits, right at home.

Results Proved by 50,000 Men Past 40

Although comparatively new, this type of treatment has been quickly accepted by foremost hospitals, specialists and sanitariums. Doctors of America's foremost Sanitarium have advised it for home use. Already 50,000 men have proved its amazing efficacy. And so quick and positive have been the results of this method that it will be sent to you with the understanding that if it does not produce results that will amaze you, within 6 days' time, its cost to you is absolutely nothing.

FREE Book Explains Method

If you are a victim of prostate gland disorder—if you have tried medicines or old, disappointing treatments without relief, this is the message you have long wanted to hear. Or if you are one of those men, who, though getting along in years, have not realized how the tiny prostate gland brings about unpleasant changes and health faults, you likewise will want to hear of this vitally important discovery. Without cost, without obligation, either type of man may learn full details of this scientific achievement by simply mailing the coupon—printed herewith for the convenience of the readers of this publication. The book mentioned will come to you directly from the office of the President of the International Institution sponsoring the method—mailed in a plain wrapper, marked Personal. Address W. J. KIRK, President, 4721 Morris Avenue, Steubenville, Ohio.

If you live West of the Rockies, address The Electro Thermal Co., 303 Van Nuys Building, Dept. 47-X, Los Angeles, Calif. In Canada, address The Electro Thermal Co., Desk 47-X, 53 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

W. J. Kirk, President
4721 Morris Avenue
Steubenville, Ohio

Please send me, without cost or obligation, a copy of your informative booklet (mailed in plain wrapper) which gives full details of this new treatment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

Style Book Free

New Fall Styles—Just Out

THIS style book contains the very latest information on Paris, London, New York and Chicago styles—for everything women wear. 140 pages. Abundantly illustrated. Many pages in colors. Many more in rotogravure. Exact reproductions of textures of cloth. Qualities described in full. *689 different styles* are shown—offered in all sizes. Yes, 689 styles!

THAT the Elmer Richards Company Style Book is authoritative will be acknowledged everywhere. For over 40 seasons, this style book has been published each Spring and Fall by the world's largest time payment plan mail order house specializing on clothing——*You madam* will know the very latest fashions *correctly* and *authoritatively,* if you write in time to get one of the remaining free copies of the Elmer Richards Company style book.

DESIGNERS from Paris and London study and confer for months and months with Elmer Richards Company's *experts* in New York and Chicago. Every detail of style is considered before a decision is reached.

. . . .

AND—the results of all these months of conferences you get in the Elmer Richards Company's new style book!

Special Values—Monthly Payments

WITH this style book we send you also Prices on our *Extra Special Values* — real values — *genuine* values — *extra* special UNUSUAL and SURPRISING values — You'll quickly see how at *less* expense you can dress better than ever before. Don't miss studying those PRICES! Be *sure* you see those prices. So send coupon at once.

☞ *On all these special values we defy spot cash competition, while offering our convenient and highly liberal monthly payment plan.*

WHICHEVER you choose—cash after getting goods, or credit—on every article in our style book. And the same price whether cash or credit. We quote our rock bottom price to all alike.——*Madam, you will never establish a credit until you use credit. Try buying on credit, while getting extra values, by mail.*

WE GUARANTEE this:—You will save money on our special values while taking many months to pay; and we guarantee SATISFACTION.

Good for Free Style Book
If you write promptly now while the extra copies of this book last

To Elmer Richards Co., 935 W. 35th Street Dept. 2606, Chicago

Without obligation send me free prepaid your 140 page style book. Also send prices, *EXTRA special* values on monthly payments, for women, misses and children.

Name.....

Address.....

On men's wear:—Send me also your special offers. ☐

Have you bought from Elmer Richards Co., heretofore?..... Yes ..... No

ELMER RICHARDS CO.
CHICAGO

FREE LAMP

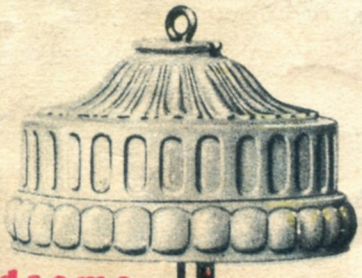
Given to Introduce America's Greatest Home Light Value!

Sensational, Revolutionary Offer for a limited time only—*two* genuine 300 Candle Power Diamond Lamps for the price of One! AN AMAZING VALUE. The handsome new Diamond Utility Lamp given absolutely **Free** to quickly introduce the greatest light improvement of the age—

The New DIAMOND Art Lamp
Beautiful Burnished Ivory Shade
Handsome Antique Bronze Base

A marvel of beauty for any home. Charming hand-colored rose design on burnished ivory shade. Rich antique bronze base. Blends with any scheme of decoration. Modernizes and beautifies any room. 300 Candle Power. Burns 96% Free Air—4% gasoline or kerosene (coal-oil). Floods any room, penetrates every corner with brilliant soft white light, restful to eyes. Nearest approach to daylight of any artificial light ever invented. 20 times brighter than wick lamps at half the cost. Lights with a match and continues to burn with a steady, glowing light until turned off. No chimneys to clean. No greasy, dirty wicks to trim. No smoke. No soot. No odor. Greatest advancement in home-lighting of the century. Low priced. Guaranteed.

300 Candle Power Burns 96% Air



This Handsome Utility Lamp FREE

On this amazing "2-for-1" Introductory Offer, the valuable and attractive 300 Candle Power Diamond Utility Lamp is given absolutely free. A useful lamp for every room in the home. Handy to carry about. Just the thing for kitchen, dining room, bedroom, etc. **Two lamps for the price of one.** Think of it! One of the most remarkable offers ever made, and truly America's greatest home-light value! Send the Coupon **quick.**

FREE Home Trial!

No risk, no obligation. Try for 30 days **Free.** Just send the coupon, a letter, or postcard right back at once for this special introductory "2-for-1" Offer, Free Lamp and Free Trial Opportunity. Be the first in your locality to send name and address! Act NOW. Don't miss this opportunity.

THE AKRON LAMP CO.

169 **Lamp Bldg.** *Estab. 1898* **Akron, Ohio**

AGENTS!

Make $60 to $100 A Week

EASY to make big money on this sensational offer, simply accepting orders and **giving away** free lamps! All or part time. Big commissions paid daily. New Plan. **No experience nor capital required.** Gigantic nation-wide Publicity Campaign paves the way for tremendous profits. Mail the Coupon QUICK for territory and **Free Outfit Offer.**

Mail This Coupon TODAY

THE AKRON LAMP COMPANY
169 Lamp Bldg., Akron, Ohio
Please rush full particulars of your introductory "2-for-1" Offer, including Free Lamp and Free Trial Opportunity.

Name_____

Address_____ State_____

Town_____

☐ Check here if you want details of agency proposition and how you can make $60 to $100 a week. No obligation.